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JOURNAL

OF

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

In Three Volumes.

VOLUME III.

FROM JANUARY 1, 1787, TO DECEMBER 31, 1800.

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & PYE

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REV. FRANCIS ASBURY.

THURSDAY, *January* 1, 1801. We began our conference with the new year. Sat from nine to twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and two hours in the afternoon; the band-meeting was held between the hours of seven and eight. A clerk for the minutes was appointed, and another to keep the journal. We admitted four probationers; re-admitted two deacons to their standing in the travelling connexion, who had left it to locate; located three, to wit, Blanton, Cole, and Evans; and re-stationed, Gains, Wiley, and West, who had all located themselves in the course of the last year. We had great union: it is true, some talked loud; but I dare not say there was any improper heat. Our sitting continued five days, and we rested one *Sabbath*. We were richly accommodated at Smith's and Carpenter's, and two other houses. We only failed forty-eight dollars in paying all the preachers their demands.

Thursday, 8. Yesterday and to-day I have been busy writing many long letters to my correspondents in the north.

Friday, 9. We came on thirteen miles to Granney's quarterly meeting, and lodged at Anthony Presslu's.

Saturday, 10. I gave a short discourse upon 2 Peter iv, 3, and afterward rode up eight miles to the Hanging Rock.

Sunday, 11. At Horton's meeting-house I spoke on Heb. viii, 10, 11.

Monday, 12. On this day we rested, and were busily employed in looking over our books and papers.

I felt deeply affected for the rising generation. Having resolved to catechise the children myself, I procured a Scripture catechism, and began with brother Horton's; to this duty I purpose to attend in every house where leisure and opportunity may permit.

Wednesday, 14. We left Hanging Rock and came to Little Lynch and Flat Creeks, crossing the great branch at M'Meenas's ford: this last is called a creek; but it rises near the Waxaws, and flows about one hundred and fifty miles, mingling its waters with the great Pee Dee below Port's ferry. We had an excessively warm day for the season: the horses and their riders were both fatigued much in riding forty miles in ten hours. Seated upon the sandhills, we dined, at the root of a pine, upon a morsel of bread and bacon; and then remounted and pushed on to Anson in North Carolina: we sheltered ourselves for the night at Thomas Shaw's, upon Little Thompson's creek.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Thursday*, 15. We are still at Thomas Shaw's. What kind of folks am I among—unhappy people! One aged man had shot the constable when about to serve a warrant on him; a second had stabbed another dangerously —their names may go into shades. O sin! O intoxication! when—when will these people be civilized—and all be truly spiritualized.

On *Friday* we attended at Jackson's meeting-house; it was a gracious season. Bishop Whatcoat spoke on Isa. xii, 2. We lodged at Stephen Pace's, upon Browns Creek.

Saturday, 17. We had a meeting at John Mills's; his wife came from Maryland, he from Virginia; the children are coming to Christ. This neighbourhood is visited with a revival of religion.

Sabbath day, 18. We came to Wadesborough after a court-week. We held our meeting underneath the court-house, within the arches: we had a most delightful day. Bishop Whatcoat spoke with great ingenuity and authority upon

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." My subject was Luke xviii, 27. We lodged at I. Cash's.

Monday, 19. We came to Webb's ferry: the rain drove us under the roof of the widow Williams, where we remained until the storm was over, and then pushed on to James Pickett's, in Richmond county.

Tuesday, 20. I gave a discourse on Amos vi, 1: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" I felt some openings.

I have had many and great exercises of mind respecting men and things, but my soul enjoys great resignation: I take the *bitters* of life as things which medicine my soul, producing caution, humiliation, and sanctification.

Wednesday, 21. We rode ten miles to the Presbyterian meeting-house: many attended at a short warning. My subject was Heb. vii, 25. We had a quickening season. After meeting we rode three miles to Rockingham, the seat of justice for the county of the same name. We had been expected at twelve o'clock, hence with this circumstance, and that of court time to boot, we had but few hearers. Meeting was held in the academy, a very commodious house for Divine service. Rockingham stands upon a beautiful eminence, and hath some valuable houses; about twenty families make the inhabitants. We were kindly and elegantly entertained at the house of one who had been one of us, but now is of and in the world.

Thursday, 22. We came to Marks Creek. I spoke on Heb. iii, 13-15. We had a good season. We lodged with Solomon Rye.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—We now descended into South Carolina. Marlborough county presents many interesting views —the saw-mills; the solitary, lofty, long-leaved pines; and the land, though a *barren*, is of the most beautiful kind, and for range for cattle and for timber is very valuable. It was my lot to be speaker, brother Whatcoat had taken so deep a cold he could do nothing. I preached from the parable of the sower.

We continued our journey down Naked Creek, by Robinson's house, mills, and *stills*, and brought up at Turbot Cottingham's, at the Beauty Spot. Notwithstanding all that Methodists, Baptists, and three meeting-houses have done, the people are still far from *beautiful* in a spiritual sense. We had no opportunity to send harbingers, we had therefore no appointment.

Saturday, 24. We hasted to James Speers's, at the Three Creeks, where we dined, talked, and commended ourselves to God. That we might make our own appointments at Harris's meeting-house we came on to James Harris's upon Muddy Creek. Brother Speers spread the tidings for us far and wide.

This is an unhappy country: it is thinly settled, and many are moving away to Georgia and the Natchez; our societies are small, and the prospect low. Too often, when any rise in their circumstances, they seek for offices, or become slave-traders, and much too great to be Methodists.

We have ridden since the commencement of the year one hundred and eighty miles in the Carolinas.

Monday, 26. We rode twenty miles to Bennet Flowers's; the men were from home, but the women gave notice of a meeting for the morrow at the old meeting-house. After our meeting, about one o'clock, we came off and travelled down to G. Sweet's, Bull Swamp, Liberty county: we sent our host to call a congregation for *Thursday*. We now had time to read and write.

I find reasons enough in my own mind to justify myself against the low murmurs of *partiality* in which some have indulged. We are impartial. We spend as much time in the extremities. We know not Maryland or Delaware, *after the flesh*, more than Kentucky, Cumberland, Georgia, or the Carolinas: it is our duty to save the health of preachers where we can; to make particular appointments for some important charges; and it is our duty to embrace all parts of the continent and union, after the example of primitive times and the first faithful preachers in America.

Thursday, 29. At Sweet's chapel I preached on Rev. xxii, 14, 15. The order, 1. The city. 2. The citizens. 3. Their admission. 4. The characters shut out from the city. I felt light and liberty.

Friday, 30. We came to the Bear Pond's school-house, where we had a decent, attentive congregation. I preached on John vii, 16, 17. Introduction.—It was observed that the dispute of the Jews with our Lord about the Messiah, was not if he should be the eternal Son of God, and the adopted son of man, but whether Jesus was that person whom Moses foretold that Church and nation should come, and what manner of person he should be, fifteen hundred years before. The Jews knew where Christ was to be born from Micah v, 2. See also Matt. ii.

Mr. Shacklesford gave us a pressing invitation to dine with him, and treated us with friendship and hospitality. We rode in the evening to Port's ferry.

Thomas Humphries had been very sick, but was recovering from a perpneumony: it was reported he would die; but I did not feel as if he would die at this time.

Sure nothing could so effectually alarm and arm the citizens of South Carolina against the Methodists as the *Address of the General Conference*. The rich among the people never thought us worthy to preach to them: they did indeed give their slaves liberty to hear and join our Church; but now it appears the poor Africans will no longer have this indulgence. Perhaps we shall soon be thought unfit for the company of their dogs. But who will mourn the loss of the friendship of the world that hath so hated our Lord and Master Jesus Christ?

We have loitered away this month, and have ridden but about two hundred miles.

Saturday, 31. We rested: wrote, and read, upon the solitary unhealthy banks of Pee Dee, in sight of the lofty moss-grown cypress trees and swamps. My soul is in peace; Jesus, Jesus is my all: my soul is love to God, to Christ, his Church, and all souls.

Sabbath day, February 1. We rode six miles to Britons

Neck meeting-house, where I preached on Luke xix, 10: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." What characters were lost—not in a state of salvation: open, profane sinners; those who had sinned away conviction; backsliders; such as were seeking salvation by works; avowed infidels. It was observed, that many were lost to men and means; occasioned hindrances themselves, and were prevented by others.

We came to William Williams's, near Little Pee Dee. On *Monday* we were housed by the rain in the forepart of the day: in the afternoon we visited Richard Woodbury, a great man, weighing upwards of three hundred pounds, and as kind as weighty.

Tuesday, 3. We had preaching at William Williams's: there were few people.

Wednesday, 4. We crossed Little Pee Dee at the Potato-Bed ferry. Beautiful deep sands, live oaks, lofty pines, pimeta swamps, with intermingled gums and cypress, variegated by evergreens of bay and laurel, and twining jessamine flinging its odours far and wide around; lawns and savannahs: such is the country, and such the charming scenes through which we have frequently passed in our late rides. We brought up at Richard Green's, near Kingston.

Thursday, 5. Counsel and conversation with the presiding elders, several long letters to the north and south, and reading, furnished occupation for the day. I received the compilation of N. Snethen, intended as an answer to James O'Kelly: it is well done, and very correctly done, except in a few cases. There was no sharpness at all upon my side with Doctor Coke at Charleston respecting the proposed general conference, which was afterward held (in 1792:) I was fully convinced that nothing *else* would finish the unhappy business with O'Kelly; and that did finish it.

Friday, 6. Occupied in reading and writing. The preachers had not yet made out our plan for a forward move. One Sabbath day yet at Kingston, and then we keep along towards the lovely north.

Saturday, 7. I rode to Robert Anderson's, in the Swamps, and met about thirty souls, to whom I spoke on Ephes. ii, 8-10. Returned to Richard Green's.

Sabbath day, 8. At Kingston. A lovely day; but few people—perhaps not more than one hundred, including the coloured folks. My subject was Luke ix, 24. Brother Whatcoat spoke on John iii, 16. It is now sixteen years since I rode, anxious and solitary, through this part of the land; there was scarcely a house to receive me, and no Methodist to bid me welcome; but God hath given us many friends, of some of those whose houses I lodged in ; witness the children of Mr. Clark, and of Durant—and their widows also.

We have been obliged to rest on *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*, *Sabbath day*, and *Monday*, 9th, with Richard Green. Mr. Rogers will not give us an invitation: his kindness towards the Methodists is at an end.

Tuesday, 10. We rode sixteen miles to Kullum's meeting-house: it was a cold day, and coming after such warm weather, its severity was the more sensibly felt; about mid-day it rained powerfully. My subject was Heb. ii, 1. After meeting we rode to father Kullum's, an old Maryland man, from Dorset county. Here I met Benjamin Sellers, a local preacher, and a faithful servant of God.

Wednesday, 11. We went forward to William Norton's, at the Iron Run; a distance of twelve miles, through swampy ground. Brother Whatcoat preached, and ordained brother Sellers a deacon. I spoke from Gal. iv, 19. It was a disagreeable time, the people were trembling with cold.

Thursday, 12. We rode twenty miles to Frinke's.

Friday, 13. At Ebenezer:—the house was unfinished, and the day windy and uncomfortable. Brother Whatcoat and myself held the people nearly three hours. My text was Gal. vi, 14-16.

A Solomon Reeves let me know that he had seen the *Address*, signed by me; and was quite confident there were no arguments to prove that slavery was repugnant to the

spirit of the Gospel: what absurdities will not men defend! If the Gospel will tolerate slavery, what will it not authorize? I am strangely mistaken if this said Mr. Reeves has more grace than is necessary, or more of *Solomon* than the name. We lodged for the night at William Gore's.

From this neighbourhood we came to Abraham Bepent's, Brunswick county, North Carolina, fording the Seven-mile Creek, and crossing the Wacamaw River at Loftus's Flat.

NORTH CAROLINA.—We have ridden at least five hundred and fifty, if not six hundred miles, over the hills, barrens, swamps, savannahs, rivers, and creeks, of South Carolina.

At Gause's Manor, or more properly *town*, we were pleasantly situated. I had a most solemn visit to the sea-beach, which to me was a most instructive sight: the sea reminded me of its great Maker, "who stayeth the proud waves thereof;" its innumerable productions; the diversified features of its shores—the sand-hills; the marsh; the pimeta, tall and slender; the sheep and goats frisking in the shade or browsing in the sun: or the eye, directed to the waters, beholds the rolling porpoise; the sea-gulls lifting and letting fall from high the clam, which breaking, furnishes them with food; the eagles with hovering wings watching for their prey; the white sail of the solitary vessel tossed upon the distant wave—how interesting a picture do all these objects make!

We preached at William Gause's, the patriarch of the place: his son stood for scribe, and assisted me in making extracts of letters to add to my manuscript.

We visited Charlotte meeting-house, named after the river, vulgarly and improperly called *Shalotte*. On our return, I prepared a few long letters for the north.

My mind is in great peace. I lament that I have no access to the poor: our way is strangely closed up at present in consequence of the *Address*. I made my last visit to the sea. I thought upon my friends on the other side the great waters; my voyage to this country; the little probability there was of my ever again seeing my dear mother, or my native land.

We have had preaching in three or four places; to wit, at Bepent's, in Brunswick county, and at the Manor.

Sunday, 22. We attended a meeting at Lockwood's Folly. I gave a sermon upon 2 Cor. iv, 5. 1. What the apostles of our Lord did *not* preach. 2. What they did preach. 3. The relation of ministers to Christ and to souls. The principles of their service. They sought not their own honour, ease, or interest—they did not make disciples for themselves—they had not wisdom, righteousness, redemption, for souls; nor grace to convict, convert, or regenerate. They preached Christ in his prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices—in his Gospel; in the sacrifice, once offered, of himself—in his Divinity. "Ourselves your servants for Christ's sake,"—his saved, his qualified, his commissioned servants (not slaves)—bound by his word, his grace, his love—not for any worldly consideration, but "for Christ's sake:" warning sinners, hypocrites, Pharisees, and backsliders;—comforting mourners; strengthening believers, and urging and inciting to holiness of heart and life. I observed, "servants," yet their rulers; according to Scripture testimony—see Heb. xiii, 17; 1 Peter v, 2.

We were kindly entertained at Mr. Bellon's: the whole family came to the house of public entertainment, eight miles from their dwelling, to make us comfortable.

Monday, 23. Rode to Edward Sullivan's, at Town Creek—eighteen miles.

Tuesday, 24. I preached: my subject was Luke iv, 18. We had a full house. I baptized three adults, and as many children.

Wednesday, 25. We dined with General Smith—there was abundance of hospitality. We came into town. Jeremiah Norman gave us a sermon. Our tabernacle is crowded again: the minds of the people are strangely changed; and the indignation excited against us is overpast: the people see and confess that the slaves are made better by religion; and wonder to hear the poor Africans pray and exhort.

Thursday, 26. I preached, for the first time, in our house,

and for the second in Wilmington: my text was found in Acts xxvi, 17, 18. At eleven o'clock we were crowded; and I felt uncommon enlargement. One of the *respectables* came in the name of some of the *reputables* to request that I would preach in the ancient, venerable brick church: I was weak—had spoken long and loud, and was more than ordinarily unwell; but brother Whatcoat was unwell and not able to go out. At four o'clock we had a large and decent congregation—I lectured upon Romans x, 1-4. In the evening, numbers, both white and black, came again to the tabernacle. After John Norman had preached, I read, and commented upon two letters respecting the work of God in Delaware, and Cumberland, in the West.

Friday, 27. We came off early and travelled on to Nixon's, through dews, damps, and rain—a great part of the way weary, pained, and sleepy, for want of rest. I gave a discourse on Matt. xi, 28-30.

Saturday, 28. About sunrise we hasted away and came to Lot Ballard's at the Rich Lands, New River, about forty miles: we stopped not on the way. I unfortunately left my famous spectacles behind: I had laid them by, overwhelmed with drowsiness, and failed to take them up to read a chapter, as is my custom, except upon such over-doing journeys. We walked our horses at the rate of four miles an hour: my poor nag limped. I thought it was owing to the bad state of his shoes, when, behold, an oyster-shell had wedged itself in the hollow of his hoof, near the heel.

Sunday, March 1. At New River I preached on Luke xix, 10. We had a very serious but unaffected congregation.

Joseph Ballard, and his wife Mary Ballard, are gone to rest, after a respectable profession of religion amongst the Methodists, for seventeen or eighteen years. John Perry, a pious soul, formerly of the Baptists, and an official character amongst them, is also gone to his reward. He had backslidden; but was restored among the Methodists, and became a preacher and deacon: he died upon the road, going to an appointment: neither he nor Ballard held slaves—hail, happy souls!

Monday, 2. We had to march down upon Trent, sixteen miles. The appointed meeting had been transferred to Frederick Argate's, occasioned by the death of his venerable mother, the respectable wife of General Frederick Argate, who had been suddenly called away. This lady justly deserved the great and good character she had for forty years preserved, as a wife, a mother, a mistress, and a friend: to relieve the poor, and to solace the afflicted, gave her pleasure and occupation almost uninterrupted. *Thursday* week she was at meeting—the following, she was a corpse. My subject on this solemn funeral occasion, was 1 Cor. xv, 22: "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." First, Our union with Adam, and the unhappy consequences. Secondly, Our union with Christ, and the happy consequences. We have already ridden eighty miles from Wilmington.

Tuesday, 3. We came to Jones court-house: we had many women, but few men: my text was 1 Cor. vii, 29-31. I suppose I shall not soon prophesy there again—for good reasons.

We went not to see our wealthy friends, but came down to Thomas Lee's, where we held a meeting on *Wednesday* and *Thursday*. My text was Acts xx, 32. Brother Whatcoat spoke from Isaiah lvii, 1; a portion of Scripture very seasonably chosen.

I began to review for this year the preachers and stations. We may perhaps find one preacher for a circuit in the Virginia Conference. I am shocked to see how lightly the preachers esteem, and how readily they leave the travelling plan. O Lord, by whom shall Jacob arise?

Friday, 6. Rode to Newbern. Brother Whatcoat preached in the evening.

Sabbath day, 8. We had a sacrament in the morning, and brother Whatcoat preached. In the afternoon I made an improvement upon Matt. xvii, 5. I have been rather clouded in mind, and have felt no pleasure in my administrations to-day.

Monday, 9. We rode thirty-seven miles to Washington. In our way we crossed Neuse, swiftly and safely, at West's ferry. At twenty-one miles we stopped to feed—high price and poor fare. We have ridden six hundred and fifty miles towards the fourth thousand since the Carolina Conference. Here Ralph Potts, a Northumbrian, (Old England,) but American-made-Methodist, received us as the angels of God.

Tuesday, 10. I gave a serious talk to more persons than I expected, on Rom. x, 16—a subject well fitted to the state of the people of Washington.

Ralph Potts hath begun a handsome chapel, thirty feet square, and, by the blessing of God, he will finish it without any man's help.

Wednesday, 11. We came twelve miles to Josiah Little's. We called upon brother Floyd by the way. He is sickly. I bless God that this family standeth by us yet. I also called at brother Norris's. At Little's we had many people. Two of our friend Little's brothers are gone from our society. O! the slave-trade!—when will it be no more?

Thursday, 12. A dreary ride of thirty miles, without food for man or beast, brought us to Joseph Pippin's. Here we were kindly entertained. Our friend Pippin hath been settled in the Connecta Swamps for twenty years. He hath six children, and about fifteen slaves, and never has had a death in his family. Mercy and miracle! May they praise the Lord!

Friday, 13. At Toole's meeting-house, near Tarborough, brother Whatcoat addressed the congregation, upon Zechariah ix, 12. My choice was Isaiah i, 9. I spoke with great heat and rapidity about half an hour. My text was well chosen, if the comment was not well executed. We lodged at Mr. Toole's.

Saturday, 14. Fifteen miles to Prospect chapel—open to all societies. Brother Whatcoat gave a short discourse upon *justification by faith*. My subject was: The love of God and the love of the world contrasted with, and subversive of each other: according to the degrees, so the effects and fruits of these opposing systems.

Having fourteen miles to Henry Bradford's, we had no time to dine. We took to horse, and came in with the shadows of evening. This morning we breakfasted at seven o'clock, and we now supped at seven—hard preaching and hard riding occupied the intermediate hours.

We have passed rapidly through Edgecombe into Halifax county. O, the awful state of religion in this circuit!

Sabbath day, 15. At Bradford's meeting-house, near Fishing Creek, my portion of the word was from Psalm i, 2, 3. I discovered some solemnity and a few tears. Brother Whatcoat preached on John iii, 17. We rested this Sabbath. We have ridden one hundred and twenty miles in a few days of the past week.

Monday, 16. We were under the necessity of moving to Northampton. It was very warm: we started, and crossed Roanoke river at Pollock's ferry, and arrived at R. Whitaker's—twenty miles. I was taken very ill with a bilious affection. I had a high fever, and my head and back furnished symptoms of a lowland intermittent. I could not eat, and thought of staying in the house. I changed my mind, and went to Rehoboth chapel. I read the letters giving the accounts of the work of God in the State of Delaware, and in Cumberland. At brother Grant's I took a little water-gruel, and rode on eight miles farther, making twelve miles this day. We lodged at Joseph Pinner's.

Wednesday, 18. We had timely intimation of rain. We started nevertheless, and had the rain, more or less, to Winton, a distance of twenty-five miles. Here we were glad to stop to dry and dine; but no more—ride we must. Gates court-house brought us up in the evening. Our ride to-day is little short of forty miles. I preached in the court-house, on Titus ii, 11, 12.

Friday, 20. We went forward to Isaac Hunter's, twelve miles. Alas for this place! Five souls of the whites—some poor Africans are seeking the Lord.

Saturday, 21. We came to Newland Creek, twenty-two miles, and lodged at James Spence's. This is a most awful

place, and Satan triumphs. *Sabbath day* was cloudy, and myself very unwell; but God enabled me to speak with uncommon unction, from John iii, 19-21. "The darkness of the world"—in birth, education, dispensation, practice—the contrary *light* of Revelation; the inspiration of the Spirit; the experience and practice of God's people and ministers:—they came to the *light* to try thereby their conviction, conversion, and sanctification; and as the touchstone of their justice, mercy, truth, and love. "Condemnation"—they are condemned by the word of God, their own consciences, by the people of God—they shall be found guilty in the day of judgment, and be *condemned*—according to the Gospel privileges and light they have lived under and rejected; and they shall *condemn* themselves forever in hell.

We came to M'Birde's. I had a dumb chill, and a sick night.

Monday, 23. We made twenty-two miles to Samuel Simmons's. Our flight has carried us through Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck counties, in North Carolina, which we shall leave to-day. My horse enslaves his rider. I suffer under severe bodily affliction. I am sorrowful; yet without sinning.

Tuesday, 24. At Currituck, Williams's meeting-house, brother Whatcoat preached. I gave a short exhortation; after which we proceeded on to James Wilson's. We have done with North Carolina for the present.

VIRGINIA.—*Wednesday*, 25. Cold and snow. I spoke on Isaiah li, 3. I. The cause of Zion's mourning. "Waste places"—such as had been improved, but forsaken. "Wilderness"—never cultivated: the one representing the Jewish nation; the other, heathen lands. II. "Joy and gladness"—yea, the shouts of the millions of the redeemed of the earth.

Thursday, 26. Brother Whatcoat preached at Cutherall's, near the great bridge. We came through the rain to Hospital Point, and crossed over to Portsmouth. I answered several letters.

Friday, 27. We had an open time at Portsmouth.

Sabbath, 29. Unwell: my horse also. Preached in Norfolk: my subject, Gal. vi, 9. Returned in the horse-boat through the rain. At three o'clock, I spoke, on, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." The gracious state of heart, and the gracious practice which was manifested by the *righteous*, in their doing all from a principle of love to Christ; and the blessed consequences—"eternal life." Of the *wicked*—their opposite characters and practices, and the effects produced—"everlasting punishment."

Monday, 30. We came to Jolliff's: it was not my day to preach, nor indeed was I well able.

Tuesday, 31. We came in haste to Suffolk. It was my lot to preach in the court-house at twelve o'clock. My foundation was 1 Tim. iv, 9, 10. It was with great labour I came through: my cold, loss of voice, and a pain in my breast, were greatly afflictive. We have one good-hearted Methodist, and two very respectable friends here; and the inhabitants, generally, are very catholic—they desire to build a house for us. This town has one grand street, about one hundred houses, and is well-situated for trade in lumber, turpentine, tar, and pork, collected from Carolina and parts of this State. We lodged at Richard Yarberry's, an ancient friend of mine from Dinwiddie. He and his wife were the disciples of Mr. Jarratt. The old prophet, I hear, is dead. He was a man of genius, possessed a great deal of natural oratory, was an excellent reader, and a good writer. From 1763 to 1801, (I think,) he was minister of the parish of Bath, in Dinwiddie county, in this State. I have reason to presume, that he was instrumentally successful in awakening hundreds of souls to some sense of religion, in that dark day and time. How he died, I shall probably hear and record hereafter.

Wednesday, April 1. We came to Jethro Hazlett's, near Somerton. The people were lively, and prayed, and praised, and exhorted. I felt the soreness in my breast, and was

silent. After meeting, we came on to Knotty-Pine—to the house of mourning for a favourite son. Marmaduke Baker was this day to have gone to Princeton College to finish his education. We hope he is gone to the college of saints and the society of heaven. We have ridden twenty-four miles—faint and feeble.

Thursday, 2. I gave, perhaps, my last talk in Knotty-Pine chapel, on 1 Peter iv, 17. We hasted to Winton; benighted in the swamp, which for two miles was overflowed with water. We arrived late at Dr. Laroque's, where we lodged. From Portsmouth hither, we make sixty-five miles. At eleven o'clock brother Whatcoat preached in the court-house, from John iii, 16. After preaching, we hasted to Murfreesborough, twelve miles. I preached at N. Vicks's: my text was John iii, 17. Where I laboured I lodged.

Saturday, 4. We came to Edward Sorry's, in Northampton county, dined, and hasted along towards Sterling Boykin's, twenty-eight miles.

Sabbath day, 5. I preached at Concord meeting-house, and lodged with Thomas Dupree, a descendant of a Huguenot who fell a martyr to persecution. I felt dejection of spirits and awful feelings for the state of the people. I preached on Heb. ii, 3. I again preached on "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world:" to these exercises were added a sacrament, and the baptism of children. We had a solemn season.

I recollect having read, some years since, Ostervald's Christian Theology: having a wish to transcribe a few sentiments in the work, I met with it, and extracted from chap. 2, page 317, what follows. "Yet it cannot be denied that in the primitive Church there was always a president who presided over others, who were in a state of equality with himself: this is clearly proved from the catalogues of bishops to be found in Eusebius and others; in them we may see the names of the bishops belonging to the principal Churches, many of whom were ordained whilst the apostles (but especially John) were still living." So far Mr. Oster-

vald, who, I presume, was a Presbyterian. In Cave's Lives of the Fathers, and in the writings of the ancients, it will appear that the Churches of Alexandria, and elsewhere, had large congregations, many elders; that the apostles might appoint and ordain bishops. Mr. Ostervald, who, it appears, is a candid and well-informed man, has gone as far as might be expected for a Presbyterian. For myself, I see but a hair's breadth difference between the sentiments of the respectable and learned author of Christian Theology, and the practice of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is not—nor indeed, in my mind, can there be—a perfect equality between a constant president, and those over whom he always presides.

Monday, 6. At Malone's chapel I preached on Luke xxiv, 44-48. We lodged at brother Reeple's.

Tuesday, 7. Leaving Jones's, we proceeded on through heavy rain, to Drumgoold's.

Wednesday, 8. Dromyrick chapel had been removed and enlarged for the conferences. *Thursday*, *Friday*, and *Monday* in conference. We had a press of business, but were peaceable and expeditious. Brother Lee preached on *Saturday;* I held forth on *Sunday morning* to an unwieldy congregation in doors, whilst William Ormond preached out of doors, and the poor blacks had their devotions behind the house. My subject was Rom. i, 16: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The manifest excellence of the Gospel of Christ in three cases. 1. As a revelation from God, by ancient, and multiplied, and sure prophecy. 2. As it proclaimeth salvation to all the world who will give it that attention and that credence which is given to the reports and to the business of the world. The spiritual and glorious salvation of the Gospel. The power of God displayed upon the rich, the poor, the worldly minded, the worldly wise, and worldly ignorant, and sinners of the deepest dye. Modern ministers and the people of God of the present day, should not be ashamed to believe and profess the

experience and obey the precepts of the Gospel; not ashamed to suffer for it and support it; not ashamed to claim all its promises; contend for the truth of its doctrines, and the necessity and efficacy of its divinely-appointed ordinances.

Monday, 13. We finished our conference, and next day I recommenced my northern march, preaching at Drumgoold's, (now Ellis's) chapel, whither we had returned. Doctor Smith, on whom I called, took a wart, cancerous in appearance, which had troubled me three months, from my foot.

Thursday, 16. At Mabry's chapel. I paid a visit to an old mother in Israel. I have fevers and feebleness, but a soul entirely swallowed up in God. I preached on Titus i, 16. The characters of those who profess to know God by his works of nature, his providences; yet there are of these who reject his word, who imitate him not in his attributes and perfections, forgetting that we might as well suppose a man without bodily powers and mental apprehensions, as a God without justice, mercy, love, and holiness. Some profess to know God by revelation, yet in works deny him; others profess to know God by revelation and inspiration, yet, like the others, neither fear God, trust in, nor love him, having deceived their own souls; others have fallen from the experimental and saving knowledge of God, yet profess to know God. Lastly, How excellent the character of those who know God, and prove it by their works, and uniformity of tempers and actions, living always in the fear of God, and in an unshaken confidence in his mercy and his truth.

Friday, 17. Ten miles brought us to Supponey Creek. We lodged at the house of Richard Greaves's widow. The husband is gone home, having departed in perfect love, after twenty years' profession: he wrote and felt a blessed experience a short time before his death.

Saturday, 18. For thirty years past I have occasionally preached at Stony Creek; I held forth at the chapel on Psalm lxxviii, 5-7. After preaching we hasted on to B. Malone's to dine, and thence to Petersburg, thirty miles.

Sabbath, 19. There had been put forth a printed appointment for me to preach the funeral sermon of the late Rev. Devereux Jarratt, who had lately returned to his rest.

My subject was Matt. xxv, 21: "His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It was observed, I. That a good servant was only *good* in the relation which his practice and his experience bore to the example and the precepts of his divine Master; that his was Christian goodness—a goodness altogether founded in grace. II. "Faithful servant"—*faithful* to his ministerial character:—he hath a high and just sense of the authority of his Divine Master in the person of God the Father and God the Son; he hath a just respect for the people he is to serve of all characters: the service he is to perform—1st. The preaching of the word. 2d. The administration of the sacrament and ordinances. 3d. Ruling the Church of God. The "talents"—the gift of prayer, preaching, expounding of the Scriptures, and social advice. "Faithful in a few things"—"to be ruler over many things" in the glory of God. The "joy" of Jesus—the *joy* of his redemption and salvation of souls socially and personally, felt and experienced—and lastly, the hearty welcome into glory.

Mr. Devereux Jarratt was settled in Bath Parish, Dinwiddie county, Virginia, in the year 1763, and continued until February, 1801. He was a faithful and successful preacher. He had witnessed four or five periodical revivals of religion in his parish. When he began his labours, there was no other, that he knew of, evangelical minister in all the province! He travelled into several counties, and there were very few parish churches within fifty miles of his own, in which he had not preached; to which labours of love and zeal were added, preaching the word of life on solitary plantations and in meeting-houses. He was the first who received our despised preachers—when strangers and unfriended, he took them to his house, and had so-

cieties formed in his parish. Some of his people became travelling preachers amongst us. I have already observed that the ministry of Mr. Jarratt was successful—I verily believe that hundreds were awakened by his labours; they are dispersed—some are gone to the Carolinas, to Georgia, to the western country—some perhaps are in heaven; and some, it may be, in hell.

The day after, we rode through a cold day to Chesterfield court-house, and the next day we came in, dripping, to Richmond: about four o'clock, lame as I was, I walked to the new house, where I spoke to a small congregation from Matt. v, 16.

Wednesday, 22. Although it was excessively cold, occasioned by a fall of snow on the mountains, we took the road, and came as far as Lyon's, in Caroline, about thirty-five miles.

Thursday, 23. By taking the road over Buck's bridge, we crossed Mattopony without difficulty. On our route I saw that beautiful spot, the Bowling Green, improved into a neat village at Caroline court-house. We dined at Todd's, and came on to Fredericksburg: here I completely failed, and went to bed, after ordaining William Hughes a deacon. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the new house, which I could only behold with my eyes at a distance. Some years ago Doctor Coke and myself wished to preach, but there was no place; now, the people desired to hear me and could not.

Friday, 24. Was a day of rain. Onward we went—Potomac run was passable—Aquia, full enough to catch my dipping foot—hills, and clay, and another swelling stream still between us and Dumfries—arrived at last, we borrowed a widow's house and held a meeting; my subject was Luke xix, 10. We were kindly entertained at Cook's.

Saturday, 25. We came on to Alexandria. O the clay! O the insolvent roads!

Sunday, 26. I gave a discourse upon Zeph. i, 12.

I received two letters sent after me, requesting the substance or heads of the sermon preached on the occasion of the late Rev. Devereux Jarratt: I sat down, and as well as

I could collect and remember them, hastily arranged my thoughts upon paper, and left the manuscript with Nicholas Snethen to copy.

MARYLAND.—We had some difficulty next day at the ferry, being obliged to wait an hour, which made us too late for meeting in Georgetown.

I visited Captain Lloyd Beal. I also visited Ezekiel King, son of my most dear friend, father King, in Stroud. Can a son of so many prayers be lost? heavy strokes of Providence have afflicted his mind: he hears—he weeps—O that I may yet see him converted!—he desired that I should pray in the family.

Tuesday, 28. We came to Montgomery court-house, fifteen miles, where I found a decent, attentive congregation, in a house as well contrived and fitted for religious worship as any I have seen: my subject was Luke xxiv, 45-48.

Jehovah is at work—We have new converts added. We dined at E. Busson's, and came on to Joshua Pigman's, twenty-five miles.

Wednesday, 29. We had a large assembly at Goshen meeting-house: brother Whatcoat preached. We came on that evening to Levin Warfield's.

Thursday, 30. We arrived to dine at Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's Creek, and pushed on to Henry Willis's, on Pipe Creek, where it had been our intention to open conference.

We had about forty members present, and sat on *Friday*, *Saturday*, and *Monday:* on *Tuesday* morning we rose. We had great peace; and good news from several circuits—revivals of religion. I was greatly supported in mind and body. On *Sabbath day* I preached from Matt. xxviii, 18-20. 1. The authority of Christ—his natural, and his Divine right as the co-eternal Son—his right by redemption—his right by family compact, and the delegation of the whole Trinity, to the work of redemption and salvation. 2. The branches of duty appointed to his ministers: to preach the Gospel in all its essential points; to administer the ordinances; and to rule the Church of Christ. 3. "I am with you"—at all

times, and in all places, to support and to give you success as Christians and as ministers. We had six elders present; to wit, William Watters, John Phillips, Solomon Harris, Joseph Stone, John Cullison, and Alexander M'Caine. There was preaching every day and every night. Our own people, and our friends in the settlement were equally kind; and we had rich entertainment. This settlement of Pipe Creek is the richest in the state: here Mr. Strawbridge formed the first society in Maryland—and *America.*

Wednesday, May 6. The clouds are gone, and we must move. The weather has lately been unpleasant. I changed my old horse for a younger and a better. We came to Baltimore in a great storm, but I was not much damped: I sat in George Roberts's house, and received my old friends and all who called to see me.

Sunday, 10. I had an opportunity of speaking in Light-street church, upon Romans i, 16-18. We had an open time and an attentive congregation: I felt that the Lord was amongst the people. In the afternoon, at the Old Town church, I spoke on Romans xvii, 5. In the evening I read the Duck Creek and Cumberland account of the work of God: it would not have been greater labour to have preached. We went to bed at eleven o'clock, slept at twelve, waked at four, and at five mounted and hasted away to Perry Hall to preach at eleven o'clock: my text was Mark ix, 14-29.

Tuesday, 12. At Gunpowder Neck I spoke on Psalm cii, 13; at five o'clock we had a meeting at Abingdon: there is a revival of religion in this circuit. The day is excessively warm: my foot sore—and a high fever. We lodged at William Smith's. Sarah Dallam's eldest daughter, Eliza Stump, professeth conversion, and her daughter Sarah, and little Philip her youngest son also.

Wednesday, 13. I preached once more at Josias W. Dallam's—I could speak with more faith than usual upon Acts ii, 37, for behold! Henry Watters's son, many years insensible to the things of God, was converted! When we parted with Godfrey, he looked after us with wishful, willing

eyes and heart: that the dear soul should sit nearly thirty years under the Gospel, unconverted and almost unconcerned—how strange! and should be at last visited and converted—how merciful!

Thursday, 14. Crossed Susquehannah ferry, and came in to meeting at half-past eleven o'clock: the people were waiting; and I gave a short discourse upon Heb. ii, 3. We dined and rode on to Bohemia Manor.

Friday, 15. Brother Whatcoat preached: I gave a short exhortation. We hope that nearly three thousand souls have been added since last conference in the peninsula of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia.

Saturday, 16. We rode rapidly to the brick meeting-house in Kent, a distance not less than twenty-two miles: I was outdone: brother Whatcoat preached upon, "Now we live, if ye stand fast in the faith."

Sunday, 17. We had a love-feast for the whites and blacks: there might have been fifteen hundred people. My subject was Psalm cxlvii, 3-5: this was a trying exercise, but I humbly hope it was not all in vain.

We came away, and steered to New Town, Chester, fifteen miles, through dust and heat, to keep an appointment made for the night, which held us until after nine o'clock. Fatigue and fever prevented my sleeping.

Monday, 18. We rose at five o'clock, and came off at six, bending our course to Centerville, seventeen miles. Ah! heavily moves this clay. I came in weary and unwell: I spoke on Romans x, 21. I was greatly assisted in mind and body. After meeting I rode to brother Pinard's, where I was glad to lay myself down to rest.

Tuesday, 19. We came off, cool and calm, to Easton. Brother Whatcoat preached: I gave an exhortation. We take a county and a circuit in a day. I can only say, I am kept from murmuring and sinning: but ah! it is like pressing out life with labour: such extraordinary exertions call for great Divine support, for soul and body. O how sweet will be eternal rest to labouring souls! Our prospects are pleasing in Kent, Queen Anne's, and Talbot circuits: souls

are added to the Church and to Christ; prejudices fall before the force of truth and power of God.

Wednesday, 20. We came to Bolingbroke: my subject here was Heb. x, 38, 39. We dined at William Brown's: one of his sons hath found the Lord. A calm and safe passage brought us over Choptank at Eunal's Ferry.

Thursday, 21. In Cambridge we held a meeting in the court-house, and had a large, well-behaved congregation to hear: brother Whatcoat spoke on, "To you is the word of this salvation sent." I made the application, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Friday, 22. We had a long ride to William Frazier's through dust and excessive heat.

Saturday, 23. I preached upon Peter's fall. It was hard to leave loving souls; so we tarried until morning.

I formed a plan for another year, allowing only about twenty days to visit every circuit but Caroline, by one appointment in a circuit and county.

Sunday, 24. We came to Choptank, and found that the people had attended the day before, of which we were ignorant, and that no appointment had been made for the Sabbath. It was not light labour to make thirty miles by eleven o'clock; and, worn as I was, I should have failed had not Thomas Forster lent me his carriage.

Monday, 25. Arrived in Dover, we found the people collected at the meeting-house so numerous that they could not be well accommodated: we therefore adjourned to the state-house, where I spoke to them from Haggai ii, 5-9. Brother Whatcoat preached at the chapel, and I gave an exhortation —and so ended the great meeting in Dover with us. My mind was somewhat taken up with getting another horse, and he did not please me. I went to Dr. Cook's to see Thomas White's only surviving daughter, and Sarah Cook. I preached at Duck-Creek Cross-Roads, upon I Thess. i, 7-12. I am under some dejection of spirits; yet I know of no cause except bodily infirmity, produced by excessive labour, and speaking long and tolerably loud to large congregations. My foot and my fears are troublesome to me.

In the afternoon I must needs go to attend an examination of the children of a school partly under the Methodist direction: I could not have thought the scholars would so greatly improve in so short a time: their improvement reflects honour upon their teacher, a Mr. Hughes, a Methodist from Ireland. The master had provided a medal, but the committee judged it proper to keep it for a future examination. Indeed, the master himself was best entitled to an honorary reward; and this being the general sentiment, a subscription was undertaken for money, to furnish the children each with a small silver piece, and so make them equal—in a free country.

Thursday, 28. At Dickenson's meeting-house I preached upon Matt. xxv, 46. We rode home with Benjamin Hersey, at Noxentown mill.

Friday, 29. We were righteous overmuch in riding in such haste and heat, thirty miles, without refreshment; but we had fears for the Philadelphia society. At six o'clock I gave a discourse at Wilmington, on 1 Pet. v, 7: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." First, We should have no care, as ministers or as Christians, but what is proper—such care as may, with humble confidence, be cast upon the Lord. Second, How we should cast the whole upon the Lord—by faith, by prayer, by patience, and resignation. "That the Lord careth for us" as a God.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Saturday*, 30. Most excessive heat. through which we rode to conference in Philadelphia.

Sabbath, 31. I preached in Fourth-street, on John iii, 19. I was very lame. On *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, and *Friday*, I attended the session of conference, but on *Saturday* I remained in my lodgings, and ministered to my sore foot. Our conference was a gracious one. It appeared as if the preachers were unwilling to elevate their voices lest there should be an appearance of heat or anger; yet with the greatest plainness would they differ from each other, calmly, and in love.

Sabbath, *June* 7. I took up my cross, and stayed quietly in the house with a blister to my foot. We shall see if an-

other operation will be necessary. Minutes and letters took up my attention. We elected and ordained eight deacons, and the same number of elders; on account of my lameness it was done at my lodgings. We were well satisfied in the stationing of the preachers; we received one from Canada, and sent three thither. My soul hath great peace; and although there has been a formidable division threatened, we humbly hope God will overrule it all to his glory.

Wednesday, 10. Doctor Physick applied a caustic to my foot.

I wrote to Dr. Coke. My mind is greatly supported under my own troubles, and the afflictions of the Church; nevertheless, the Lord appears glorious upon our continent, and my soul exults in Zion's prosperity. From the 7th to the 16th no regular journal. Our conference meets this day in New-York; and here am I in Philadelphia, and here must I remain in patience and in pain.

Tuesday, 30. No journal kept. I have had caustic after caustic applied; now I have hope of a cure on my foot.

Sabbath, *July* 5. I attended at Fourth-street: sermon and sacrament. I spoke from 1 Cor. xi, 27-29. I stood upon one knee and one foot, about an hour and a half. I was much assisted, and great solemnity appeared in the congregation. I have little interesting for insertion in a journal. Letters received from the Carolinas advise of a revival of religion.

On *Wednesday* last my foot began to feel better. Dr. Physick, who hath so kindly attended me, gives his decided opinion that my sore is a sinew strain: a dead part of the sinew must still come away.

Sabbath, 12. I preached in Fourth-street on Luke iv, 18: there were some flowings of life to myself and to the assembly. In the afternoon I spoke at Ebenezer on Isa. lv, 6, 7.

Monday, 20. At St. George's church, Fourth-street, I spoke on the parable of the sower: my congregation was small. In the afternoon, at the Academy, my subject was James i, 12.

Why should I continue my journal while here? What would it be but a tale of woe?—the society divided, and I, perforce, shut up in Sodom, without any communication with the connexion at large.

Sabbath, 27. At St. George's, I spoke on 1 Peter iv, 17. At Bethel, my text was 1 Peter iv, 18.

I have been reading my papers, for a second volume of a journal. June and July of this year are almost blanks with me. I have had my own bodily and soul sufferings; and some violent men have divided the body of Christ in the city of Philadelphia—let such answer for it in this, and the world to come.

Friday, 31. After a serious confinement in Philadelphia of two months of trouble and affliction, I took my departure and rode to the Wheatsheaf, where we breakfasted, and thence proceeded to Wilmington, Delaware; I stopped with Allen M'Lean. I found Mr. Worrel very ill, and addressed him seriously on the concerns of his soul, commending him to God in prayer. After supper we went to John Miller's, in Newport.

Delaware.—*August* 1. I called upon Mr. M'Intyre; we talked, we prayed and rejoiced together in the work of God. I could not pass my old friend Isaac Hearsey, without calling. We could with gratitude review the past, and dwell upon the present dealings of the Lord with us as a people, and say, what hath God wrought?

Maryland.—Within two miles of North East, the heavens grew big and black with wind and rain: happily for us brother George's house was at hand: there we talked, prayed, and sheltered. Sister Howell is very low and languid. I lodged at Daniel Sheredine's. He has never lost sight of God for twenty-nine years, and now he is united to us.

Sunday, 2. I preached at the chapel opposite the church, so called: my text was Luke vii, 22, 23; we had a living season.

Monday, 3. We came off at six o'clock, and after riding twenty miles, stopped to take refreshment at Mr. Stump's.

in Bush. I spoke a word of consolation to a true daughter of that excellent woman Sally Dallam, now with Christ; it was a time of great family affliction, but the mourner enjoys divine love for her support.

I came on to Perry Hall. Here were things to arrest my attention—out of sixty or seventy servants, many shouting and praising God My dear Mr. Gough was somewhat unwell Mrs. Carroll seriously ill, and her mother absent in attendance on old Mrs. Carroll, at the Mount.

I continued at Perry Hall, from *August* 3d to *Saturday* the 15th. An intermittent fever came upon me every morning, and indisposed my stomach: it was with difficulty I could attend to the performance of family and closet duties being much unfitted for reading or writing. I got through a part of Doddridge's Rise and Progress, and some of Young's Night Thoughts. The great engagedness of the African part of the family was delightfully pleasing. Gough Hollady professed to find the Lord, and one or two more of the family appear to be earnestly seeking him. I preached, read, prayed, exhorted, and conversed; but it was not much I could do. Our family, when in the chapel, makes a respectable congregation.

Sunday, 16. I spent this day in Baltimore. My indisposition of body was amply compensated by the consolation I felt whilst holding forth upon Matt. v, 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I. The character of those who by justification are, in a *special* manner, called to be pure in heart; called by promise, by privilege, by duty.

II. The purity of the Gospel in authority, in example, precept and spirit; in its operative influence on the understanding, conscience, intentions, will, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows and affections, producing the sanctification of the soul in a deliverance from all sin.

III. The visions: in what manner the *pure in heart* should see God; they shall see him in his perfections, in his providence, in his works of nature, and the operations of his grace, and they shall see him in his glory!

I had a desire to preach in the market-house upon Howard's Hill. I spoke to hundreds, perhaps thousands, upon Luke xiv, 21: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." I thought it my duty, and I felt it a delight to sanction what the preachers do in preaching abroad: I wished to do it in Philadelphia, and had appointed it, but some of my brethren made strong objections, and it was abandoned. We have peace, health, and union in Baltimore.

Wednesday, 19. I came from Baltimore to Robert Carman's, near the Stone chapel. This was a day of great and good news. I heard that eight souls professed to find the Lord at a prayer-meeting in the city; twelve souls at Callison's, in the Barrens, about fifteen days past; and by letters from Thomas Wilkerson, and advices from William M'Kendree, forty souls were happily made subjects of converting grace at a late meeting held in Cumberland, Tennessee—this meeting continued from *Saturday* until *Monday*, and there was then no prospect of its concluding soon: the elder was under the necessity of coming away to attend to his other appointments.

I made two visits to a beautiful country-seat belonging to Captain Yellott: here is a charming house, fine gardens, and well-improved grounds; but on what lease? Ah, how uncertain are all our earthly enjoyments! My business was with the sick: O, may sweet Sophia find spiritual wisdom, gold tried in the fire, that she may be rich in every virtue and every grace that can adorn the woman, the wife, the mother, the daughter, and the Christian!

Thursday, 20. I preached at the Stone chapel at a short notice, to a few serious, respectable people, on 1 John iv, 15-17. I spoke next day at Ryster's Town on Isaiah xxxv, 3-6: although the warning was short, it was a day of liberty to me. We dined at Weis's public house, and proceeded on to Henry Willis's, at Pipe Creek: we had the company of Jesse Hollingsworth and James M'Cannon: we felt the heat

and feared the rain, but happily arrived before it fell, at a pleasant shelter and a Christian family. Next day we visited the Sulphur Springs, and rested the body a little.

Sunday, 23. I preached at the Stone chapel on Heb. xii, 25: it was a gracious season. On *Monday* we rested.

Tuesday, 25. We rode to Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's Creek. My mind is variously exercised in my infirm state; but I plainly perceive that I must be made perfect through labour, temptation, and many sufferings in the flesh and spirit.

Wednesday, 26. We visited John Norris's family: here I saw the aged mother of ninety years: she reminded me of my own. I dined with the household of Eli Dorsey—the children of my once dear friend Sarah Dorsey, now no more. At James L. Higgins's I gave a discourse upon 2 Cor. vi, 2.

Thursday, 27. We rode up to Stephen Shelmerdine's.

Friday, 28. At Fredericktown I spoke on Matt. xi, 5, 6. Here I met with Bishop Whatcoat and Sylvester Hutchinson: we formed a plan for our future journies and labours. They, to visit Maryland by the way of Baltimore and Annapolis, and thence on to Richmond and the towns on the route to Camden in South Carolina, and southward to Georgia; I, in company with Nicholas Snethen, go out to the western conference in Nolachuckie, then afterward cross over to the South.

Saturday, 29. The evening brought us to Thomas Keys's, upon Shenandoah. We went by the way of Samuel Phillips's, to see his dear, afflicted wife—perhaps for the last time in this world: God is still gracious to this family. We also saw Harper's ferry, and beheld with satisfaction, the good plain buildings erected there by the United States.

Virginia.—*Sunday*, 30. At Charlestown I preached under the shady oaks to perhaps fifteen hundred people, upon Heb. x, 39: it was a gracious season—truth had its dominion in some minds. We administered the sacrament. I ordained to the office of deacons, John M'Pherson and Thomas Littleton. I rode home with John Davenport.

Monday, 31. Reached Winchester. Since I left Balti-

more, I suppose I have ridden, by crooks, corners, and straight lines, one hundred and thirty miles. My mind in general has been sweetly stayed upon God.

Wednesday, September 2. We spent this day at Elijah Phelps's—the old place, and it was like old times.

I received an Address from the most respectable citizens of Winchester, praying the continuance of Mr. Snethen to officiate in the ministry amongst them; but it could not be: he was appointed at Baltimore to travel with me, and I could not get another at this time and place to answer as well.

Thursday, 3. We rode through heat and drought to Woodstock. N. Snethen preached upon, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." I spoke in the evening on Luke xix, 10: the house was full, and there were people in the street. We lodged at Madera's.

Friday, 4. The weather as yesterday: we nevertheless made thirty miles to Jacob Huster's.

Saturday and *Sabbath day* were spent at Rockingham quarterly meeting, held in Harrisonburg: the brethren were lively in the sacramental meeting. Many came from far, although the heat was very great. N. Snethen preached on *Saturday* upon Rom. xii, 17, and *Sabbath day*, Rom. xii, 1. My subject was 1 Pet. iv, 17. The house could not at all contain the people, we therefore took to the woods; but we failed in shade, and felt some inconvenience in the sun.

Monday, 7. I was very unwell; but I rode. The route led through a fine shade, sixteen miles as computed, but really twenty miles, to William Young's, formerly an elder in the Presbyterian Church. We had a gracious season. N. Snethen preached on John iii, 17. I believe the Lord will work in Augusta county amongst the Presbyterians.

Tuesday, 8. At Moffit's meeting-house N. Snethen spoke on 2 Cor. vi, 1, 2. My subject was 1 Pet. v, 7. The heat, augmented by the long drought, was very oppressive to the system: I was very unwell.

Wednesday, 9. At Staunton, N. Snethen preached at eleven o'clock. I preached from Acts iii, 26. Ministers

Wilson and Glendie were present. N. Snethen and P. Bruce held night-meeting—heat! heat!

Thursday, 10. We passed Greenville, Fairfield, and came to Lexington to lodge at Shield's: we got here what failed us on the way—good entertainment.

Friday, 11. We rode by the Rockbridge and Springfield, to Pattensburg, and thence on to James Tapscote's: I was hungry and unwell, having taken cold by exposure to the evening air.

Saturday, 12. We came to Fincastle. We have made, I presume, one hundred and twenty miles this week; and some rough roads. I have felt suffering faith, and fervent love to God and souls.

Sunday, 13. I preached from 1 John i, 5-7. I had taken cold, attended with a great check to respiration, which made my bodily feelings very uncomfortable.

Monday, 14. We visited Mr. Phillips, a Baptist minister, who received and kindly entertained us: from this fifteen-mile stage we proceeded to Thomas Raborn's, making thirty-three miles for the day. Greatly desired, and much needed, rain came at last.

Tuesday, 15. We preached at Raborn's, brother Snethen and myself, to a very attentive people. I had to excuse my non-attendance at this place last year: the failure was occasioned, first, by my not knowing the distance; secondly, because I was persuaded to take the route by English's ferry, as being the better road for a chaise. After meeting we took up our journey across the Alleghany mountain; but finding after we had ridden nearly ten miles that it was growing late, we turned up towards the sun, and housed for the night with John M'Daniel, upon Tom's Creek. My soul is kept in great peace, and I have grace to bear and suffer my spirit is calm and pure.

Wednesday, 16. We came to Pepper's ferry—behold me once more on New River!

Thursday, 17. We held a meeting at Pepper's chapel. N. Snethen spoke upon 2 Peter i, 10. As I was called upon by recommendation to ordain Edward Morgan to the office of a

deacon, my subject was 2 Tim. iv, 1, 2. We lodged at Mr. Hance's.

Friday, 18. We stretched along to Thaddeus Cooley's, near Wythe court-house, and next day came to Charles Hardy's. My companion's horse fell to-day, and I had scarcely time to reflect upon the probability of its being my turn, when my little mare also came down; but the Lord preserved man and beast.

Sunday, 20. We came over the mountain to Saltsburg, and preached at the widow Russell's. N. Snethen was greatly enlarged, upon Luke xi, 3, 4. I was so feeble, I had but little to say, upon, "Behold, now is the day of salvation." I have a partial restoration of health; but the fever returns every morning, added to which, the severe and constant riding, with want of, and generally irregularity of meals, becomes in a great degree a cause of sickness. I was pleased to see our local brethren come forty and fifty miles to visit me. We met with joy, and parted in tears!

Monday, 21. We had to try Clinch mountains—four miles over. I continued on horseback, ascending and descending: my sore-backed, slender-jointed beast wrought it but badly. We made twenty-two miles this day, and happily escaped the showers which fell in the afternoon. We lodged at Francis Browning's.

Tuesday, 22. We had a meeting at Elk Garden meeting-house: we felt as if in a stove-room while N. Snethen was speaking, upon, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I spoke from 2 Peter iii, 17, 18. We dined at Richard Brice's. He is now growing very infirm.

Wednesday, 23. We rode to Castle's woods. I was amazed at the goodness of the Lord to this western country generally; and was surprised and gratified to observe the improvements made in Russell county particularly. I was well weary of riding over such an uneven surface as we have lately passed—at the rate of about twenty miles a day, equal to many more on level land.

Thursday, 24. We rested at Charles Beckley's. N. Sne-

then preached upon Coloss. i, 21, 22. I spoke from 2 Cor. vi, 2: "Behold, now is the accepted time."

Friday, 25. To Copper-Creek meeting, fifteen miles. We had mountains, vallies, and rocks, as usual. There was a cabin, but we delivered our testimony in the woods. After meeting, and refreshing our horses with a bite, we pushed on to Mockison Creek, crossing it nine times in about five miles: the roads were rough as usual, and the fords at the stream, rocks, loose, or sideling and slippery. We lodged at William Lawson's.

Saturday, 26. We wrought down Mockison to the Gap, where the accumulated waters of the stream have, at some time, apparently burst their way through Clinch Mountain. After recrossing the north branch of Holston, we stopped at John Wadley's, and refreshed man and beast. Our host became our guide, and tripped over the hills with us in the rain, his mare barefoot, and himself without a saddle to ride on, or a great coat to shield him from the weather. At length we reached Charles Baker's, upon Main Holston, in safety. I began to feel and to fail. I have ridden about one hundred miles in the last four days; the roads equal to any in the United States for badness. My bowels, and my poor horse's back are in bad order. How much time we have to read, and write, and pray, those who travel with us may judge.

TENNESSEE.—*Sabbath day*, 27. I was unwell, and willing to sit still.

Monday, 28. Attended by John Watson, we crossed Holston and Watawga, near the junction, and came to Dungworth's.

Tuesday, 29. I preached upon 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8, and then rode on through Jonesborough to Cashe's.

Wednesday, 30. I spoke on Heb. ii, 1, and hasted on to Ebenezer to attend the conference.

Our brethren in Kentucky did not attend: they pleaded the greatness of the work of God. Twelve of us sat in conference three days; and we had not an unpleasant counte-

nance, nor did we hear an angry word:—and why should it not always be thus? Are we not the ministers of the meek and lowly, the humble and holy Jesus?

N. Snethen gave us two sermons. We ordained on *Friday*, *Saturday*, and *Sabbath day*, and upon each day I improved a little on the duties of ministers. On the *Lord's day* we assembled in the woods, and made a large congregation. My subject was Isa. lxii, 1. On *Friday* and *Saturday evenings*, and on *Sabbath morning*, there was the noise of praise and shouting in the meeting-house. It is thought there are twenty-five souls who have found the Lord; they are chiefly the children of Methodists—the children of faith and of many prayers.

Monday, *October* 5. We parted in great love. Our company made twelve miles to Isaiah Harrison's, and next day reached the Warm Springs upon French Broad River.

Wednesday, 7. We made a push for Buncomb court-house: man and beast felt the mighty hills. I shall calculate from Baker's to this place one hundred and twenty miles; from Philadelphia, eight hundred and twenty miles.

Friday, 9. Yesterday and to-day we rested at George Swain's.

Sabbath day, 11. Yesterday and to-day held quarterly meeting at Daniel Killions's, near Buncomb court-house. I spoke from Isa. lvii, 6, 7, and 1 Cor. vii, 1. We had some quickenings.

Monday 12. We came to Morrough's, upon Mud Creek: here we had a sermon from N. Snethen on Acts xiv, 15. Myself and James Douthat gave an exhortation. We had very warm weather and a long ride. At Major Britain's, near the mouth of Mill's river, we found a lodging.

Tuesday, 13. We came in haste up to elder Davidson's, refreshed man and beast, commended the family to God, and then struck into the mountain. The want of sleep, and other inconveniences made me unwell. We came down Seluda River near Seluda Mountain: it tried my lame feet and old feeble joints. French Broad, in its meanderings, is nearly two hundred miles long: the line of its course is

semicircular; its waters are pure, rapid, and its bed generally rocky, except the Blue Ridge; it passes through all the western mountains. We continued at John Douthat's on *Wednesday*, and *Thursday* furnished a meeting. N. Snethen spoke upon 1 John v, 10. I spoke also; my subject was Hosea x, 12.

Friday, 16. We reached Samuel Burdine's, sixteen miles. N. Snethen spoke from 1 John v, 4, 5. I followed from Titus ii, 11, 12.

South Carolina.—*Sabbath*, 18. Yesterday and to-day we attended quarterly meeting at Salem, near Staunton's ferry, upon Seluda River. N. Snethen's subject was Psalm cxix, 59, 60. I came off with reading a letter containing an account of the revival of religion amongst the Presbyterians and Methodists in Cumberland. On the *Sabbath* N. Snethen spoke upon Luke xiv, 26; the ground I took was John iii, 19, 20. After a shower on *Saturday* it cleared up cold, with the wind from the north-west. The house would not contain our *Sabbath* congregation; they stood in front of the cabin, under whose projecting roof we found shelter from the sun. Our situation was eligible, because the voice was thrown forward, and because we were protected from the wind whilst speaking. James Jenkins followed with a call to backsliders. The people were serious, but I heard of no conversions. We lodged at Henry Parriss's, on the Grove.

Monday, 19. At John Bramblet's, Greensville. After meeting, we rode to Thomas Terry's, upon Reedy River.

Tuesday, 20. Thanks be to God for one night's rest. I calculate that we have ridden eighty miles since we left John Douthat's. O Lord! thou preservest man and beast. We attended a meeting at a Presbyterian vacant house. N. Snethen preached upon Isa. lv, 6. I read James M'Gready's narrative of the work of God in Logan county, Kentucky.

Wednesday, 21. We rode sixteen miles to the widow Bramblet's meeting-house. N. Snethen spoke on Matt. v, 3. I followed from 2 Pet. i, 4. We rode four miles to Daniel M'Kee's, where we held a meeting in the evening.

Thursday, 22. We came twenty miles to Casey's, late and lost, and arrived whilst Coleman Carlisle was holding forth. I only read a letter and gave an exhortation. This family (the Caseys) entertained us when we were few in number in these parts.

Friday, 23. We rode ten miles to Bigg's meeting-house, and held a meeting. N. Snethen preached from 1 Tim. i, 5; I only exhorted—the wind all the while blowing freely upon my naked head. We kept on ten miles to Davis's; here we held an evening meeting: N. Snethen preached, and I exhorted.

Saturday, 24. We had to attend a meeting appointed at Broad River circuit. N. Snethen spoke from 2 Tim. ii, 8. I only exhorted, and read a letter giving an account of the work of God in Kentucky.

We have been working this week from Seluda to Reedy River, down the Enoree, crossing and recrossing through Pendleton, Greensville, Laurens, Spartensburg, and Newbury-district counties in South Carolina. I cannot record great things upon religion in this quarter; *but cotton sells high*. I fear there is more gold than grace—more of silver than of "that wisdom that cometh from above."

Monday, 26. At Beauford's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from James i, 4; there was some breathing after life. We lodged at Mr. Hardy's.

Tuesday, 27. At Bethel N. Snethen preached on Heb. x, 32. I afterward gave a discourse. We next day attended a meeting at the widow Coate's, in the Bush River circuit: N. Snethen spoke on Matt. v, 20. I gave a few words on Luke viii, 18. We had an open season; and were made happy at John Myers's, the steward of the circuit.

Thursday, 29. We had a long ride to Edgefield court-house, and were kindly entertained at Doctor Fuller's: the town was in great disorder, it being court time.

Friday, 30. We came in haste to Daniel Baugh's: here we met Bishop Whatcoat, and Sylvester Hutchinson, who had come along rapidly. At the meeting-house, where we spent

about three hours, we were joined by Stith Mead, John Garven, and Lewis Mycrel. Now we formed a plan for future labours and travel: it was concluded that Bishop Whatcoat should go from the centre, east to Savannah and St. Mary's; whilst I go west, in Georgia.

GEORGIA.—*Saturday*, 31. We came to Augusta. On the *Sabbath day* N. Snethen preached; after which I gave a few thoughts upon, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people;" N. Snethen spoke again, in the afternoon, on *the choice of Moses*. Bishop Whatcoat held forth at night. We have a very large and most elegant house in this place, for which we are indebted, chiefly, to the generosity of the inhabitants. Our congregations are most respectable, and very attentive; but I heard of no conversions—the time for this is not yet come.

We have travelled this week one hundred and twenty miles. The season is exceedingly dry. I was made glad to find one who had departed from God for fifteen years, happily restored to the Lord and to myself; his own dear wife and child, and a family of one hundred souls, are also in the enjoyment of religion. Maryland appears as if it would feel the millennium in a few years.

Monday, November 2. We rested in Augusta. In the evening we rode to Mr. Lacey's, and next day travelled on to Columbia, twenty miles, and stopped with brother Allen, a local preacher. We had our brothers Hutchinson and Mead with us.

Wednesday, 4. At Scott's meeting-house, upon Little River, N. Snethen spoke on the Pharisee and publican. We came home with Mr. Gaterel. Here we parted with Bishop Whatcoat and his assistant, they directing their course south-west, across the State, and by a circle to Savannah and St. Mary's.

Thursday, 5. We came an hour too late to the Cross Roads: N. Snethen spoke from 1 Tim. iv, 8. I followed from Isa. lxi, 1-3. By riding a little in the rain and evening damps, we arrived at Richard Easter's in Petersburg, at the

junction of the rivers, on which are the towns of Lisbon and Vienna in South Carolina. Petersburg is beautifully situated, has about eighty houses, well constructed for stores, and about one hundred buildings in all; they are generally one story in height, well painted, with convenient shed attached. At noon we held a meeting; the day was cold, and the house open. At night I preached in Richard Easter's house on Isa. xl, 31; the people were very attentive.

Saturday, 8. At Thompson's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from Matt. xviii, 19, 20. We also held a meeting on the *Sabbath*.

I suppose we have now travelled twelve hundred miles since leaving Philadelphia. I often have it whispered in my ear, what certain folks are pleased to say of my being an Englishman. How can I help that; I am not ashamed of it. But I am seeking souls, and Zion's glory; heaven is my country.

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

Monday, 9. At Pellum's we had many people, to whom N. Snethen spoke upon Matt. v, 8. We lodged at Captain Blackman's.

Tuesday, 10. N. Snethen spoke at Coldwater on Matt. xi, 28, 29; and next day, at Oliver's chapel, again, upon Psalm lxxxv, 8; I followed with a few words upon 1 John i, 6, 7. We lodged at Stinchecomb's: here I found Maryland people who heard me when children.

Thursday, 12. We came to Redwine's. Here some have been awakened amongst the Methodists, and have joined the Baptists; thus we have laboured, and others reap the fruit.

Friday, 13. At Carroll's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from Titus ii, 14. I spoke from Acts xx, 16-18. We have had large, lively meetings. We lodged at Mr.

Allen's. Here N. Snethen left me to go and spend five or six weeks in Augusta, at the desire of the citizens; he can be better spared now, as we are near the frontiers, and the congregations are small, and brother Blanton is with me.

Saturday, 14. We came to Park's meeting-house. Brother Blanton spoke on John xii, 35; my subject was Heb. vi, 11, 12. We have travelled about one hundred miles since our entrance into Georgia, passing through parts of Richmond, Columbia, Lincoln, Elbert, and Franklin counties. The evenings and mornings have been cold; the people, however, are extremely kind. I have experienced great sensible enjoyment of God—our cabins and courts, when Jesus is there. In my ministry I have been greatly assisted, but unless I am more temperate in my talk, in tone and time, I shall not be able to manage more than every other day.

In a serious conference with Bishop Whatcoat, N. Snethen, Lyle, Hutchinson, and myself, it plainly appeared, that the best way in future would be to meet at the Virginia conference, and thence continue together to the New-York conference; after which, one might go to the east, and the other to the western conference: the bishop who went east, would then visit the Eastern States and the lake country, and thence onward to Pittsburg and the Virginia districts; the bishop who goeth west, will visit over the Blue-Ridge, Holston, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, South and North Carolina, to the conferences in the center of the work: where both will meet again:—in this we all agreed. It was also determined, that each bishop should always have an elder as a travelling companion.

Sabbath, 15. I spoke on Psalm cxlvii, 2-4. Brother Blanton spoke upon *redeeming the time*. We lodged at Henry Park's. Several persons of the Presbyterian society, upon hearing read Mr. Hodges's letter to me, communed with us.

Monday, 16. We rode to George Christian's. Here we made a stand *at an Ephrata in the woods*, where the logs were laid for a meeting-house. My subject was Psalm cxlv, 18-20. On *Tuesday*, my foundation was laid upon Zech. xii, 10. It was the voice of the Lord Jesus: 1st. *How* he

was pierced by the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem—how he is *now* pierced by open sinners, formal and false professors, and backsliders. 2d. The effects of the outpouring of the Spirit—prayers and sorrows. We lodged at Mr. Walker's, formerly a Presbyterian: his father wishes a more intimate acquaintance with the Methodists, whom he has now heard for the first time. We could not finish our meeting in the woods the second day, being prevented by a storm of wind and rain.

Wednesday, 18. We rode with haste into Jackson—a proper frontier county. We halted at Professor Horton's. I was very unwell, but spoke, after brother Blanton, upon Luke iv, 18, 19. The house and yard held the people. In returning from an upper room, whither I had retired, being slip-shod, I lost my feet, and went from step to step, until the turn stopped me—my back suffered in my fall.

Thursday, 19. We found at Tidwell's a very open house in the woods. I spoke from Acts iii, 26. At Freeman's, next day, we had another open house lately put up, where brother Blanton held forth, upon "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." My subject was Isaiah xxxv, 3-6. We started, hungry and cold, crossing at Malone's mill a branche of Oconee, and came to Henry Pope's in Oglethorpe. We have ridden about eighty miles this week of short and cold days. Why should a living man complain?—but to be three months together upon the frontiers, where, generally, you have but one room and fire-place, and half a dozen folks about you, strangers perhaps, and their family certainly, (and they are not usually small in these plentiful new countries,) making a crowd—and this is not all; for here you *may* meditate if you can, and here you *must* preach, read, write, pray, sing, talk, eat, drink, and sleep—or fly into the woods. Well! I have pains in my body, particularly my hip, which are very afflictive when I ride; but I cheer myself as well as I may with songs in the night—with Wesley's, Watt's, and Stennett's sight of Canaan, in four hymns. In this country are seen evident traces of a

great population, which has some time existed before the present discoverers and settlers of America.

Saturday, 21. Quarterly meeting was held at Pope's meeting-house. We had some rain. My text was Matt. xi, 28-30. It was an open time. We lodged at Henry Pope's. Hope Hull came in dripping in the evening, to meet the Lord and his brethren.

Sunday, 22. We had about one thousand people to hear. I came forward again upon Titus ii, 15. Hope Hull and Stith Mead held forth after me. It was an open season. I baptized some adults and infants.

Monday, 23. We went forward to the widow Stuart's, upon the branches of Little River, in Oglethorpe county: we had a cold day, but a blessed meeting which held eight hours; several were converted, and a society was formed, consisting of fifteen souls. I lodged at General John Stuart's.

Tuesday, 24. We had a long ride on a cold day, and arrived at an open house: my subject was, "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." Our meeting continued three hours, and four souls professed converting grace. I have ridden thirty miles to-day to Wyatt's, hungry and cold. We frequently breakfast at seven o'clock, and dine at six o'clock in the evening.

Wednesday, 25. At Liberty I spoke on Matt. v, 8. I lodged with Joshua Moore: in this family I have served three generations, in Delaware and in Georgia. In Liberty there is life—many souls have been brought to God, even children.

Thursday, 26. My subject at Butler's, was Rev. xxii, 14: a cold day this. At Chesnut-level, a beautiful spot, we housed with Mr. Bush: this is an agreeable family, for whom God has worked—and will yet work.

Friday, 27. We came to a new house, in Warren county, called Rehoboth, built by the zeal of brothers Fontaine and Randall. I felt enlargement upon 1 Peter v, 7.

Saturday, 28. At Heath's I spoke from Psalm cxxvi, 5,6:

we had an open time. In our crowded house were many brethren and sisters from far. The power of God was present at our night meeting. Georgia promises something great, under the presidentship of Stith Mead; as does also Maryland (west) under that of Wilson Lee. It is of great consequence to have men in the spirit of the work, as president elders of districts.

Sunday, 29. I spoke in the woods at a small distance from the chapel, which the society held in possession: their love-feast began at nine o'clock, and held until three o'clock: eight souls are believed to have found peace with God; among whom was a little daughter of Mr. Bush's, about nine years of age. My subject was Isaiah lxii, 6, 7. I was often interrupted by singing and shouting. I was comfortably provided with lodging, at the house of Lawyer Stith's, whither I had been affectionately invited—may my friends find grace here and glory hereafter!

Monday, 30. I called, after fervent and frequent application, upon Mr. Noseworthy: he was once in the possession of religion, and in the exercise of the ministry; but changes and worldly prosperity have wrought an unfavourable change upon him: when in distress he calleth upon God, and wisheth to have the prayers of the servants of God. Lord, save him and his family! We found Smyrna meeting-house deserted, by removals to other neighbourhoods; but I had an open season upon 1 Corinthians vi, 2. I lodged with James Thweatt.

Tuesday, December 1. At Sparta, after various exercises of mind, I fixed upon 2 Peter iii, 17, 18. Here I saw several acquaintances from Virginia—Jarrattites from Dinwiddie county, amongst whom I was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Lucas. Whilst I was reading Mr. M'Gready's letter, a Presbyterian-Methodist woman shouted, and warned the Spartans to flee from the wrath to come. I lodged with Henry Moss, an old disciple from Virginia.

Wednesday, 2. At Hathorne's, many attended: my subject was Titus ii, 11, 12. We came to Henry Harris's that night.

Thursday, 3. At Harris's meeting-house I spoke from Psalm cxlvi, 5-9.

Friday, 4. At new chapel, Williams's swamp, my groundwork was John iii, 16. We were indebted for lodging to D. Davis. Next day we went onward to New Hope, to hold our quarterly meeting. At the close of the week I feel that I fail; the heat of the weather and the want of water—*good water*—I presume to be the cause. We had a noise and a shaking under brother Mead's preaching; but I was unwell and dispirited. We have been travelling in Hancock and Washington counties, and have made about ninety miles this week. I lodged at Richard Burney's; he has a wife and ten living children, the mother of whom appears to be as active as any of the family.

Our love-feast began at nine o'clock, and held until three o'clock in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the wind was at north-west, myself and the congregation had to seek an open place in the woods: my improvement was upon Matthew xi, 5, 6. Three souls professed to be converted: they were baptized, and joined the society. I lodged at Jesse Jordan's.

Monday, 7. We came to Father Brett's.

Tuesday, 8. We crossed the stream of Williamson's swamp, the Central Stream, and Rocky Comfort; these three streams are the principal branches of the Ogeechee, and make their junction near the seat of government. I preached in the State-house: it was an easterly, cold, damp, day: my subject was 2 Cor. v, 19, 20. I dined with Doctor Powell, and housed for the night with Colonel John Lewis.

Wednesday, 9. I preached to a few people in a solitary place amongst the pines, on Luke xi, 13. We dined at Mr. Pollitt's, and came on to Colonel Johnson's.

Thursday, 10. We came to Coxe's meeting-house in Burke county—it was an open house, a cold day, and a cold people in the fullest sense of the word.

We came on across Brier and M'Vean's Creek to the Widow Brack's: here I preached a funeral discourse on the

occasion of the death of her late husband: my subject was 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

Saturday, 12. We came to Augusta, and arrived whilst N. Snethen was preaching. Riding in the cold and writing in the night, have occasioned a weakness in my eye.

Sabbath, 13. Ordaining Brothers Joshua Moore and Gilmore to the office of deacons, and assisting at the sacrament, made all my labours for this day. We had an excellent discourse from N. Snethen on Rev. ii, 4, 5. The Lord hath made windows in heaven, and he can do it again, and souls may be converted in Augusta. Here I leave the State of Georgia.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Monday*, 14. I found Weatherly meeting-house much neater than I expected: my subject here was 2 Cor. iv, 14: "For the love of Christ constraineth us." I know not what beside should move a Christian minister to travel and labour in this country.

Tuesday, 15. Through the rain to Chester's. Next day to Trotter's, where we had damp weather, an open house, and few people. I lodged at Mr. Trotter's.

Thursday, 17. At Jacob Barr's, upon Edisto, I spoke from 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8,—few people. In Georgia "I groaned, being burdened;" but my congregations were considerably larger, my rides shorter, and the people abundantly more feeling and fervent than they are here. I have ridden eighty sandhill miles: the weather is very changeable; I feel my old age and infirmities; my eyes and feet are feeble; but, glory to God! I have strong faith for myself and for the prosperity of Zion. Glory, glory, glory to God! Amen!

Saturday, 19. At Cattle Creek my text was Heb. vi, 11, 12. After speaking I read the letters narrative of the work of God. I lodged at Sebastian Fanchesse's, and was entertained like a president.

Sabbath, 20. I attended love-feast and sacrament, and preached on Matt. xi, 28-30: the people were very still; a few tears were the only signs of feeling which *we* saw. I lodged with Thomas Simpson.

Monday, 21. At the Indian Fields, I spoke from Heb. x, 38: the preachers attended with me, and bore their parts in the religious exercises of the meeting.

Tuesday, 22. We rode in a damp morning to the Cypress, within thirty miles of Charleston: I spoke here on 2 Cor. vi, 1, 2. I felt some opening. Next day I returned to John Moore's and gave a discourse on Heb. ii, 3.

Thursday, 24. The Four Holes is a name given to a river because there are four sinks or holes upon the banks: here, at the White meeting-house, I preached on 2 Pet. iii, 18: "But grow in grace." 1. We should have grace planted or sown in our souls. 2. Grow in the habits and exercises of grace. 3. Rules by which we should grow in grace. 4. By what rules we may judge of our growth in grace. I lodged at Jacob Datzler's.

The Four Holes and Wasmassaw are about eighty miles long; the former, the north—the latter, the central branch of the Edisto River: this settlement was originally peopled by the Dutch Presbyterians: they have declined in language and in religion: the last is reviving in the present rising generation, many of whom have joined the Methodists.

Saturday, 26. We came to Westone's meeting-house to hold our quarterly meeting: many people attended at noon and at night. I have made a *proper* visit through Edisto, which I had not before done. I find the truth of an observation made by dear John Wesley to Doctor Coke, upon his going to Nova Scotia: the doctor said he did not think highly of the place; "That is because you have never been there," replied Wesley—"when you are there you will think and feel for the people." I have now ridden about seventeen hundred miles upon this tour. I have had close communion with God, and enlargement in preaching the word of life to saints, seekers, and sinners.

Sabbath, 27. Sylvester Hutchinson preached; I only exhorted. As we had seven preachers present, who were on their way to conference, we employed the day and the night in the work. On *Monday* we crossed the Congaree at Hart's ferry, and came to Pickering's; and next day continued on

to Camden, crossing Wateree, at English ferry; parts of our route led over deep sands, and all through was barren. I wrote answers to letters.

Friday, January 1, 1802. We opened conference. I gave a discourse upon Isa. lxvi, 1-3. We conducted our business in great peace, and upon the *Sabbath day* were ready for the ordination of seven elders, and seven deacons. The members of our conference, with a few others, made up our congregations, to whom we preached at noon and at night each day. N. Snethen spoke on "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" and also on the *hidden leaven.* Our finances were low: the married and the single preachers were paid up; but there was no surplus for the children. On *Tuesday* the 5th, we concluded our labours in the greatest harmony. It was thought best to divide South Carolina into two districts; one called Seleuda, the other Camden: they were placed under the president eldership of two natives of the State—James Jenkins, and George Dougherty.

Wednesday, 6. We rode through heavy damps and dews, twenty miles, to James Rembart's.

Thursday, 7. We made a heavy stretch to Puder Swamp; but there was no admittance for us at a certain house which shall be nameless: we were as kindly entertained as heart could wish at Mr. Lesson's: I believe the providence of God led us hither, that preaching might be brought to, and a society formed at this house.

Friday, 8. We had rain, and came dripping by Kings-Tree, and by the lower bridge upon Black River: we were made comfortable, and very welcome at Mr. Miller's.

Saturday, 9. We reached Georgetown. I shall put our pleasures and our pains in a small compass. We were but four days riding one hundred and twenty miles; the weather is like April. I have now made one thousand nine hundred miles. My soul hath been surprisingly stayed upon, and devoted to Jehovah. What South Carolina was, as to Methodism, when I came first to Georgetown, I know; and what it is now, I know: but what may it be thirty years hence?

Sabbath, 10. At Georgetown N. Snethen spoke upon Philippians ii, 1, 2; in the afternoon I spoke upon Galatians vi, 9; at night, N. Snethen again held forth upon "O that they were wise," &c.

Monday, 11. We took the path; dined on the fare we brought with us; and lodged with Mr. Rogers, in Kingston; having made the distance forty-two miles by going somewhat out of the way.

Tuesday, 12. We had between forty and fifty people to hear us in an open house. We lodged at Mr. Wilson's. Next day we crossed Wacamaw at Kingston, came on to Little River, fed at M. Hankin's, and reached Abraham Bessant's, where we housed for the night.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Thursday*, 14. N. Snethen came forward in the name of his Master: I followed upon "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest you be wearied and faint in your minds." After preaching, we rode on to the house of my once dear friend William Gause, senior; but death had stolen a march upon me—the body of my friend was in the dust, his soul is, I hope and trust, with God.

Friday, 15. I visited old Ocean: upon my return I made out a plan for fourteen months' travelling.

Saturday, 16. We attended a meeting at Charlotteville meeting-house: N. Snethen spoke upon "Faith, hope, and charity;" I followed on "Let us come therefore, boldly, to the throne of grace." We have ridden a solitary, sandy way, about a hundred and ten miles; and in three meetings there were not many more than one hundred souls. O Lord, can these dry bones live? I have been kept in a dependent, praying state of soul. We have the most delightful weather, kind friends, and good entertainment for man and beast. I trust the seed sown in the hearts of some will live and grow to the glory of God, and the good of generations to come to the end of time. I have now filled up two thousand miles of the three thousand I had calculated to be the distance from and back again to Philadelphia; hitherto I have been mightily helped. Glory, glory, glory to the Eternal Trinity

in Eternal Unity! We lodged at John Gause's: our host is a local minister, and, I trust, a dear child of God; I hope he never may entail the system of slaveholding upon his posterity.

Sabbath, 17. At Lockwood's Folly meeting-house N. Snethen spoke upon a portion of Psalm cxix. I followed from the Epistle General of John iii, 1, 2. It was an exceedingly cold day, and few people. As there were some difficulties in our way, we came off to Town Creek, and housed with Charles Gause: we made our *Sabbath day's* journey thirty miles, and yet had time to dine in the woods.

Monday, 18. Hearing of an appointment for the circuit preachers, we would not lose time, but rode down to New Hope. We both spoke, and then went on to Rolks's, where we lodged for the night.

Tuesday, 19. Could we have crossed the creek to Edward Sullivan's, we should have saved ourselves a ride of seven miles round it. N. Snethen went forward upon "Take heed, and beware of covetousness:" after him I followed with a warning voice, "Wherefore the Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts."

Wednesday, 20. At Wilmington I found matters not altogether as I could wish, neither temporally nor spiritually; in both these relations had the African church been willed to my care; another relation I preserved by the appointment of African stewards. N. Snethen preached on 2 Cor. i, 3, 4. I gave a discourse upon "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk," &c. N. Snethen again held forth: his subject was 1 John iv, 4.

Friday, 22. We came to Topsail, and dined with Mrs. Campbell, a gracious soul, and so also is her daughter. Thence we went forward to the Widow Spicer's, and arrived about an hour in the night. The sands were heavy, and our horses began to fail greatly.

Saturday, 23. We rode up to New River, where we found Lot Ballard out among the woods, with his own and his father's old mansion moved together. Want of shoes, rest, and food, had almost done over my little mare.

Sabbath, 24. N. Snethen spoke upon Rom. viii, 6, 7. I gave an exhortation upon John v, 39, 40. It was not at all agreeable to me to see nearly a hundred slaves standing outside, and peeping in at the door, whilst the house was half empty: they were not worthy to come in because they were black! Farewell, farewell to that house forever!

I have close communion with God. If we spare our lungs, yet must we work our bones and our flesh with riding. We lodged at B. Wilder's. Next day we came along through the rain to Mr. Hargate's, near the head of Trent River.

Tuesday, 26. We arrived in Newbern. Our evening lecture by N. Snethen was upon Psalm li: "Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." He again spoke on *Thursday*, and on *Friday evening* also: I concluded each meeting with prayer. We were crowded every night. I judged it needful to make some temporal and spiritual arrangements for the society in Newbern—that a travelling preacher shall attend every Sabbath is one. Newbern is a trading, growing town; there are seven hundred or a thousand houses already built, and the number is yearly increased by less or greater additions, among which are some respectable brick edifices; the new court-house, truly so; neat and elegant; another famous house, said to be designed for the masonic and theatrical gentlemen: it might make a most excellent church. The population of the town, citizens, and transient persons, may amount to three thousand five hundred or four thousand souls.

Sabbath day, 31. Cold and cloudy. I gave a sermon upon Rom. ii, 7, 8. N. Snethen spoke from Heb. xiii, 16; and in the evening, on 1 John iv, 10, 11. We made a public collection which amounted to nearly sixty dollars; and parted from our brethren, whom we left full of good resolutions to finish the house of God: the African Methodists also were about to build a place of worship. Truly we are encouraged; our own people are stirred up, and judges, counsellors, doctors, and ministers, attended our preaching, and appeared to be pleased: may they be profited, and finally saved!

We had a severe ride to Washington, thirty-five miles, crossing Neuse and Tar Rivers: near the end of our ride the rain quickened our pace, and drove us in about five o'clock to the hospitable shelter of Ralph Potts, (of Alnwick, Northumberland,) where we had all things richly to enjoy.

Tuesday, February 2. Considering the inclemency of the day, we had a very respectable congregation to hear us: who can tell what God will do for these people? At our evening meeting many attended: the subject spoken from was Luke xiv, 26.

Wednesday, 3. We came up to ——'s, and stopped awhile, and then pushed on to Brother Perry's: it was a solitary ride. Our host is one of our local ministry in Pitt county. I judged it highly expedient that Roanoke and Pamlico circuits should be divided, and that Washington should have Sabbath preaching every week: it is a growing town of one hundred houses, and there is a good house for public worship.

Thursday, 4. We came to Garratt Toole's plantation; but the bird was flown—our old friend had removed to Franklin county for his health: we stayed with Mr. Davidson, the steward of his estate.

Friday, 5. At Tarborough we held our meeting in the neat new chapel: N. Snethen spoke upon, "This day is salvation come to this house;" the ground-work of my discourse was, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people:" I said but few words. We dined with Mr. Guion, and lodged with Mr. Bellamy. We rejoiced in hope that Tarborough and Halifax will yet hear and receive the Gospel: H. Bradford hath been preaching in the latter, and brother Bellamy in the former with some success. We attended at Prospect Hill. It was an exceedingly cold day, as need be. I only exhorted after N. Snethen had described *the new creature in Christ Jesus*. We fed our horses, and ourselves ate in the woods, and then went forward to Henry Bradford's. My soul is continually stayed upon, and comforted in God: but it is not needful to tell all my outward

difficulties and inward sufferings: heaven will make up for all—and then we shall know all we wish and wait to know.

Sabbath, 7, Was a very cold and cloudy day: we held our meeting in the dwelling-house, and filled both rooms. N. Snethen spoke on 2 Tim. ii, 11-13. My text was 2 Pet. iii, 17, 18.

Monday, 8. We crossed Roanoke at Pollock's ferry, and came to Richard Whitaker's. We had no appointment at Rehoboth, but on *Tuesday* we called a meeting:—N. Snethen spoke on Philippians ii, 5; I followed from Matthew v, 8. At Anthony Moore's we called a meeting, where each of us delivered our testimony, and then rode on to Mr. People's: here the presiding elder made an appointment, by including it with others, but of this there was no notice given, except by our coming into the neighbourhood the evening before: we would not neglect our duty, but at Malone's we faithfully, according to the grace and time given, discharged our task, and rode on.

VIRGINIA.—Brunswick county. We had a cold, damp ride to Matthew Myrick's. On *Friday* we preached at Drommyreck new meeting-house: N. Snethen spoke, and I followed: at Woolsey meeting-house N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted. I called upon Doctor Simm's, who cut a small wart from my hand and applied the caustic: my right foot was also wounded, by a splinter of lightwood perhaps.

Sunday, 14. We attended at Hickesford, alias Bellfield: in the academy we had a large congregation of the rich and the poor, to whom N. Snethen preached from Deut. xxxii, 29. I also spoke on Luke xix, 10. We lodged at Miss Jenny Fisher's.

N. Snethen preached, I only exhorted at Peter Pelham's: of the children of this family I could say many favourable things—but ah! they are not converted!

Tuesday, 16. At Hobb's meeting-house N. Snethen spoke on Rom. viii, 12, 13; my portion of the word was Heb. ii, 3. At Merritt's chapel, N. Snethen spoke on, "Recompense no man evil for evil." I followed on Heb. vi, 11, 12. We rode

home with John Easter, and made our ride thirty miles—nearly a day's journey. The inflammation, from the operation on my hand, was attended with pain: I kept it down by bread and milk poultice; and applied spirits of turpentine to assuage the effects of the caustic. We have been received with great affection by our local brethren, Drumgoold, J. Ellis, H. Saunders, A. Brown, J. Easter, and H. Merritt: but the travelling preachers and presiding elders keep at their work; we seldom see them as we travel *two and two*. My soul is very solemn.

On *Thursday*, at John Easter's, we had many people for the day and place. N. Snethen always speaks first: my text was Heb. xii, 25.

Friday, 19, Was a cold day, at Peter Robinson's Dinwiddie county, yet many attended. I saw my old friend, the weeping widow Jarratt. My text was James i, 22. Henry Reece, John Easter, John Jones, and Samuel S. Stuart, preachers, were present. We had a gracious season.

Saturday, 20. At Maye's meeting-house, Nottaway county. I preached from Acts ii, 42. The day was unpleasant. We came back to P. Robinson's.

Sunday, 21. It began to rain as we set out; we rode into Brunswick again to John Rogers's: he is an old Jarrattite Methodist; a few attended in the dwelling-house, to whom N. Snethen first spoke on *the common salvation;* I followed on Heb. ii, 1. We had not a rapid, mountain-like rain and a hard lodging, but a warm house and a good bed—fit for a president: it rained freely in the night—we heard, but did not feel it.

On *Monday* we had a snow storm; yet with a few hours' notice, several came out to Thomas Jordan's—I hope not in vain: my subject was Heb. iv, 15, 16. By computation, we have filled up two thousand five hundred miles to Thomas Jordan's. On *Tuesday* we rested: my hand was inflamed, and the weather was cold.

Wednesday, 24. At Maye's we found a small appointment had been made for the circuit preacher: I spoke upon Matt.

xi, 28-30. I sent for Doctor Asa Barnes, who probed the wound in my hand, and prepared a sublimated plaster, which brought on a discharge in twenty-four hours: I give him credit for his skill and friendship.

On our route to Charles Ogburne's on *Thursday*, we crossed Meherrin on a low bridge, whilst the water in places flowed over the planks. Next day I spoke on, "Faith, hope, and charity;" and on *Saturday*, at Zion Chapel, on "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith."

Sunday, 28. At Salem.

Monday, March 1. We began and held close conference four days; and had preaching each day: Bruce, Lee, Jackson, and Snethen, were our speakers; and there was a shaking among the people. Seven deacons and one elder were ordained. I was well pleased with the stations, as far as they went; but Portsmouth, Bertie, Roanoke, Haw River, Guilford, and Salisbury, should each have had an additional preacher, if we had them; yea, Petersburg, Hanover, Williamsburg, and Richmond also; but the Lord hath not sent them, and how can we make them? There was great strictness observed in the examination of the preachers' characters: some were reproved before the conference for their lightness and other follies.

Friday, 5. We rode to Peter Whyche's, and next day called upon Jane Fisher on our way to Jones's.

Sabbath, 7. At Jones's chapel I preached on Psalm cxxiv, 1, 2. Ah! where is the Lord God of Elijah—the God who once answered him with power—with fire?

Monday, 8. At Pennington's N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted. We came in haste to Brigg's, to see the children; the dear parents had both died in the space of one week. At Lane's chapel, next day, N. Snethen and myself both preached: my subject was Psalm xlii, 5; it is remarkable that these words are repeated thrice, like Peter's vision.

Wednesday, 10. We came to Joseph Moody's, Isle of Wight county: our appointment had not reached this place. Next day we proceeded to Suffolk, and arrived in the even-

ing at the house of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Yerbury, who received us with great affection. The house was small, and we had a dripping evening, which kept some back: my subject was Exodus xx, 24. Since my last visit they have collected money and materials to build a chapel, which will be shortly raised.

Friday, 12. We rode down, through wet woods and a damp day, to Portsmouth, resting and refreshing on our route at David M'Keesy's on the Middle Ground: in the evening, N. Snethen preached on, "For we walk by faith and not by sight." On *Saturday evening* it was my turn; I spoke on James i, 22.

Sabbath, 14. As the wind was high, I thought N. Snethen might as well speak at Norfolk in the morning, and myself at Portsmouth: my text in the afternoon was Matt. v, 8; in the afternoon, "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." I confined myself to experience; and there was a melting among the people.

Monday, 15. We came to brother Denbigh's, to early dinner; thence proceeded to Suffolk, where I stepped into three houses, and continued on our way to Charles Murphy's to lodge. I felt that I had injured myself by laying by one of my coats too soon.

Tuesday, 16. We called at Michael Murphy's and proceeded on to Blunt's chapel: N. Snethen gave a discourse upon *brotherly love;* I only exhorted, and added a narrative of the work of God: we have made up two thousand six hundred and sixty miles. My mind hath been sweetly stayed upon God at all times and in all places.

Wednesday, 17. We came, sixteen miles, to Doctor Bailey's, in Surry county. N. Snethen's horse was taken with a violent colic, and rolled upon the ground in great agony; he was relieved, however, by drenching with sturgeon's oil and clysters. I left the man and horse, and came on to William Birdson's.

Thursday, 18. I dined at friend Nixon's, where I was kindly entertained; I left my kind host, and came on to Petersburg.

Next day, by appointment, I preached John Lee's funeral sermon; my text was Philippians ii, 22: "But ye know the proof of him, that as a son with the father, hath he served with me in the Gospel."

I. The excellency of the Gospel. II. The service of the Gospel. III. The proof of Timothy—his pious parents; his education, conviction, conversion, call, and ordination, his ministry; his obedience as a son with a father—in mutual love, in mutual confidence, and mutual services: I showed the excellency of a patriarchal or fatherly government in the Church. I paralleled John Lee's character with Timothy's, in his manner of living, labouring, and death. N. Snethen came up and preached at night. On *Saturday* we arrived at Richmond, and next day N. Snethen preached upon the epistle to the Church of Ephesus. I spoke in the afternoon upon Philip. ii, 12, 13. I had a great crowd of the most impolite, spiritually impolite hearers I have seen for many months: so much for the capital of Virginia.

Monday, 22. We reached Caroline, and the next day, Fredericksburg: here N. Snethen gave a discourse upon the *work of righteousness*—peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance forever. I spoke upon "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." We started next day for Poick: and the day after reached William Watters's; here we rejoiced in God together. On *Wednesday evening* there was a thunder storm, which, clearing up, brought an excessively cold wind on *Thursday*. On *Friday* it snowed most of the day; nevertheless I rode on seven miles to Henry Foxall's, in Georgetown, where I found a shelter from the storm. I have had sore temptations, succeeded by great consolations. The want of good sleep has been a cause of suffering.

MARYLAND.—*Saturday*, 27. I made a general start, and a steady ride to Baltimore. On the route I called in to see the widow Turner, whom I found rejoicing in the Lord. I fed at Spurrier's tavern; it is now in other hands than formerly.

Sabbath, 28. I had uncomfortable feelings, occasioned by a cold I had taken. Upon my watch-tower in Light-street, I stood and delivered a message on James v, 19, 20. I wrote, and rested until *Thursday* the first day of April, when our yearly conference commenced. We went on with our business smoothly and rapidly, and had preaching each noon and evening in every Methodist house for public worship in the city.

Sabbath, *April* 4. I administered the word in Light-street from Matt. v, 12: in the new chapel at Fells Point on Isaiah lvi, 7. This is the neatest house, within and without, that we have in Baltimore. Alexander M'Kain hath been very attentive to the temporal and spiritual interests of the house and society.

Monday, 5. We had a day of fasting and humiliation for the conference, the continent, and the Church of God; I improved the occasion, and spoke from Acts xiv, 23. I was presented with a new impression of my journal; it is very incorrect: had I had an opportunity before it was put to press, I should have altered and expunged many things; the inaccuracies of grammar, and imperfections of composition incident to the hasty notices of a manuscript journal are preserved in the printed copy. On *Monday evening* the conference rose: all the demands of the preachers were answered; money was advanced towards the purchase of horses; to those who had distant circuits and far to go, donations were made; and nearly two hundred dollars very liberally sent to the Monmouth conference, which is to meet in July next. Within the circling lines of this conference, we report to this sitting an addition to the society of three thousand souls and upwards, besides those who may have died within the last eleven months. John Pawson's letter, and fifty copies of a volume of sermons came safely to hand; his, and other letters, concerning the work of God, I read to my brethren. Whilst in Baltimore, I received an account of the death of my mother, which I fear is true. And here I may speak safely concerning my very dear

mother: her character to me is well known. Her paternal descent was Welsh; from a family ancient and respectable, of the name of Rogers. She lived a woman of the world until the death of her first and only daughter, Sarah Asbury: how would the bereaved mother weep and tell of the beauties an excellencies of her lost and lovely child! pondering on the past in the silent suffering of hopeless grief. This afflictive providence graciously terminated in the mother's conversion. When she saw herself a lost and wretched sinner, she sought religious people, but "in the times of this ignorance" few were "sound in the faith," or "faithful to the grace given:" many were the days she spent chiefly in reading and prayer; at length she found justifying grace, and pardoning mercy. So dim was the light of truth around her, from the assurance she found, she was at times inclined to believe in the final perseverance of the saints. For fifty years her hands, her house, her heart, were open to receive the people of God and ministers of Christ; and thus a lamp was lighted up in a dark place called Great Barre, in Great Britain. She was an afflicted, yet most active woman, of quick bodily powers, and masculine understanding; nevertheless, "so kindly all the elements were mixed in her," her strong mind quickly felt the subduing influences of that Christian sympathy which "weeps with those who weep," and "rejoices with those who do rejoice." As a woman and a wife she was chaste, modest, blameless; as a mother (above all the women in the world would I claim her for my own) ardently affectionate; as a "mother in Israel" few of her sex have done more by a holy walk to live, and by personal labour to support, the Gospel, and to wash the saints' feet; as a friend, she was generous, true, and constant. Elizabeth Asbury died January 6th, 1802; aged eighty-seven or eighty-eight years. There is now, after fifty years, a chapel within two or three hundred yards of her dwelling. I am now often drawn out in thankfulness to God, who hath saved a mother of mine, and, I trust, a father also, who are already in glory, where

I hope to meet them both, after time, and cares, and sorrows, shall have ceased with me; and where glory shall not only beam, but open on my soul forever. Amen.

Wednesday, 7. I came to Perry Hall. We cannot spend more time with the rich than with the poor; so, being warned by a very fine day, we started, stopped to dine with the Widow Stump, at Bush, and in the evening reached North East. Next day was stormy; but we were safely housed with Mr. Sheredine.

Saturday, 10. We rode to Back Creek; and on the *Sabbath day*, as we were visited with a gracious rain, I improved on the subject from Isa. lv, 10, 11. At the manor chapel Brother Whatcoat preached in the afternoon from Rev. xxi, 6.

Monday, 12. There were two appointments; one at the new chapel, Cross Roads, and the other at the brick meeting-house. Rather than disappoint any, we separated, I taking the former, and Brother Whatcoat the latter. As it was the first time of preaching in the new house, I chose Isa. lxvi, 1, 2. That evening I came on to Chester Town, the wind at east; cold and damp.

Tuesday, 13. We had a rainy day, but we attended the house of God, noon and night. Our brethren in this town are about to build: by a train of strange persons, providences, and things, they have a place in the public square, where the market-house stood: the chapel will be in a line with the Episcopal church; its size, forty by forty-eight.

Wednesday, 14. The morning was very damp. I was not at all prepared for speaking: my subject was Tit. ii, 2. After preaching we rode rapidly down to Dr. Allen's: we found the doctor rapidly declining.

Thursday, 15. At Easton I spoke on 1 Peter i, 3-5: Brother Whatcoat preached at night.

Friday, 16. We were at Bolingbrook chapel: it was an exceedingly cold day for the season; I read a little, and added a short exhortation; after which we hasted to Wm. Brown's to dine, and the wind having lulled, crossed Choptank, at Ennall's Ferry. The severity of the weather caused

uncomfortable feelings; nevertheless, we greatly rejoiced in the Lord, because of his glorious work, which is spreading along like a moving fire.

Saturday, 17. At Henry Ennall's I spoke on Psa. cxlv, 8-10. I have now ridden, I suppose, three thousand miles since my departure from Philadelphia on the last of July, 1801.

Sunday, 18. We had a full house at Cambridge. Our new chapel is two stories high; well planned, and neatly finished. After exhortations and sacrament, Bishop Whatcoat preached. Meeting ended, we rode fourteen miles through the rain to B. Ennall's.

Monday, 19. Rain coming on, we were detained a little; but afterward we rode within two miles of Quantico, arriving too late. We dined at Fletcher's, and rode on to Salisbury, making thirty miles this day. Bishop Whatcoat preached in the evening.

Tuesday, 20. Was *fair-time;* yet many attended, and we had a gracious season. My subject was Matt. xxii, 5.

Wednesday, 21. We had a long ride to Annamessex chapel, nearly thirty miles, this day, before we came to our lodgings at Samuel Smith's.

Thursday, 22. We rode twenty miles to Downing meeting-house, in Accomack county: I spoke upon Psa. lxvi, 16; it was a gracious season. We had only time, and in borrowed carriages rode afterward about twenty miles to Captain Watson's, weary and sleepy, as we had had little rest night or day.

VIRGINIA.—*Eastern Shore*, *Friday*, 23. Bishop Whatcoat preached at the meeting-house in Diamond Town to a numerous audience. That evening we had to ride twenty miles to Mr. Watts's, upon Chingoteague; but the Lord was in the family, and blessed the people. We have a most pleasing prospect in Accomack; a general revival is going through the county. Next day we had a heavy ride to Snow Hill: our new meeting-house not being finished, I preached in the court-house to many serious people upon Phil. i, 6. After worship we rode on to Isaac Bowman's,

fifteen miles, and lodged at Dr. Wilson's plantation, now in the possession of Mr. White.

MARYLAND.—*Eastern Shore, Sunday*, 25. We had a great time at Bowen's chapel—there were present about one thousand souls; to whom Brother Whatcoat preached, I read a letter and gave an exhortation. We came on nine miles to Wm. Leicester's that evening.

DELAWARE.—On *Monday* we had to ride to the Sound chapel, where we found a large congregation: the prospect of religion here is good. In the evening we reached Mr. Lacey's, near the head of Indian River, making little short of thirty miles for our day's ride.

On *Tuesday*, Brother Whatcoat went to Lewistown; whilst myself preached at Milford.

Wednesday, 28. I preached at Dover, on Ephes. v, 1, 2; thence I hasted to Duck-Creek Cross Roads, where I spoke in the evening.

Thursday, 29. We had a blessed rain; we rode through it to Wilmington, in Judge Bassett's coachee: I was sick, with night-watching and fevers, and a disturbed stomach. I lodged for the night with Allen M'Lean; my fever rose.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Saturday, May* 1. On my way to Philadelphia, I called once more upon my old friend Mary Whithy. In the city I found many things I cannot here relate; some pleasing and some painful.

Our conference opened on the first of May. We had an increase of probationers. In two sittings we did not get through the first question; Who are admitted upon trial? We appointed a committee of *five* to manage the temporal concerns, and recommended a day of fasting and prayer to be observed on the fourth of May, for the conference, the Church in general, and the continent at large. By a hasty calculation, I find I have ridden three thousand three hundred and three miles, from and returning to Philadelphia.

To my happy surprise, George Roberts and John M'Claskey came forward and moved that the brethren of the city who had bought the academy should have the offer of a

preacher: the conference at once agreed that the superintendents of the Methodists of the United States should make them an overture upon the best terms; there was but one dissenting voice.

We had great peace throughout the sitting; although there were many things to occupy our thoughts: my mind was taken up in entering the *minutes;* and in making needful changes. After voting the next sitting of our conference at Duck-Creek, we rose on *Thursday* the sixth inst.

Sunday, 9. I preached at St. George's upon Rom. xiv, 19, at Ebenezer upon Philip. ii, 12-16, and at Bethel, among the Africans, on Titus ii, 11, 12.

Monday, 10. I had a sudden thought that it would be best to cross at Gloucester; we did so, and had a sudden passage, in a noble boat, to the Jersey shore; we sailed over in eight or ten minutes.

NEW-JERSEY.—We came on to Clemmell, dined at Robert Newell's, and attended our appointment at three o'clock: Brother Whatcoat made an improvement upon Isaiah xxv, 20, 21. My mind was in an unexpected manner led to John ii, 15. I wake myself: I had probably lost thirty hours in the city.

Tuesday, 11. We rode to Henry Frith's and dined; after which we attended our appointment at Salem. My mind here was overruled on my subject; I made a sudden choice, whilst I was singing a hymn, of 1 Cor. vii, 29-31. We had many serious people at Salem. We returned to Henry Frith's, and lodged there.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Wednesday*, 12. We had a blessed rain, but not pleasing to ride through to Humphrey's meeting-house at Pittsgrove. Bishop Whatcoat preached upon the *abundant entrance;* I only exhorted upon the seasons, natural and spiritual, and read Mr. Hodges's letter. We lodged at Joseph Newkirk's.

Thursday, 13. We came to Bethel, and I spoke on "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The rain fell upon us as we rode to Daniel Bates's.

Friday, 14. We rode to Moores Town, and held a meeting

at Hugh Hollinshead's. Brother Whatcoat spoke upon "The kingdom of God is not in word but in power;" it was late, and I therefore occupied about fifteen minutes in exhorting against *making light of the Gospel.*

Saturday, 15. In our route to New Mills through the mount, in the hollow, we found the road greatly improved. I have ridden about four hundred towards the four thousand miles. My mind, in general, is kept in great peace. After thirty-one years' acquaintance, William Budd and myself still live; and, I hope, live for God, and to his glory.

Sunday, 16. At New Mills I preached upon Philippians ii, 12-16. We had an open season: the people are in living exercise, and souls are coming home to God.

Monday, 17. Through heavy, continued rain, we came on to Cross Weeks. We dined with Mr. Lovell; and after drying our clothes, about two o'clock went to the meeting-house. Here we found a fire and a stove, and warmth and comfort: how different this from visiting an open house in the woods, with wind and rain beating upon you, and sitting in your damp dress and a damp house for three hours, after which you are to ride five or ten miles to a bad lodging, where you are to dry yourself and find comfort if you can!

Tuesday, 18. At Enley's I spoke on Heb. xii, 1, 2; after preaching we rode to Captain Covell's, an old English Methodist sea-captain.

NEW-JERSEY.—At Milford; a cold day and few people. We visited Sylvester Hutchinson, in an afflicted and low state of body.

Thursday, 20. We had a weary ride to Brunswick: my subject here was Rev. xvii, 14. Next day we came to Drake's: Bishop Whatcoat preached to the preachers present—Totten, Mills, Clark, to which I add the family, and three others.

Saturday, 22. We came upon Staten Island at the old *Blazing Star.* I called at the mansion of Justice Wright, where I had been entertained, and where I had preached almost thirty-one years past. I was thankful to find Mrs.

Wright happy in God, although afflicted in body. Here I saw the third generation rising into accountability: we prayed, and were comforted together. We housed for the night with Joseph Totten, upon the south side.

Sabbath, 23. N. Snethen, who had been on a visit home, came up with us to-day. I had an opportunity of reading his answer to Mr. O'Kelly's *Rejoinder* to his, N. Snethen's, *Reply*.

Whilst at Milford, I read the inscription on the gravestone of Ann Hutchinson, her maiden name was Simpson; she was born upon Long Island, and married in the county of Middlesex, State of New-Jersey. She was the mother of thirteen children, and the great great grandmother of upwards of three hundred children; she died, aged a hundred and one years, nine months, and seven days, in January, 1801. About *eighty*, she *in a great degree* lost her sight—about *ninety*, it returned; her hair changed a few years ago from white to a dark brown. I have seen her, and conversed with her: at this advanced age she did not appear to be weary of the world.

My soul hath been oppressed with deep and sore temptations: it may be thus, that I should not be lifted up at the prosperity of the Church, and increase of ministers and members. I have a variety of letters, conveying the pleasing intelligence of the work of God in every State, district, and in most of the circuits in the Union. Ride on, blessed Redeemer, until all the states and nations of the earth are subdued unto thy sacred sway!

At a meeting-house upon Staten Island, at the old Blazing Star, my subject was Matthew xxii, 5. The rain probably deprived us of half of our congregation. After administering the sacrament, we rode in the rain to Nicholas Crouchonson's, at the east end: my text here was Acts v, 30-32. Several came forward and joined the society. I have visited upon the island for thirty-one years; and I am pleased to find there is a revival of religion.

Monday, 24. I came to Elizabethtown:—unwell as I had been on the Sabbath evening, and deprived of rest, I was

expected to preach at eight o'clock: my subject was Ephes. ii, 10. Wonders will never cease. Nothing would serve, but I must marry Thomas Morrell to a young woman: such a solitary wedding, I suppose, has been but seldom seen—behold father Morrell, seventy-five—father Whatcoat sixty-six—Francis Asbury, fifty-seven—and the ceremony performed, solemnly, at the solemn hour of ten at night!

NEW-YORK.—*Tuesday*, 25. We came to New-York, and took up our lodging at Mr. Suckley's.

We advanced toward the completion of four thousand miles for the present year. I have had great exercises in going through rain and continual labour; but have been blessed with great peace by my good and gracious God.

My first public exercise in the city was in the African church,—a very neat wooden house, but by far too small: my text was Ephes. ii, 11-14.

Friday, 28. I spoke, in John-street, upon 1 Thess. ii, 4-9.

Sunday, 30. After Bishop Whatcoat had preached, I read letters respecting the great revival of religion, westward and southward; the death of Sarah Hutchinson gave occasion to my preaching her funeral sermon at the Bowery church, in the afternoon. The deceased was the daughter of Frederick Devoue, whose house and family, in New-Rochelle, were the first to receive and welcome the Methodist preachers; and thus became the gate by which we have had such an abundant and permanent entrance into the State of New-York: after sitting under the ministry of the Gospel above thirty years, the saint, as I was informed by her sister, Hester Wilson, died very happy in God.

Tuesday, *June* 1. We opened our yearly conference in John-street meeting-house; and continued our labours in great peace and union. We have a large admission of preachers upon trial as travellers: at this conference there are twenty-two; and in six conferences, sixty-three.

Saturday, 5. We had a day of solemn fasting and prayer for the Church, the conference, the continent, and for the world; upon the eve of which, I preached from 2 Cor. ii, 14, 15, with great plainness, and so much fire as made my

earthly tabernacle very restless through the night. John M'Claskey gave us the first sermon upon Joel ii, 15-17.

Sunday, 6. We had a love-feast at eight o'clock, preaching at ten o'clock, and sacrament at twelve o'clock: some good shakings went through the house, but there was nothing very signal. The collection for the preachers gave occasion to a sermon, which I must needs preach: it was done upon 1 Cor. xvi, 14. I attended, and read a letter at the Bowery church, where a collection for the same purpose was also made. At six o'clock I preached in the North River church, on Luke xi, 13, and so we closed our labours in the city. But instead of a page, it would require a volume to tell the restless tossings I have had—the difficulties and anxieties I have felt about preachers and people, here and elsewhere—*alternate joy and sorrow*—but I have been supported—I am done: I am gone—New-York, once more, farewell!

Monday, 7. We had a very warm, dusty ride to the widow Sherwood's; where we held meeting at four o'clock.

As it appeared to be the wish and will of this conference that I should be at that of Monmouth, I desired N. Snethen to go upon my appointments.

How sweet to me are all the moving and still-life scenes which now surround me on every side! The quiet country-houses; the fields and orchards, bearing the promise of the fruitful year; the flocks and herds, the hills and vales, and dewy meads; the gliding streams and murmuring brooks: and thou, too, solitude—with thy attendants, silence and meditation—how dost thou solace my pensive mind after the tempest of fear, and care, and tumult, and talk, experienced in the noisy, bustling city! "where will they send me?—to Hampshire—to Rhode Island—to Connecticut—to Canada?" One preacher wishes to go where another dreads to be sent, and smiles at the fears of his more timid brother. "But," say the citizens, "how shall *we* be supplied?—such a one will be too strict, and may put us out of order—a second will not keep the congregations together; and our collections will not be made—a third will not please; because he is not

a lively preacher, and we want a revival of religion." Ah! the half is not told of the passions, parties, hopes and fears, amongst the best of men, through ignorance and mistake. This, at least, may be said of the Methodists of New-York —they are *righteous over-much* in their kindness to their friends.

Tuesday, 8. I preached at New-Rochelle meeting-house on Psalm cxlv, 8-11. We dined at Ramsen Burtis's.

CONNECTICUT.—*Wednesday*, 9. We were at James Banks's, Byram River. Bishop Whatcoat preached: I only exhorted, and read a letter. Next day I preached at *the Old Well*, at Absalom Day's, near Norwalk, upon Acts iii, 26. I had to walk out at eight o'clock in the night, to a crowded school-house. There has been a small stir here; and now, amongst Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Methodists, it is *who shall*. Brother Whatcoat was very ill with a bilious fever: I was afraid of pushing him too swiftly.

Friday, 11. After a few hours' sleep in the night, we came off early to Joseph Hall's, in Stratfield: here we dined, prayed, and parted, continuing on through Bridgeport, (formerly Newfields,) where we saw an elegant Episcopal meeting-house, which some would call a church: in Stratford we stopped at Elnathan Wheeler's, where our weary bodies and spirits were refreshed. Next morning we moved off in earnest, expecting to reach North Bristol, but at the ferry our courage was somewhat damped—the boat was fast aground, and the tide was low: nevertheless, the boat from the other side came to our relief, and handed us across Housatonic in six minutes. With the kind family of Mr. Jocelin we rested two hours in New-Haven. I was pleased to hear that the students of Yale College, as many as ninety or one hundred, had been under gracious impressions. They would come to hear the Methodists, and like other *very genteel* people, mock and deride; but God struck some of the vilest of them by the ministry of Samuel Merwin: this may be denied; but it is known to God, and to their own consciences. At North Guilford we

stopped at Mr. Talman's, fed, and continued on to Josiah Coan's, where we housed for the night, weak and weary.

Sunday, 13. At West Haddam I preached to a few; there had been no notice. Bishop Whatcoat, feeble as he was, spoke in the afternoon. I read some letters, giving an account of the prosperity of the work of God, south and west. This has been a trying week to body, soul, and spirit: I have made out four hundred and twenty miles, exceedingly rocky and rude. Should I live to be as old as Mr. Wesley, and travel as long as he did, yet shall I never see a Maryland in Connecticut. In West Haddam our people have nearly finished their meeting-house: it has a most excellent pulpit, and a neat sanctuary round it, simply enclosed. We lodged with John Wilcox: he is faint, yet faithful; and waiting for the consolation of Israel, in holiness and glory. My soul is like a weaned child, to do and to suffer, to make rest more desirable in pursuit, and more abundantly satisfying in the enjoyment: to say not a word about earthly things, my spirit has been greatly assaulted, and divinely supported in grace, in God, in Christ, in the hope of *rest, rest, rest, eternal rest.*

Monday, 14. We crossed to Connecticut River, and came to Middle Haddam, lodging at Elisha Day's; but it is night in this place:—a little meeting-house, a little society, and little religion.

Tuesday, 15. I preached upon Acts viii, 6: "And Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." I inquired *how* the apostles "preached Christ." To sinners the *atonement;* to be apprehended by faith, preceded by repentance: in believers the "hope of glory." It was observed—it appeared, according to the Divine attributes of justice, mercy, truth, and love, that there must be a general provision for all; such as are in God prove it must be so. "Preached Christ" as the anointed of God; a prophet, priest, and king, generally and personally, in his operations of grace. The people were attentive. After preaching, I ordained Jeremiah Stocking a deacon.

Wednesday, 16. We dined at Lyme, and rode on to New London. Brother Whatcoat preached on 2 Cor. vi, 5: the house was crowded, and the young men and boys very disorderly. We lodged at Richard Douglass's.

Thursday, 17. We had a pleasant ride to Norwich—behold! the temple hath been burnt down, and more elegantly rebuilt since I was here. Thus have they made a benefit of a calamity. Bishop Whatcoat preached upon *Christ's love for the Church:* I read a letter and prayed.

On *Tuesday* we came to Nathan Herrick's, at North Preston: I read some letters, and then preached upon Titus ii, 11, 12: we had an open time. I made two simple propositions:—

I. The operations of grace upon sinners; and

II. The operations of grace on believers, by which they live in self-denial of all evil, and bear the cross, enjoy the life of God, and exercise themselves in Christian temperance, justice, and holiness.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Saturday*, 19. To General Lippet's, at Cranston, twenty-eight miles.

Sunday, 20. I opened the meeting at half-past ten o'clock; then followed the ordination, then the sacrament; after which brother Whatcoat preached upon Eph. iii, 8. My subject was 2 Cor. iii, 11, 12. In my improvement I showed the character and offices of Moses compared with Christ: the glory of Moses and the superior glory of Christ: the letter and spirit of the law, the letter and spirit of the Gospel; and I dwelt largely upon the latter. Plainness of speech, simple and searching; pointed to every case and character. My work was imperfect; I had not time, and perhaps, not skill to finish and properly apply so great a subject. We had four exhortations; and concluded about four o'clock.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Monday*, 21. We dined at Mr. Turpin's in Providence, and came on to Joseph Guild's in Attleborough; making a journey of about twenty-six miles. Next day, after a heavy, hungry, weary, dusty ride, we reached Boston. I closed the labours of the day by a sermon from

1 Peter, and had two Baptist and three Methodist preachers to hear me. It was an open time.

Wednesday, 23. At Lynn I spoke on Hosea x, 12.

Thursday, 24. We reached Marble Head. Brother Whatcoat preached; I gave an exhortation: our audience, chiefly females, nearly filled the room. Mr. Boller is our good friend, (but not a brother,) in lending his own house, and assisting us largely in building ours for the worship of God.

Friday, 25. We rode round the tomb of that old prophet of the Lord, George Whitefield. We stopped at the sisters Eaton's, in Salisbury, and allow ourselves to have made six hundred and twenty miles.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—In Newburyport are great improvements, and beautiful houses in and around: as in Boston, everything thrives but religion.

Saturday, 26. At Salisbury brother Whatcoat gave us a lecture on 1 John v, 4.

Sunday, 27. We had a love-feast at Jemima Eaton's; a sermon at the meeting-house, and administered the sacrament. I spoke on Zech. xii, 10. Brother Whatcoat in the afternoon from 2 Cor. v, 20. Joshua Taylor preached in the evening. It was hard labour, and by no means agreeable to me to preach in other people's houses; to which I may add, that I was under bodily and spiritual infirmity. It is our duty to suffer and to serve: and it is true that we submit to the one, and will, by grace, do the other. We feel the prejudices of the people. They may think we wish to invade their rights; but they are mistaken, for I would rather preach under a tree.

Monday, 28. We came away in haste to Greenland, breakfasted, resumed our journey, passing through Berwick, and brought up at Deacon Clarke's, in Wells: and thus one day's ride of fifty-one miles brought us across the State of New-Hampshire.

DISTRICT OF MAINE.—*Tuesday*, 29. We stopped at Falmouth in the District of Maine; and within sight of Portland. Although we rode thirty miles I was obliged to preach—my subject was 2 Tim. iv, 7.

Wednesday, 30. We had a racking ride of about forty-five miles to Monmouth; our breakfast we took at Gray, and dined with Mr. Bradbury at New-Gloucester.

Thursday, *July* 1. Our conference continued three days. We held it in the upper room of Sewell Prescott's house. We had fifteen members, and nine probationers: the married preachers who came deficient to our conference received about one hundred and twenty dollars; the single brethren about sixty-two dollars; and the probationers a small donation of two dollars each, which came from far. We had three sermons. The whole of my doing was to read two letters, exhort a little, and examine the deacons, Samuel Hillman, John Gove, Gilman Moody, and Joseph Baker, whom brother Whatcoat ordained. The business of our conference was conducted in great peace and order. I can rejoice that by supplies from Baltimore and New-York conferences, added to those of the District of Maine and of Boston, we have a goodly number of faithful, zealous young men: in seven conferences we have taken upon trial sixty-seven probationers.

Sunday, 4. We concluded with a love-feast, sacrament, and the ordination of five elders, to wit: Comfort Smith, Epaphras Kibley, Daniel Webb, Asa Heath, and Reuben Hubbard: they kneeled outside at the door of the house, and received the imposition of hands from myself and the elders present: may they open the door of the Church of God in discipline, and the way to heaven, by preaching the Gospel! Five sermons were preached through the day: the women chiefly occupied the inside, whilst the men stood without; it was an open time, and some felt the word: of the multitude congregated on the occasion, (allowed to be between two and three thousand,) we hope many went away profited.

Monday, 5. We came off early and in haste; breakfasted at Mr. Herrick's in Lewistown; crossed Androscoggin River at the Falls; dined at Mr. Ramsdale's, in Gray, and brought up at Mr. Baker's, in Falmouth; having made forty-five miles.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Tuesday*, 6. We passed through Scarborough, Saco, Kennebunk, Wells, Berwick, and Somersworth, which last is in New-Hampshire: thence onward through Dover, Madbury, Lee, and Epping.

Thursday, 8. We held a meeting at Captain Fogg's, in Epping; my subject was Tit. ii, 2. George Pickering spoke in the evening from 1 Cor. xv, 34. After preaching we rode twelve miles to Hawke. On our route next day to Waltham we passed through Kingston, Plasto, Haverhill, Andover, Wilmington, Woburn, Lexington, and Lincoln, nearly completing another thousand miles. We shall have a great opening in New-Hampshire; and a district formed there in a few years.

MASSACHUSETTS.—I crossed New-Hampshire from Saybrook to Berwick, a distance of thirty miles, and recrossed from Berwick to Plasto, a distance of forty miles. The native products of the soil are the spruce, pine, cedar, birch, oak, ash—it is a rich lumber country, well watered, with fine streams for saw mills. The face of the earth is not pleasing; but it is well improved: the prospects for Indian corn are good, the clover-fields luxuriant, and the meadows beautiful: the dwellings are handsome, and the meeting-houses stand within sight of each other.

Haverhill bridge engaged my attention. It is thrown across the Merrimack River by three arches; a distance of probably sixteen hundred feet. I also saw the grand canal, designed, principally, to float lumber from the Merrimack to Boston. For about twenty-seven miles they have rocks, and swamps, and hills to wind and labour through; nevertheless, they can draw a raft of great length along, after passing the locks, which admit about seventy feet at a time; they link the disparted fragments together again, and move forward. This navigation will be a vast source of wealth to the country, as well as a great convenience in the passage outward and inward of domestic and foreign products of every species—and it will, doubtless, also be profitable to the company.

Saturday, 10. I rested, fasted, and wrote a little. I have

passed so rapidly along, that lately I have had time only for ordinary and common exercises.

Mr. Bemus's family is singularly blessed in four successive generations: elder Pickering's two children, a son called Francis Asbury, and a daughter named Maria, make the fourth.

Sabbath, 11. I spent the *Sabbath* at Waltham. I preached on Matt. vii, 14, and again on Gal. i, 3, 4. My sensations were not very pleasant, and the young people seemed very wild; there was an old drunkard too, who stood up and spoke once and again: perhaps they will behave better the next *Sabbath* I give them.

I feel that fasting at my time of life, if only once a month, brings on such a dejection of spirits I can hardly bear up under it. I have had lately two *official cordials*, ironically speaking. They know how to come at me, although four or five hundred miles distant. Lord, help me to do and suffer all I ought to do and suffer for Thee, thy Church, and ministers!

Monday, 12. We came through Needham. George Pickering stopped to demand the Church rates taken from the Methodists, amounting to one hundred dollars or upwards: this is to pay the Independent ministers, whose forefathers fled from Episcopal tyranny: yet, be it known unto all men, their children's children are risen up and glory in supporting the Gospel *according to law*. Happy the descendants who condemn not themselves by doing that which their ancestors disallowed! We lodged at Mr. Sterne's, at Milford.

Tuesday, 13. We came upon the turnpike road through to Thompson. I was told that Mr. Dow, an Independent minister, had relinquished his legal claim of salary, trusting to the *willing minds* of the public, who gave him more by voluntary subscription.

CONNECTICUT.—I had to preach at Nicoll's meeting-house, but being taken with a bilious headache, I said but little: my subject was Heb. iv, 14-16.

Wednesday, 14. I rode to Captain Lyon's, in Canterbury:

after dinner I continued on over the rocks and hills to Windham. We had a meeting at Robinson's: I was able to preach upon Isaiah lv, 6, 7. Here God had wrought, and the people appeared to be very lively.

Thursday, 15. We scaled the hills and rocks, passing through Lebanon, and stopped at Joseph Bass's. Here will be the beginning of a society.

We came to Hebron. Brother Borroughs attended me. The travelling preachers cannot leave their appointments. At four o'clock in the evening our new house in Hebron was consecrated: the subject on this occasion was chosen from Exod. xx, 24. It was an open time.

Friday, 16. We rode to the city of Hartford, stopping at a brother's house upon Glastonbury hills, and at Mr. Spencer's, and at Squire Pitkin's: we talked and prayed, (it was all that we could do,) and pushed on to Winstead. We lodged with Doctor Lynde.

Saturday, 17. We came up the turnpike road to New-Hartford, upon the banks of Farmington River.

Saturday 17, and *Sunday* 18. We held quarterly meeting, Litchfield circuit. The *Sabbath day* congregation was small, owing to the rain after the great heat. I spoke from 2 Thess. iii, 1. We had feeling times and hearts, and a living love-feast. In heat and in haste, we rode on to Colonel Burrell's, in Canaan, and there lodged.

Monday, 19. We came on to brother Church's, near the Falls of Housatonic River. Our route led us through Salisbury and Sharon, across the line into the State of New-York.

NEW-YORK.—At Sharon and at Lewis's we called in. From the eastern to the western line of Connecticut, that is, from Thompson to Sharon, I calculate the distance to be one hundred and thirty miles; it cannot exceed one hundred and forty miles. At Rhinebeck I make up four thousand miles, and have one hundred in advance towards the fifth thousand I shall have made since the last of July, 1801. Of the little time we have, may be judged by the length

of our rides, day after day; yet, at this speed must I go to meet the conferences, and visit the principal societies. My soul is at times greatly drawn out in prayer.

Tuesday, 20. We rested at Traveller's Rest, upon the solitary banks of Hudson, with my dear friends Freeborn Garrettson, and his prudent, pious wife. We have heat, heat, great heat.

Wednesday, 22. I preached upon 2 Cor. iv, 7. It was an ordination sermon at the setting apart of Billy Hibbard to the office of an elder. It is exceeding warm; and the zenith of harvest: yet, we had a congregation.

Thursday, 22. I had to tear myself away from these precious souls: I do believe God dwells in this house, (Traveller's Rest.) We came on to Fishkill, and fed. A poor intoxicated creature had sense enough left to insult us, and curse the Methodists. After feeding at brother Warren's, we made another push over the hills to Peekskill, and came to Governor Van Courtlandt's. I have received great kindness from this family. We have made forty-eight miles this day.

Friday, 23. I came gently along down, having an admirable view of the North River—the indents and projections of its lofty and beautiful banks. I called on brother Anderson, and was exceedingly well treated. For twenty-two miles we had excessive heat. I came to Captain Riqua's by surprise, but I was not therefore made the less welcome. Religion revives in New-Rochelle circuit: they have general prayer-meetings, and good seasons of grace; that is the way.

Saturday, 24. I came into New-York about two o'clock. and escaped heavy rain. My soul hath been sweetly stayed upon God whilst riding alone. I have received a confirmation of the death of my mother, who died January 6, 1802. Of the particulars of her last moments I have received no certain account; but I learn that a certain Mr. Emery has taken all her property. I am comforted with good news from several quarters: persecution has ceased in Charleston, and the Africans are growing in grace: our society in

Philadelphia becomes more united; and there are good appearances in Old Brunswick circuit, Virginia.

Sabbath, 25. In New-York I preached at the old church, John-street, on Rev. iii, 17-20; at three o'clock, at the Bowery church on Isaiah lv, 6, 7; at the African church at six o'clock in the evening on 1 Thess. i, 5. It rained at times through the day, which prevented more from attending: it was a day of life to me.

Monday, 26. I had to wait in a boat, tormented by heat and flies; still worse for my poor brute, who made an attempt to leap out into the bay; had she been loose, and myself at a distance, poor Jane would probably have been overboard. It came into my mind that we had preached, and should yet preach to little purpose in Newark: this I mentioned to Mr. Leecraft, with whom I dined in New-York, in company with Parson Ogden: he had thought of building a house; and a small one Parson Ogden thought he might well do himself; and then we might have a church.

NEW-JERSEY.—I stopped at Mr. Crowell's, in Elizabethtown, and then came on to Mr. Platt's, Rahway.

Tuesday, 27. I stopped in Brunswick at Drake's, and then pushed on, sultry as it was, and made it thirty-eight miles to Joseph Hutchinson's: with his new house, new wife, will he not by and by want a new lease of his life?

Wednesday, 28. I stopped at Crosswick's. I felt *proper* sick; but I was soon relieved by vinegar and water. My friend Hewlet Hancock housed me for the night. I found my dear sister Hancock feeble and unwell, but she soon grew better, and at family prayer she praised the Lord with a loud voice.

Thursday, 29. I stopped at Burlington; had a word or two with my friends, and we commended each other to God in prayer. I came on in haste and sickening heat to Mr. Manly's *traveller's rest*, arriving about twelve o'clock. The fever has re-appeared in Philadelphia. I hear great times have been known in Dover—above one hundred and fifty souls have felt the operations of Divine grace, at the

annual meeting upon the day of Pentecost; and great times also at the Milford quarterly meeting.

I thought to have remained with my friend Manly, and take a short breathing spell; other friends wished to have me in the city, and came to bring me in, but I besought them to let me stay until Sabbath morning.

On *Sunday morning*, according to appointment, I preached for the first time, in the college church (or Academy;) my subject was Exod. xx, 24: after sermon we had sacrament: we had seriousness and attention. In the afternoon I preached at St. George's; a gust came up and few attended. In the evening I rode out to Mr. Manly's.

Monday, August 2. I took a serious leave, with fears for the health of the city, and a mind impressed with concern for the Church. We were overtaken by rain before we reached Chester. After dinner with Mrs. Withy, I desired Mr. Manly, who had very kindly come with me thus far, to return. I proceeded on to Wilmington through the rain, and lodged with Allen M'Lane.

MARYLAND.—*Tuesday*, 3. I resumed my journey south, came as far as Isaac Hersay's, dined with him, went on to brother George's, halted awhile, moved forward again, and brought up for the night with brother Howell, in Charlestown.

Wednesday, 4. I crossed the Susquehannah, dined with Mr. Smith, and reached Perry Hall in the evening. Here my creature-consolation was in part gone; Mr. and Mrs. Gough were absent at Bath. Nevertheless, Mrs. Carroll was here, and not less attentive than her mother. Last year my soul travailed for her health, and soul's salvation; she is brought to the experimental knowledge of God, and I rejoice over her.

I have one day I can call my own. I write, I read, I think, and refit for the mountains. My mind is in great peace, and has so been kept in all my labours; and my trials, which come from almost every point of the compass, shall be as various winds to waft me to the haven of rest.

Saturday, 7. I came to Baltimore through excessive warmth, and lodged with Emanuel Kent. The wife of our brother Samuel Coates had a daughter born to her, whom I baptized, naming her Sophia.

Sabbath, 8. I preached in Light-street chapel on Rev. ii, 1-5. As the weather was changeable, I had another appointment in the house; my subject was Philippians ii, 14, 15: "Do all things without murmurings or disputings; that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke." First, It was observed how Christians are brought into the relation of "sons of God." Second, The duties and privileges of that relation. Third, The purity and sincerity the subjects of this relation are called to experience. Fourth, That "murmurings" either towards God, or good or bad men, ought to be avoided; and perverse "disputings" cautiously guarded against; and in all duties, sufferings, and discipline, true Christian meekness and forbearance, should be manifested.

After a thunder gust, the evening cleared away, and became serene. I preached at the Howard's Hill market-house at five o'clock, to multitudes of people, from Isaiah lv, 6, 7. And thus ended the duties of the day.

Monday, 9. I rode to Robert Carnan's. Still intense heat. Next day I breakfasted at Charles Carnan's, in company with Nelson Reed and wife, Joshua Wells, and James M'Cannon; the evening found me at Henry Willis's, Pipe Creek.

On *Wednesday* I made an improvement on Deut. x, 12. We only had what people could receive notice in the morning. One woman professed to find pardon and peace, and came forward to baptism, presenting her child also.

Thursday, 12. I visited Alexander Warfield's family; and next day came on to James Higgins's, and preached there from 1 Tim. ii, 1-4. On *Saturday* morning I rode over to see Robert Owings's family, and was comforted in finding one of his children, Miranda Evans, professing to have found redemption; may this be a solid work, and an earnest for the whole family. In the evening I went up to

Stephen Shelmerine's. My mind hath been blessed with great consolation. I rejoiced to find the work of God spreading and growing in Frederick circuit, under the ministry of Curtis Williams and Fielding Parker.

Sabbath, 15. At Fredericktown I once more spoke; my subject was 1 Cor. i, 23, 24. Here then, at last, after more than thirty years' labour, we have a house of worship, and thirty souls, or upwards, in fellowship. In speaking this morning, I had some assistance, and I laboured. Some thoughts passed in my mind of going to the court-house steps at five o'clock; but I changed my mind: as there were three preachers in town, to wit, our brothers Williams, Higgins, and Matthews, I assigned them the duty, in the hope that their superior zeal and faith may be the means of converting some souls to God at the close of the Sabbath.

Monday, 16. We held evening meeting at Samuel Philips's: I spoke from Philippians iv, 6. Sister Philips is gone; she was a daughter of affliction for many years, and died in peace about seven weeks ago: I thought when I saw her last I should see her no more in time. N. Snethen preached her funeral sermon: the text she herself had chosen.

On *Tuesday* we came through heat, and over the hills, to Sheppard's town, Virginia. I found Thomas Boydstone, and Benjamin Boydstone and his wife, on the road to glory. After thirty years' occasional preaching in this place, we have a small society; and by the purchase of an old academy, a church—*with two chimneys in it.*

Virginia.—*Wednesday*, 18. I preached on Ephes. ii, 10. Daniel Hitt and Edward Matthews held meetings yesterday evening and this evening. I have formed a plan to go next fall by the way of Chilicothe to Limestone; and so meet the Western yearly conference, should it be held in Kentucky.

Thursday, 19. At Charlestown I preached from 2 Cor. vi, 1; some souls felt the energy of the word. We dined at brother Englishe's, and rode on to John Davenport's to lodge.

Friday, 20. We called at John Millburn's. Next day, at Millburn's meeting-house, I spoke upon Hebrews x, 35. 36. We lodged at William Tyler's. On *Sunday*, in the meeting-house at Winchester, at eleven o'clock, I preached from Titus ii, 13, 14. We had the sacrament. Many felt, and gave glory to God. In the afternoon, under the shady trees, westward of the town, not a few attended—rulers and people; I read two letters, and preached from Psalm lvi, 16. Mr. O'Kelly having been taken ill in town, I sent two of our brethren, Reed and Walls, to see him, by whom I signified to him, that if he wished to see me, I would wait on him; he desired a visit, which I made him on *Monday*, *August* 23. We met in peace, asked of each other's welfare, talked of persons and things indifferently, prayed, and parted in peace. Not a word was said of the troubles of former times:—perhaps this is the last interview we shall have upon earth. At Elijah Phelp's we rested on *Monday*, and part of *Tuesday*. I have heard of the flight of thousands from the city of Philadelphia; and that all the churches, save the Episcopalian, the Quaker, and the Methodist, are shut up. George Roberts still continues in the city. O my God, keep him and his family alive in the day of pestilence!

Tuesday, 24. At Stephensburg, at four o'clock, we held a meeting; my text was 1 John iii, 1-3.

Wednesday, 25, Was a most remarkable day of heat: I rested to refit. Sleep and appetite failed me. Edward Matthews was intended for my companion to the Holston district: but two of the preachers had been sick, and the other was removed; and Frederick and Berkley circuits had been neglected at a time of the greatest prospect of good. We had a comfortable ride to Woodstock, twenty miles: there was a gentle rain, and the weather was pleasant. My mind is freely stayed upon God—my guide in life and death. On *Friday* we rode thirty-three miles to brother J. Huyster's: some rain fell on us, but after we were housed, there came on an awful storm of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain.

Saturday, *Sunday*, and *Monday*, 28, 29, 30. At Rocktown. On Saturday I spoke in our house on 1 Peter iii, 18. On Sunday, through the progress of the love-feast, there was great shaking, and shouting, and weeping, and praying: it was thought best not to stop these exercises by the more regular labour of preaching, as most of the persons present were engaged either as subjects or instruments. We accepted the offer of the Presbyterian house, a good shade not being near, and the ground damp, in which I spoke on Zeph. iii, 16, 17: there was great attention, and some tenderness.

Tuesday, 31. The brethren having a wish to continue the meeting another day, I preached on Gen. xxxii, 26, 27. By way of introduction, I made some observations on the peculiar and extraordinary features in the life and character of the patriarch—the blessings of a temporal nature so abundantly bestowed; and the spiritual blessings, rich, Divine, and various, so freely given by the God-man Christ Jesus, with whom he wrestled and prevailed. Jacob is asked his name—he told it: when he was justified his name and his nature were changed; his privileges were increased, and his power enlarged with God and man: he had power with man to stand against their temptations and to do them good—power with God to ask blessings for others, and to receive answers to prayer. It was thought, that in this three-days' meeting, forty or fifty souls were converted or reclaimed, and quickened.

In the afternoon I rode to brother Young's, in Augusta; I was very unwell with a fever and headache, and had a restless night.

At brother Young's, on *Monday*, I spoke on Acts xiii, 26: meeting began at three o'clock, and continued until seven o'clock: there was great praying and shouting. Sister Jones rose up and gave an exhortation: she spoke as if she were going home to glory—I felt it: she reminded me of sister Jones and sister Taylor, those female *flames*, and almost martyrs for Jesus: one of them, I trust, has long been in glory! the other, I believe, is only waiting for her

call to eternal rest. I found it was time for me to be off—preaching for four or five days together was enough: I felt weak in my breast.

Wednesday, September 1. We lodged at David M'Nare's; and next day came over the hills, crossing the branches of the Shenandoah, to Brownsburg: night coming upon us, we turned aside to lodge at Andrew Weir's, and were kindly and comfortably entertained.

On *Friday* we passed through Lexington, and being so near, I was willing to gratify my curiosity by a view of the Natural Bridge. I walked down the hill to look at the arch thrown, in a regular ellipsis, about one hundred and sixty feet above a stream, which, in the rainy season, foams and roars beneath: the breadth of the bridge may be sixty feet, and the distance one hundred and sixty feet across. On one side of the road, at the south-east end, large trees are growing. Should I live two years longer I may preach under the arch. We dined at Mr. Huston's, and were honoured as men of the ministry.

Hearing that the circuit preacher was at Morris's, we turned aside and came up—purgatory. On *Saturday* we crossed James River at Pattensburg, dined at Mr. Lockland's upon Back Creek, and came on to Fincastle.

Sabbath day, 5. I preached upon Matt. xxv, 34-37. My meaning upon the text was, First, To show the *blessedness* of the people of God, as subjects of the kingdom of grace and glory. Secondly, The evidences of their being *blessed* to others, in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, in a hospitable reception of the stranger, visiting prisoners and the sick, doing good to their souls as well as their bodies: and when the subjects of this love, and mercy, and benevolence, are pious, persecuted saints, the children of God would not hesitate to take them into their houses, or visit them in their distress, although this labour of love might subject themselves to persecution and death. It was observed, that it was not national fellow-feeling, the hospitality of politeness, nor family attachments; no, nor yet the more pure, though too partial affection which one religious

society may feel for another, which may be the motive—it is because they are the suffering members of their common Lord—"Ye have done it unto me." The meeting continued four hours, and there was a moving among the people. I lodged at Edward Mitchell's. I drew a plan of a house forty feet long, thirty feed wide, and two stories high, of brick—to be built in Fincastle; two-thirds of the money must be collected before we begin. This, like many more of my good designs, may come to naught.

Monday, 6. We rode to Van Lear's, upon Roanoke, thirty-six miles, and next day crossed New River at Pepper's ferry; weary, yet willing, and my soul in close communion with God. We have good news in this district—the work of God revives in all the circuits.

The season is dry; the streams are consequently—but there is great plenty: O! good Providence—O! ungrateful people.

Wednesday, 8. I preached at Page's meeting-house upon Eph. ii, 10. After dinner at Edward Morgan's, I went on to brother Moorehead's: this family fed the Lord's prophets in Rockingham, and the door is still open in the west.

Thursday, 9. We came along to Crockett's and fed, and then hasted through the town and housed for the night at Cattoru's: the father was a native of Germany—a gracious soul; and his children will come into the fold of Christ.

Friday, 10. We came to Charles Hardy's, upon Holston. I found the people praising God. A blessed revival had taken place. Fourteen or fifteen times have I toiled over the mighty mountains, and nearly twenty years have we laboured upon Holston; and lo! the rage of wild and Christian savages is tamed, and God hath glorified himself.

Saturday, 11. I rode to the Salt Works—perhaps for the last time. Alas! there is little *salt* here, and when sister Russell is gone, will there be any left? But, a few miles from the works, up the middle ridge, they have built a meeting-house; and there is a revival of religion.

I make my calculation upon four thousand nine hun-

dred miles, from July 30, 1801, to September 12, 1802. If a living man and a Christian might dare to complain ——.

Sabbath day, 12. Sweet peace fills my mind; and glorious prospects of Zion's prosperity cheer my heart: we have not, shall not, labour in vain. Not unto us, not unto us, but to Jehovah be all the glory on earth, and in heaven forever!

TENNESSEE.—*Monday*, 13. I rode alone to Edward Coxe's, near Shote's ford, upon Holston.

On *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* we rested; and on *Thursday* we rode to Cashe's, near Jonesborough, Tennessee.

Friday, 17. I attended a camp-meeting which continued to be held four days: there may have been fifteen hundred souls present. I read an account of the work at the Dover yearly meeting; and of the work of God generally: my text I found in Haggai ii, 4, 5. We had a shaking, and some souls felt convicting and converting grace. The heat, the restless nights, the water, or, it may be, all these combined made me sick indeed. I crossed Nolachuckie at the fording place of Colonel George Gallespie, who very kindly rode over with me, and held my hand. Main Holston was before me: I came safe over, and stopped with Felix Earnest, making ninety miles this week. I take Fothergill's medicine. I can feel quite resigned to end my days here: thereby, I shall avoid great labours and trials for the coming year.

Sunday, 19. The house at Ebenezer would not hold the people: so, from my stand in the woods, I spoke from Genesis xxxii, 26-28. I was very unwell, but I held out longer than I expected; I also felt that the word was given *me* and applied to the *hearts* of the people.

Monday, 20. I was weak and very unwell. We rode down to Green, when I took a little breakfast. It was extraordinary, that a man who was quite a stranger to me appeared very uneasy when he found that we had paid the landlady, it being his wish to bear the expense, and have our money returned to us—his name is Cox. The day was warm. We came on to Little Nolachuckie, and lodged at Edward Warren's. I had little rest by night or day.

Tuesday, 21. At Bethel I spoke on Ephesians iv, 1-3. We had a close, sultry day, a small house, and a crowded congregation; an open time, and the triumph of truth.

Wednesday 22. We rode to M'Cleary's, upon French Broad, below the mouth of Nolachuckie—between forty and fifty miles.

Thursday, 23. We dined at Francis Ramsay's, and lodged at Knoxville with my old friend Mr. Greer.

Friday, 24. I rode to the Grassy Valley, and next day preached at the quarterly-meeting at Muddy Creek, Roan county: my subject was Col. i, 9, 10. On the *Sabbath day* we had sacrament and love-feast in the woods. At eleven o'clock I spoke upon John iii, 16. I was unwell; and the congregation were, to appearance, cold and not in the spirit of prayer as I could have wished. I dined with Mr. Ramsay, a Presbyterian minister, at his own house on *Friday;* and he with me to-day at my lodgings: we had quite a Christian interview.

Monday, 27. We made towards West Point, and lodged at Mr. Clark's for the night: in the morning we started in good spirits. We were somewhat shaken in going the old path down Spencer's hill: I walked, fearing every moment a fall for myself or my horse: it was a very noxious evening to me. It was late when we arrived at Obee's River, and I imprudently lay too far from our encampment fire, and took a cold, which fixed upon my throat. Late the following evening we came into Shaw's, where we lay upon the floor. I was sick indeed.

Thursday, 30. We called at Prim's, and continued on to Doctor Tooley's. My throat worse and worse—I was unable to swallow. Next day we stopped awhile at Blackman's, and proceeded on to James Douglass's. I had an awful night.

Saturday, October 2. We rode forward to Station Camp, and found the conference seated. By this time my stomach and speech were pretty well gone. I applied to Mr. William Hodge, and to Mr. William M'Gee, Presbyterian ministers, to supply my lack of public service, which they did with

great fervency and fidelity: with great pleasure, and in great pain, I heard them both. I was able to ordain, by employing brother M'Kendree to examine those who were presented, and to station the preachers—I hope for the glory of God, the benefit of the people, and the advantage of the preachers. The conference adjourned on *Tuesday*.

Wednesday, 6. I rested. After eight days' suffering of severely acute pain, the inflammation descended to my feet.

Friday, 8. I rested at Shaw's, and bled for the third time, and applied bandages and sugar of lead to my feet.

At Doctor Tooley's I was attacked in the knee with a most torturing pain, attended with a swelling; the use of both my feet I had almost entirely lost before. On *Saturday*, we rode fifteen miles to Prim's. I stopped to rest at Mr. Walton's, at the forks of Cumberland River: here I was treated with great attention and kindness. At Prim's brother M'Kendree preached; I also spoke—my subject was Heb. iii, 7, 8: some wept, and all were attentive. John Watson followed with a warm exhortation.

Monday, 18. We took our departure at five o'clock, and rode to Shaw's, where we got corn in the ear at a dollar per bushel. We continued on until half-past six o'clock, then stopped, struck a fire, and encamped under a heavy mountain dew, which, when the wind shook the trees, fell like rain upon us. Brother M'Kendree made me a tent of his own and John Watson's blankets, and happily saved me from taking cold whilst I slept about two hours under my grand *marquee*. Brother M'Kendree threw his cloak over the limb of a tree; and he and his companion took shelter underneath, and slept also. I will not be rash, I dare not be rash in my protestations against any country; but I think I will never more brave the wilderness without a tent.

On *Tuesday*, after riding fifty miles, a part of ninety-three miles in two days, we came about eight o'clock to West Point. An accident, extraordinary in the manner, and desperate in the effect, happened to me. At a rocky run, in attempting to dismount, my horse gave a sudden turn, and swung me against the rocks in the stream—the

rude shock to my tender feet made me roar bitterly. My horse was low before, tender-footed, and tired—the hills were steep and rugged, and I was sore by riding—these circumstances combined caused so much pain, that when we came on *Wednesday* to the Grassy Valley, I cast anchor, with a determination to give up Georgia, and go by a straight line to Camden conference, to be held January 1, 1803.

I sent word to James Douthat to explain to the elders of Georgia and South Carolina my situation. I also despatched John Watson to meet brother Snethen, and give him my plan to fulfil the appointments in Georgia—but behold, brother Snethen had had a fall from his horse, and was left lame upon the road! I have been sick for twenty-three days; ah! the tale of woe I might relate. My dear M'Kendree had to lift me up and down from my horse, like a helpless child. For my sickness and sufferings I conceive I am indebted to sleeping uncovered in the wilderness. I passed so quickly along that many people scarcely more than beheld me with their eyes; yet these were witness to my groans; and sometimes *dumb, I opened not my mouth.* I could not have slept but for the aid of laudanum; meantime, my spirits and patience were wonderfully preserved in general, although I was sometimes hardly restrained from crying, "Lord, let me die!" for death hath no terrors, and I could not but reflect upon my escape from the toil and sufferings of another year. I had no sad forebodings of the ills which might befall the Church—it is the Lord's, not mine; nor was I anxious about father or mother—they, I trust are in the paradise of God; nor did I say to myself, what will become of wife and children—these I have not. But what am I to learn from these ills and aches?—"these are counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am." I am no longer young—I cannot go out as at other times: I must take the advice of friends who say, *spare thyself.* I have ridden about five thousand five hundred miles; and in the midst of all I am comforted with the prospects of the western conference—we have added three

thousand members this year; have formed Cumberland into a district, and have sent a missionary to the Natchez.

Sunday, 24. For three days past I have been at John Winton's. By the aid of a chair on which to kneel, I preached at the meeting: my subject was Joshua xxiv, 15.

Monday, 25. I rode through Knoxville, and came to Francis Ramsey's, and by losing ourselves, we increased the distance to thirty-two miles. Next day we gained Justus Huffacre's. I was happy to hear that my lame brother Snethen had gone limping on to attend my appointments in Georgia.

Saturday, 30. We have been at our friend Huffacre's, since *Tuesday* last.

Sunday, 31. At Rehoboth upon French Broad, William M'Kendree stood up to speak upon "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." My text was 2 Tim. iii, 10-12. I ordained Justus Huffacre and James Sullivan deacons. Rain having fallen abundantly, the people had their difficulties in getting home from the meeting.

Monday, November 1. The snow being in the mountains, and the wind at west, we had a cold ride to Little Pigeon, Sevier county. At Mitchell Porter's, I spoke to a full house, on 1 Peter v, 10. William M'Kendree followed upon "Godliness is profitable," &c.

Tuesday, 2. We rode through New-Port, the capital of Cock county, forded French Broad at Shine's ferry, and came, cold, and without food for man or beast, to John O'Haven's; but O, the kindness of our open-hearted, open-handed friends!

Wednesday, 3. We laboured over the Ridge and the Paint mountain: I held on awhile, but grew afraid and dismounted, and with the help of a pine sapling, worked my way down the steepest and roughest part. I could bless God for life and limbs. Eighteen miles this day contented us; and we stopped at William Nelson's, Warm Springs. About thirty travellers having dropped in, I expounded the Scriptures to them, as found in the third

chapter of Romans, as equally applicable to nominal Christians, Indians, Jews, and Gentiles.

Thursday, 4. We came off about the rising of the sun—cold enough. There were six or seven heights to pass over, at the rate of five, two, or one mile an hour—as this ascent or descent would permit: four hours brought us at the end of twelve miles to dinner, at Barnett's station; whence we pushed on to John Foster's, and after making twenty miles more, came in about the going down of the sun. On *Friday* and *Saturday* we visited from house to house.

Sunday, 7. We had preaching at Killion's. William M'Kendree went forward, upon "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God:" my subject was Heb. iii, 12, 13. On *Monday* I parted from dear William M'Kendree. I made for Mr. Fletcher's, upon Mud Creek: he received me with great attention, and the kind offer of everything in the house necessary for the comfort of man and beast. We could not be prevailed on to tarry for the night, so we set off after dinner, and he accompanied us several miles. We housed for the night at the widow Johnson's. I was happy to find that in the space of two years, God had manifested his goodness and his power in the hearts of many upon the solitary banks and isolated glades of French Broad: some subjects of grace there were before, amongst Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. On *Tuesday* I dined at Benjamin Davidson's, a house I had lodged and preached at two years ago. We laboured along eighteen mountain miles; eight ascent, on the west side, and as many on the east side of the mountain. The descent of Seleuda exceeds all I know, from the Province of Maine, to Kentucky and Cumberland: I had dreaded it, fearing I should not be able to walk or ride such steeps; nevertheless, with time, patience, labour, two sticks, and above all, a good Providence, I came in about five o'clock, to ancient father John Douthat's, Greenville county, South Carolina. Here I found myself at home, amongst kind and attentive friends. On the *Sabbath day* I preached at my lodgings,

upon Joshua xxiv, 15. Surely the people about here are not the worst in the settlement; and they will mend, and attend the ministration of the word better in future. I have heard of successful meetings which have been held by encampments upon the Catawba, at Morgantown, Swannino, Pendleton, Greenville—in North and South Carolina: ministers of the different denominations had attended: more circumstantial accounts I have not yet been able to obtain. Mr. Newton, a Presbyterian minister, in Buncombe county, appears to be greatly engaged in the spirit of the work. Since my being in this house, for five or six days past, I have been afflicted with painful flatulencies. Sit still I could not; to read and write I was unable; but I could wind, reel, and pluck out cotton, and thus I employed my fingers. I have now nearly completed the six thousand miles since the last of July of the last year—great and fiery trials; great succeeding consolations. I would here record, that James Lowry, an agreeable, pious youth, rode with me for the last seventy miles. I feel truly grateful to him and to his family: may the same measure of kindness be always meted to him and his, and to all such affectionate young men, and feeling, attentive people!

South Carolina.—*Tuesday*, 16. After resting a day, I lectured in the family, upon Luke xi, 13, and on *Wednesday* left this affectionate household, directing my course to Solomon James's, in the neighbourhood of George's Creek, Pendleton county. I preached the funeral sermon of Polly James, the daughter of my host. Here I met with Major James Tarrant, a local preacher, riding the circuit. We went on to Samuel Burdine's and lodged. I had vainly questioned in my mind the probable cause of the name of *Ninety-Six*—it was this, it seems: During an Indian war, in which there was an expedition against the Keewee towns, it was found by measurement that it was ninety-six miles from that spot to Twelve-Mile Creek.

Thursday, 18. I rested and wrote.

Friday, 19. I preached at Samuel Burdine's, on Heb.

vi, 12, and pretty fully explained the doctrine of Christian baptism, and Christian perfection.

Saturday, 20. I gave a sermon at John Wilson's, in which I treated largely on the right of persons who were awakened to receive baptism; and also upon the claim of infants to this holy rite of the Church.

Sunday, 21. At Salem upon the Seleuda, I preached upon Matt. xxviii, 19, 20. In the *first* general head of my discourse it was considered *who* were to be taught—all, of all nations. *What* these were to be taught—to experience, to do, and to suffer. In the *second*, *Who* were to be baptized—men, women, children, and infants. The form of the rite—*in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:* the reasons why, it might be presumed, this form of words was given—because in this solemn exposition of the eternal Trinity in eternal unity, is shown the relations which the Godhead in the three persons bears to our creation, redemption, and spiritual baptism, of which the rite is only the outward and visible sign. The claim of children, it was stated, arose out of the general love and benevolence of God, and the general and universal influences of the Spirit. Baptism, it was observed, was taken from the apostles, and practised in all the primitive, and in all the first reformed Churches throughout the world. Under the third head I tried to explain the nature and the importance of the precious promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." I went home with James Tarrant, a local preacher; my friend has, for two quarters, filled a travelling preacher's place, and a very acceptable servant he has proved to be.

Monday, 22. I rode to Thomas Terry's, upon the forks of Reedy River.

Tuesday, 23. My mind is occupied in reading, writing, and exercises in prayer, in which I have intimate communication with God. I now feel as if it were my duty to preach more particularly on the subjects of sanctification and baptism.

I have nearly finished my six thousand miles—to God be

all the glory! But ah! what small fruit of my labour, since August, 1801. How little do I speak of God and to precious souls! God, be merciful to me a sinner!

Wednesday, 24. At Thomas Terry's I gave an exhortation in the evening on 1 Cor. xv, 58. Next day I went to Nathan Bramblet's. I called to see Mrs. Price, eldest daughter of my once dear old friend, Alexander Leith, formerly of Baltimore. I feel much for those dear children, for whom I have been praying, some twenty, and others thirty years: I think the time long until they are converted. I was made as welcome by the children, I doubt not, as the parents would have made me had they been living and present. In the evening I returned to Mr. M'Kie's.

Sunday, 28. At Bramblet's chapel I spoke on Acts ii, 37-39.

Monday, 29. We had a cold hungry ride of thirty miles to Henry Culvor Davis's, a native of Maryland, and now of Newbury District, South Carolina. The first society we formed at this place declined, and so many removed, few were left; this year they repaired the meeting-house; and the Lord poured out his Spirit, and nearly one hundred have been added. I found the labours of L. Myers and B. Wheeler had been greatly blest in Broad River circuit, South Carolina.

On *Tuesday*, we had a gracious rain, and cool weather followed. On *Wednesday*, I preached at Odell's meeting-house on 2 Cor. xiii, 9. I rode home with Benjamin Herndon. On *Thursday*, at Bethel, I heard Lewis Myers preach on John xvii, 15.

Friday, December 3. I rested, and read, and wrote. I find that excessive riding, in some degree, incapacitates me for the duty of preaching. At Edward Finch's, George Douthat and myself were engaged to put Mount Bethel School in operation: I advised to finish the house for teaching below, and lodging above.

Sunday, 5. At Bethel I spoke on Heb. vi, 1, 2. On *Monday* I rested, and on *Tuesday* passed the day with George Clark, and preached there on 2 Tim. ii, 10-12.

Wednesday, 8. We had the first snow. I was very unwell with a total privation of appetite, accompanied with a high fever.

Thursday, 9. I crossed Tyger River, and came to Major Bird Beauford's. I improved upon 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8. I rode down to Nathan Glenn's, at Broad River: we had a severe season of cold weather, which occasioned very uncomfortable feelings.

Sunday, 12. I was called upon by recommendation to ordain Stephen Shell, John Wallis, and David Owen, to the office of deacons. There were seven of us present who minister in holy things. My subject was 2 Tim. iv, 1, 2: "I charge thee therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." It was observed of St. Paul, that before finishing his course, he had adopted Timothy, ordained him, and left this charge, a dying charge given by a dying, martyred apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ; and left on record for all who ordain, and all who shall be ordained to the ministry to the end of the world! a charge given as in the immediate presence of God, whose attributes and perfections are great and glorious; "and the Lord Jesus Christ," in his Divine character; and in his important offices and relations to mankind; ministers being his servants, the people his flock, and the word his own eternal word of truth and salvation; who is now, and shall be hereafter, the Judge of all our actions. "Preach the word"—the word of repentance, of faith, of justification, of regeneration, and of sanctification. "Reprove"—there are special uses to be made of the word to convince sinners of all degrees, classes, characters, and modes of faith. "Rebuke"—rebuke backsliders; rebuke errors in practice, and negligence in duty. "Exhort"—exhort souls rebuked and convinced, to seek the restoring, preserving grace of God. It was shown how ministers should time their labours, regu-

lating them as favourable or unfavourable seasons would seem to require; and the necessity of preserving the faith and meekness which might enable them to labour "with all long-suffering and doctrine."

Monday, 13. We crossed Broad River at James Glenn's flat: we called upon the aged people, prayed, and came to Benjamin Rowell's, Chester District.

Tuesday, 14. I preached at Robert Walker's, upon Phil. ii, 12, 13. I inverted the order of the text,—

I. It is God who worketh in the hearts of sinners, seekers, and believers, "to will and to do of his own good pleasure," which is their personal, present, future, and eternal salvation. See Ezek. xxxiii, 2; Luke xii, 32; Heb. x, 38.

II. That all who desire this salvation should be active in penitence, faith, and regeneration; using every means of grace, and performing every duty connected with holiness here, and preparatory to heaven hereafter.

Wednesday, 15. We rode until evening, and lodged at Mr. Washington's, near the Wateree Creek, which gives the name to the river.

Thursday, 16. Crossed at Chestnut's ferry, and came into Camden. It is but a trifle to ride in this country thirty miles without food for man or beast.

On *Friday*, *Saturday*, and *Sunday*, we had excessively cold weather, and sleet and snow. We held our meeting in Isaac Smith's house, and I preached twice.

Monday, 20. I rode down to James Rembert's upon the head of Black River: I came here that I might enjoy a little solitude, and find time to answer my northern letters. Until *Friday* evening I was pretty well occupied in writing.

Saturday, 25. *Christmas day.* I preached at Rembert's chapel, and on *Sunday* James Patterson spoke on "Enoch walked with God." There is a great change in this settlement; many attend with seriousness and tears. Whenever our preachers gain the confidence of the lowland planters, (if indeed that time shall ever be,) so that the masters will give us all the liberty we ought to have, there will be

thousands of the poor slaves converted to God. The patient must be personally visited by the physician before advice and medicine will be proper; and so it is, and must ever be, with the sin-sick soul, and the spiritual physician. Letters from the north announce very pleasing intelligence of a great work of God in Maryland, and in parts of Virginia.

Tuesday, 28. Yesterday and to-day I have been busy writing letters. My general experience is close communion with God, holy fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, a will resigned, frequent addresses to a throne of grace, a constant, serious care for the prosperity of Zion, forethought in the arrangements and appointments of the preachers, a soul drawn out in ardent prayer for the universal Church and the complete triumph of Christ over the whole earth. Amen, Amen, so be it! I have finished many letters, and adjusted some plans. For my amusement and edification, I was curious to read the first volume of my journals. I compared my former with my latter self. It was little I could do thirty years ago; and I do less now.

Thursday, 30. Rode to Camden. On *Friday* I read in public some letters narrative of the work of God.

Thursday, *January* 6, 1803. I wrote three large letters to the north, and put myself in order for travelling. From *Saturday* until *Wednesday* the time was spent in conference, and in public exercises: we had preaching every noon and evening; seven elders and four deacons were ordained. Of preachers, two were admitted, one had located, none were dead, and none were expelled. We had great peace and union in our labours, two days of which were directed to the explanation and recommendation of discipline, as it respects the order of the Church. We have added, in this conference, three thousand three hundred and seventy-one to our number.

Friday, 7. A cold day. We came to Mr. Evans's, on Congaree, thirty miles.

Saturday, 8. We crossed Congaree at Howell's ferry—almost abandoned. The flat was so small, that our horses, had they not been quiet, might have endangered us. It

was well we chose this ferry, for we should have had a more round-about road, and more swamp. We reached John Whetstones's at the end of thirty-three miles, in good time, and were most kindly and comfortably entertained. At the meeting-house on the *Sabbath day* N. Snethen spoke on 1 Thess. v, 9, 10; my subject was 2 Cor. xiii, 9. I. Smith exhorted, George Dougherty prayed, and so we concluded. The cold weather prevented many, yet the house was full, and on the sunny side, without, there were numbers.

Monday, 10. We rode twelve miles to Dantzler's. I have been greatly supported under long rides, (by my computation making six thousand miles,) and cold, and wet, and sufferings, and privations. My soul is devoted to God. As there are many who preach upon the first principles of the oracles of the Gospel of Christ, I feel it my duty to speak chiefly upon perfection—and above all, to strive to attain unto that which I preach. On *Tuesday* I spoke at the white meeting-house on 2 Cor. vii, 1. We lodged at Mr. Winningham's. Next day N. Snethen preached at Cattle Creek. We lodged at Mr. Simpson's. On *Thursday*, at the Indian Fields, I spoke on 1 John iv, 16, 17. We lodged at Moore's: glory to God for a natural and spiritual birth in this family since my last visit! On *Friday*, at the Cypress I only exhorted. Sister Hare is dying of a cancer; but she appears to rejoice exceedingly in God, day and night. On *Saturday* we rode into Charleston. On the *Sabbath day* I preached on Romans v, 20. I was blest in the administration of the word and ordinances. I live in the victory of the grace of God in purity of mind and uprightness of intention.

Tuesday and *Wednesday*, 18, 19, were days made glorious by the visits of the poor Africans who came to visit me: we frequently prayed together.

Thursday, 20. We came to Hadwell's Point; dined at Mr. Pritchard's, rode up to Wappataw, and lodged at Mr. Jones's, where we were well entertained. Next day, it being very stormy and cold, we were compelled to stop at Santee lower ferry.

Saturday, 22. We came to Georgetown—still cold. At

the ferry we could scarcely get firewood to keep us warm: we had bad bedding; and I suffered in my body, but my mind was at peace.

Sabbath day, 23. I preached at Georgetown from 1 Tim. iv, 10. N. Snethen preached in the afternoon, and James Mellard in the evening. I visited Miss Dick—Ah! how changed every way!—had I not expected to see her, I might not have known her: I administered the sacrament in her room.

Monday, 24. At Black River chapel I spoke on Matt. vi, 31-33. We crossed the river at Evans's ferry, and lodged at the widow M'Cantry's. Next day I preached at Jenkins's chapel, and after meeting rode up to Port's ferry. We lodged at Thomas Humphreys's.

Wednesday, 26. I preached at the Bare Ponds upon Heb. viii, 10, 11. We dined at Mr. Shackleford's, and thence went on to Gaspero Sweet's.

Thursday, 27. N. Snethen preached at Rowell's meeting-house: I added a few words on St. Paul's triumphant words in 2 Tim. iv, 7. We lodged at the widow Davis's, a daughter of Mr. Dunham, at whose house I had lodged some years back. I have lived to serve three generations in South Carolina.

Friday, 28. At Wood's meeting-house N. Snethen preached: I only glossed a little upon 2 Cor. iv, 3. We lodged at old Mr. Wood's, Marion district.

Saturday, 29. We rode to George Shank's, Marlborough district, upon Great Pee Dee. I have ridden two hundred and sixty miles towards the seventh thousand. My mind hath been very calm: but we have had it so severely cold, and the meeting-houses are so open between this and Charleston, that I fear the congregations have profited little by the word.

Sabbath, 30. At Harris's chapel, at the head of Catfish, I preached upon Eph. ii, 8. We lodged with Captain Nevell: he and his wife appear to be seeking the Lord.

Monday, 31. We rode a muddy path to Gibson's chapel—*pole* chapel—open as a sieve, and the weather very cold. N.

Snethen preached upon Phil. iv, 8. I only added a few pointed, scattering shot in exhortation. I came off with a very slim breakfast, and then after meeting had to ride on to (*north*) Britain, Drake's, Robinson county, North Carolina. Here is a settlement of Scotch, originally: it began in the year 1771; since which time the descendants of these emigrants are chiefly in Cumberland, Richmond, and some in Anson, Robinson, and Bladen counties; and some are over the line south: there is a work of God amongst them, and some living young ministers have been raised up. Perhaps the rebellion of "forty-five" made those people averse to all opposition to *the powers that be*—and they were tories during the American revolution only because they remembered their former failures and sufferings, and those of their fathers. The open dwellings, only calculated for warm weather, occasion the people of South Carolina to suffer more, in cold spells, than those of the east or north: let those who doubt this make the trial for one winter. I have felt great lowness of spirits, but a holy resignation in the midst of cold, hunger, thirst, labour, and temptations.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Tuesday, February* 1. I preached upon the glorious subject of Christian perfection: my text I found in Heb. vi, 1. Next day, (*Wednesday,*) we had a rainy ride of fifteen miles to Lumberton, which I had not visited for some years. I was present at its foundation and nomination: there are now, I suppose, about twenty families, and a hundred buildings; an academy, which serves also as a church; a very good prison, and a court house, it being the county town of Robinson. Its property is much owing to the navigation of Drowning Creek, down which lumber and other articles are conveyed to Georgetown, and thence frequently the merchandise is sent to Charleston. N. Snethen preached; I only exhorted: Presbyterian ministers, Brown and M'Nare, attended; I had a Christian interview with them, and I learned, with pleasure, that their labours had been owned and blessed among the Scotch Presbyterians. We lodged at Robert Haille's. We have a small society in this town. Drowning Creek, (so called from the

drowning of some Indians) is the northeast branch of Pee Dee River; it rises in Cumberland county, North Carolina, is fed by Ten Miles and Great swamp, passes through Robinson county, flowing about one hundred miles before it mingles with the waters of Pee Dee; at Ford's bridge Little Pee Dee unites with Great Pee Dee, twelve miles below Britain's ferry: the north-west branch of the first mentioned river flows about the same distance as Drowning Creek, but its navigation is not so good.

Thursday, 3. I preached at Riggins's chapel in a powerful gale of wind; my subject was Acts xi, 23. Daniel Brown gave an energetic exhortation. I ordained William Glover to the office of deacon. After dining at Joseph Riggins's, we went on to Frederick Miller's at Mine Creek. I was very unwell to-day; I could not eat, yet I was compelled to labour under great mental dejection.

Friday, 4. A change for colder weather. We had to ride ten miles to Gray's Creek.

It was my day to preach on *Saturday*, and unwell as I was, I stood up and spoke on 1 Peter iii, 15, to a large congregation of Methodists, Baptists, and people of the world: it was a very cold day. I visited John Newberry, an afflicted man; and his wife, a godly woman.

Sunday, 6. We rode twelve miles to Fayetteville. It was not known whether we were to preach at our own meeting-house or in the State-house; so we ventured into the Presbyterian meeting-house: it was only free for me, as I had been told by Mr. Flinn, the minister, who had received his authority from the magisterial eldership; but it was not my day, so James Jenkins and Nicholas Snethen went into the pulpit, and the latter spoke on 2 Cor. vii, 10. I came off without saying anything—well for me, for I had nearly lost my breath in walking to the house. We were kindly and comfortably entertained at Mr. Lumsden's. The rain came on, but we rode on seven miles, and were compelled to ferry ourselves over Cape Fear River, after being detained nearly half an hour in the rain.

Monday, 7. We had about twenty-two miles to make to

reach Purdy's chapel. I preached upon Titus ii, 11, 14. We lodged at Samuel Richardson's. I have had a day and night of temptations.

Tuesday, 8. We came down the north side of the river to Elizabethtown: N. Snethen preached in the court-house; I was silent. After meeting we rode on fifteen miles to the widow Clarrida's. Leaving the Brown, next day we came to the White Marsh: I preached at Clark's on 1 Peter v, 10; and afterward rode to the Lake of Wacamaw, and lodged at William Wilkinson's.

I sometimes smile at the simplicity of our friends—they would love us to death, in company and in labours too: they cannot do too much, it would seem, to express their kindness; and in return, we are to be such immortal men as never to be weary, and never to complain. I feel for this circuit, having ridden through it: they have need of three preachers at least. At the Lake chapel N. Snethen preached: we concluded with prayer. On *Friday* we had a long ride to Livingston Creek, crossing several swamps whose waters supply the Lake. My subject at Union chapel was 1 Peter v, 8: the day was cold; but we had a full house, and a feeling season. We lodged at Mr. Browning's. Next day we rode twelve miles to the ferry, crossing in a storm, and landing where we could on the deep bank, out of which my mare struggled with difficulty: at the town, (Wilmington,) another ferry, and another storm in crossing made our journey for the day unpleasant enough: we arrived however, at our own house in proper time. We found the church ceiled, and the dwelling improved. I met the people of colour, leaders and stewards; we have eight hundred and seventy-eight Africans, and a few whites in fellowship. N. Snethen preached on *Saturday night;* I spoke on *Sunday morning* upon 1 Peter v, 7; N. Snethen held forth at eleven o'clock; I preached again at half-past three o'clock on 2 Cor. xiii, 9; and N. Snethen gave another discourse at night: thus ended the public labours of this day. The Africans hire their time of their masters, labour and grow wealthy;

they have built houses on the church lots. I hope to be able to establish a school for their children.

Monday, 14. Was so cold we could hardly stand it. At Walter Nicol's I preached a little upon Luke viii, 21. We then rode on to the widow Campbell's, where we held an evening meeting. Next day we must needs ride home with the widow Spicer, living upon the Stump Sound; through hail and wind we went, and little Jane had a shoe on which clogged and made some difficulty. We have been highly favoured hitherto in attending our appointments, and having congregations.

Wednesday, 16. Hard necessity compelled us to rest with the widow and the fatherless: we had a mere storm of wind, and hail, and snow.

Thursday, 17. We took a south-west course, through ice, and snow, and frost, and the wind in our faces; and arrived at Lot Ballard's half-past three o'clock; our appointment at the chapel was for twelve o'clock. I conclude I shall have no more appointments between Wilmington and Newbern; there is a description of people we must not preach to; the people of Onslow seem to resemble the ancient Jews—they *please not God, and are contrary to all men.*

Friday, 18. Finding it was but forty-two miles to Newbern, we concluded to push for it. I rose early, ordained J. Wilden to the office of deacon, and started. I had had thoughts of calling at a certain house, but being fearful we had not the time to spare, we stopped and fed on the ground: soon after we met the master of the house, and dropped a hint of our intention of being his guests, had time permitted; he did not say "Will you," or "Do call at my house"—farewell! farewell! O unhappy people of Jones, and Trent, and Onslow! With a little cake and cheese, and some corn for our horses, we came in fine spirits to Newbern, about six o'clock. On *Saturday* I rested; and Nicholas Snethen preached upon, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Sabbath day, 20. I preached at seven o'clock upon 2 Peter iii, 14; N. Snethen spoke at eleven o'clock; I held forth at

three o'clock on 2 Cor. vi, 2; we were exceedingly crowded. I am grieved for this society; there are more heads than agree well together; want of harmony and want of discipline are too evident: I felt as if I wanted to see them no more until affairs wore a more pleasing aspect.

We set out on *Monday* under some apprehensions that the late rains had swelled the rivers; but we found no difficulties, either at Neuse or Tar rivers. N. Snethen preached at Washington, Beaufort county, on 1 Thess. v, 19, 20; the chapel was crowded. On *Tuesday*, at eleven o'clock, I spoke on Luke viii, 11-15. The want of sleep and other things, made me unwell and unpleasant in my feelings. N. Snethen spoke at four o'clock in the evening on Luke xiii, 5.

Wednesday, 23. We rode twenty-two miles, to Williamston, Martin county; I had not been at this place since January, 1792: I find here now about twenty families, and about forty buildings. My subject at the court-house was Titus; although greatly outdone by fatigue and heat, I had some openings of mind. I was somewhat surprised to see so many called together by twenty-four hours' notice; and I admired the patience of the people, many of whom were obliged to stand in the lobby of the court-house—*a house and a half*. We want a house of our own. John Watts, a local preacher, still keeps his ground as a minister and a Christian, although the Baptists are very numerous here. On *Wednesday* we rode through a very warm, weather-breeding day, twenty-two miles, to Tarborough, and came in about half-past two o'clock. Many came to the new church, and were attentive to hear, whilst N. Snethen preached upon 2 Cor. v, 18-20. I had strength to sit still to-day. We dined at Mr. Ryley's, and were kindly invited to lodge at the widow Tool's, the first which was opened to me in Tarborough. There are in this place about thirty-three families: the people have more trade than religion, more wealth than grace. We have about thirty Africans in fellowship; but no whites. I may notice the bridge; it is 540 feet long, and about thirty feet above the water.

Friday, 25. It rained and hailed; and through the night

snowed heavily, and continued to fall on us after we set out until we came to Prospect Hill: we fed, and went on to Henry Bradford's, twenty-five miles. The snow in places was from eight to twelve inches deep; and as my horse was newly shod, he clogged, and kept me in continual fear. On *Saturday* I preached at our host's from 2 Peter i, 4.

Sabbath day, 27. We came to Halifax. The *rich* had the Gospel preached to them by N. Snethen, from 2 Cor. 1[illegible]-17; I had to speak a little, and then baptized the children. The respectable sisterhood were very attentive; in short, a more decent, well-bred congregation, need not be. We dined at D. Fisher's, who treated us in a most serious and friendly manner. By guess, I should say there were forty families in Halifax. We were impressed, as if by magic, that the river would rise rapidly; so we crossed at four o'clock, and rode twenty miles, to Seth Peeble's, whom we called from his downy bed to take in poor benighted travellers.

Saturday, March 5. Ended our most amicable conference, which began on *Tuesday*. We had preaching each day by M'Kain, Hull, Lee, Snethen, and myself on the last day. We ordained the travelling and local deacons upon *Friday*, and the elders upon *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 6. N. Snethen preached upon 2 Cor. iv, 17, 18; and I followed with an exhortation; and Brother Whatcoat after me. Our stand was in the woods; our congregation consisted of about two thousand souls. I was exceedingly pleased with our conference love-feast—with its order, solemnity, and life; the testimonies borne appeared to be all given under the immediate impulse of the Spirit of God, both in ministers and members.

Bishop Whatcoat being ill, the burthen of the conference labours fell upon me.

Monday, 7. At Concord meeting-house I spoke on 2 Cor. vii, 1. We lodged at Sterling Boykin's. I find the *way of holiness* very narrow to walk in or to preach; and although I do not consider *sanctification—Christian perfection*, commonplace subjects, yet I make them the burden, and labour to make them the savour of every sermon. I feel, I fear

for my dear lowland brethren—so much of this world's wealth; so much fulness of bread, and idleness, and strong drink. Lord, help!

Tuesday, 8. We rode in the evening to Edward Saurey's. The excessive rains in the morning prevented our attending our appointments, to the sad disappointment of our friends in Murfreesborough—*brethren* we have not, for we have no society there. Next day we had a race of a ride to Winton, twenty-five miles: Brother Snethen preached in the court-house at twelve o'clock. We dined at Mr. Bell's, and were generously entertained. Gates court-house, twenty miles farther, brought us up for the night.

Thursday, 10. At the court-house N. Snethen insisted upon *the one thing needful*. I ordained B. Harrall to the deacon's office: he is a man of good repute, without slaves.

VIRGINIA.—As we had two appointments for *Friday*, I preached at Deacon Haslet's, to many people, on 1 Pet. v, 10. We had a consoling, gracious season. Brother Snethen preached at Suffolk. I was surprised to hear that some who had separated from us, should have reported that the new meeting-houses would belong to the bishops, and that they might sell them: these reports were offered by some, not of the connexion, as reasons which prevented their subscribing; and our brethren have therefore determined to build without the aid of others: what our enemies accuse us of intending to do, they have already done in some cases, and attempted in others—Isle of Wight, Mooring's chapel, Wells's chapel, and Major Ben, in building this house within a small distance of the Methodist house, furnish sufficient proofs of their principles and their spirit.

Saturday, 12. I preached at M'Kee's upon Eph. v, 25, 26. We rode to Portsmouth, and I crossed over to Norfolk, where I had an interview with the official members, and ordained George Lee Green to the office of deacon.

Sabbath, 13. I preached in the new house, (the best in Virginia belonging to our society:) the pulpit is high *with a witness*—like that awkward thing in Baltimore, calculated for the gallery, and too high for that. My subject

was Titus ii, 13, 14. At Portsmouth, in the afternoon, I spoke on 2 Cor. vi, 2. N. Snethen preached at Denby's. We had a good passage over the river at Sleepy Hole ferry, and came to Benjamin Powell's; the parents had gone to rest, but some of the children were yet up, and took us in. I felt solemn whilst I looked upon this young race, who make the third generation whom I have served. I ordained their father to the office of deacon, and have preached to their grandfathers, Pinner and Powell, who, with the Collinses, were the three first families that opened their houses to the Methodist preachers in this part of the state.

Tuesday, 15. At Powell's chapel I preached on Rom. xii, 2. In the afternoon N. Snethen held forth at Murphy's chapel on 1 Cor. xii, 27: I concluded the meeting by exhortation. There is a revival of religion in this settlement. Next day, N. Snethen spoke on 1 Cor iii, 11-15. I feel myself failing and unwell

Thursday, 17. We rode twenty-five miles to Ellis's chapel. There has been a great mortality in this neighbourhood within the last twenty-six years: only a few of my first female friends are now living. We lodged with the widow of Stephen Andrews.

Friday, 18. We rode to Petersburg, encountering a long, intricate, muddy path; and no food had we, for man or beast, until we came to our friend Joseph Harding's: by erring in our route we made our day's ride thirty-five miles. If my information be correct, the conference congregation meeting continued in the woods until nine or ten o'clock on *Sunday evening;* it held each day from *Saturday* until *Monday;* and it is believed as many as thirty-five souls professed to find mercy and faith in Christ. By letter from John Pitts, in Fredericksburg, I learn that since he was stationed there, in October last, thirty-five joined the society, which now consists of seventy-three members—Glory, glory be to God!

On *Saturday* N. Snethen preached in Petersburg on 1 John ii, 15-17. On the *Sabbath* my subject was 2 Cor. xiii, 2. We feel the effects of intense labour in the low-

lands; our habits were very feverish, and I suffer from a deep cold and oppression on my breast. We contemplate placing a proper stationed preacher in Petersburg; and the building a new brick church sixty or seventy by forty feet, and two stories high: but this, like many other of our great and good designs, may fall through. N. Snethen preached at four o'clock on 2 Peter iii, 8-10.

Monday, 21. We travelled, very unwell, to Mr. Waltall's, near Chesterfield court-house: we rested in part, and then divided our ride to Richmond into a journey of two days: we arrived on *Tuesday*, and I preached at twelve o'clock to many serious people on Titus ii, 10-13. N. Snethen preached at seven o'clock. Next day we came along to Caroline, thirty-five miles. In the morning it rained, and the day was wintry and dreary: we saw the wagons sinking and set fast, for in many places the route was dreadful: we worried through, feeding our horses once, and ourselves not at all. Next day I preached once more at Dickenson's chapel; my subject was Heb. iii, 12-14.

I feel my infirmities, and the labour of my journeys; but my soul is cast upon the Lord in unceasing prayer that God may guide the Church, and give the spirit of wisdom, and love and zeal to our conferences: we only, as we think, want more useful labourers in the vineyard, and thousands will be brought home to God in the cities, circuits, and towns this year. I lodged at the widow Collins's.

Friday, 25. We rode to Fredericksburg and dined, and then pushed on to Stafford court-house, making forty miles this day. Next day we gained Alexandria, eating nothing between seven o'clock in the morning and seven at night.

Sabbath, 27. I preached upon John i, 6, 7. John Chalmers spoke in the afternoon, and N. Snethen at night; sermon, love-feast, and sacrament, held us five hours. God is gracious; the people are lively, and several were admitted into fellowship. On *Monday*, it blew clear and strong, and cold enough: I hardly stemmed the blast, chilly and trembling as I was.

I preached at Georgetown on Hebrews iv, 15, 16; it was a quickening time. Brothers Chalmers and Snethen exhorted.

MARYLAND.—*Tuesday*, 29. We reached Baltimore, forty-five miles, stopping an hour on our way at the widow Turner's. We have travelled about three hundred miles, towards eight thousand miles.

April 12. The last *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, and *Thursday*, in March, were occupied in reading and answering letters, and in making preparations for the conference: its sitting commenced on *Friday*, the first instant, continuing and ending in great peace: there were sixty-four preachers appointed to their several stations; most of whom were present at the session. Except four hours a day for the transaction of our own business, our time was given to the duties of prayer, and the pulpit—we were between the mount and the multitude, and the conference and the congregations large, lively, and serious, to whom we dispensed the word of life at eleven o'clock, at three o'clock, and at night, and we hope and trust much good was done in the name of the Lord Jesus. My subjects were—on the first *Sabbath*, Col. iv, 2, 3; on the second, Titus iii, 9; at Fell's Point, Luke xxiv, 46. The reasons why I did not speak oftener, were, First, Because there were many zealous, acceptable preachers present; Secondly, Because I wished to be a man of *one* business, and to have my mind free; and, Thirdly, Because I had neither bodily nor mental strength to preside in the conference, and to take so great a part in my particular duties, as its head; to receive the continual applications of so many preachers on so many subjects presented to me at this time; and to fill my place regularly in the pulpit. I paid no visits but to the sick.

It is sufficiently proved, that upon our present plan, unless the preachers exert themselves, every conference in the union, except that of Baltimore, will be insolvent in its finances: in the late and last year's conferences, they have had a surplus here—they have supported wives, widows, and children; and in the present instance, have supplied the contingencies of those preachers who have gone to dis-

tant parts; besides giving one hundred dollars to the Philadelphia, and as much, each, to the conferences of New-York and Boston. I can say, hitherto the Lord hath helped us through deeps, deserts, dangers, and distresses: I have told but a small part of our labours and sufferings—let the great day of eternity reveal the rest! Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, forever! Amen.

Yesterday I preached at Gatch's chapel, on 1 Peter v, 10. We then came on to Perry-Hall. To-day we have had a meeting here. Brother Whatcoat preached upon Colos. ii, 6. My mind is solemnly stayed upon God.

On *Wednesday*, we parted with the elders at Perry Hall: I had preached on 2 Cor. xii, 9, 10. We rode on to Deer Creek, and halted for the night with Harry Watters.

My mind is in a great calm after the tumult of a Baltimore conference, and the continual concourse of visitors and people to which my duty subjected me: I have felt deeply engaged, and much self-possession; indeed, age, grace, and the weight and responsibility of one of the greatest charges upon earth, ought to make me serious. In addition to this charge of the superintendent, to preach, to feel, and to live perfect love! The promise of the year is great—in the fruits of the earth, and in the Church of God: the trees are full of blossoms, and want but rains and sun; and so with us, we want spirituality gracious seasons: Lord, hear, and help, and enlarge, invigorate, sanctify, and bless thine inheritance.

Thursday, 14. We rode to Dublin, upon Deer Creek; and next day I preached upon Heb. iii, 12-14, in a neat chapel, and many attended. After sermon we dined with our brother Evitt, with whom we had lodged, and then rode over the hills of Deer Creek, through a great storm, twelve miles, down to the widow Stump's, at Mount Friendship: J. W. Dallam and three ladies were in company, and I feared for them.

Saturday, 16. Through storms of snow, we pushed on to the ferry, but the water was so low, and the winds so high, we could not cross; we therefore returned to the widow

Stump's and rested, and whilst it snowed without, we performed Divine worship within doors in the family. On *Monday* we succeeded better at the ferry, and got over early enough to reach Back Creek, Cecil county, a distance of twenty-eight miles, by ten o'clock, having arrived in time to dismiss the congregation with prayer. We dined at John Carnan's; and after commending his afflicted wife in prayer to God, we rode home with Richard Bassett, to Bohemia ferry.

Tuesday, 19. I spoke at the Manor chapel, on 1 Cor. xiv, 15; we had preaching, singing, exhorting, shouting, leaping, and praising God. After meeting, we crossed Bohemia and Sassafras rivers, and housed with Robert Moody. My mind is kept in peace; I only seek to please God, and to serve my fellow men as faithfully and impartially as I can —I cannot accommodate myself to the caprices of every man: what a strange creature should I be, were I to suffer myself to exist in such a continual state of transformation as some people's whims might require!

Wednesday, 20. My subject at the new chapel, George Town, Cross Roads, was 1 Tim. iv, 2. We had a living season. Our brethren from Chester Town came to meet us, and to convey us forward with more ease. Save me from *parade!* the greatest good-will, and the kindest intentions, will never make it acceptable in my eyes; I choose rather to go on in my own way, though I suffer for it.

The new chapel in Chester Town is elegantly planned: Brother Whatcoat first preached in it. We dined at Solomon Brady's. Blessed be God, there are some still left of this family to show us kindness, and renew the remembrance of kindness shown twenty-five years ago. We came on to Doctor Allen's: he has been strangely kept alive for about seventy years, in many infirmities.

Saturday, 23. I preached at Easton, on 2 Thess. iii, 1. It was a gracious season for preachers and people. I spoke at eleven o'clock; and I advised the brethren to have preaching at three o'clock, and at night. My subjects for the

past week have been generally *prayer, and preaching the word.* On the *Sabbath day* we had a love-feast: our exercises were closed by my reading the extraordinary accounts I had received of the work of God in the south and west of our continent. Preaching began on Heb. vi, 1, at eleven o'clock, and a more solemn assembly I think I never saw. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the afternoon, and James Moore exhorted—clothed with power, and full of love; never was preacher more respected in Talbot than our brother Moore. Doctor Allen's was our lodging place for three nights. It seems as if the whole Peninsula must be *methodised:* twenty-five years of faithful labours, and the consistent lives of our brethren, generally, have worn down prejudice; so that many who will not *live*, will when they are sick, send for the preachers, that they may *die* Christians.

Monday, 25. We set out for Dover Ferry, and missing our way, rode an additional twelve miles; arriving, we found it impassable, such was the violence of the weather: we took shelter with Mrs. Dickenson. On *Tuesday* the storm increased; and on *Wednesday* I rode to Cambridge and crossed Choptank. I preached at Cambridge on 2 Cor. vi, 2, and returned to the former residence of Henry Ennalls, deceased.

Thursday, 28. I preached at Foster's chapel on 1 Peter i, 4, and came along to Major Mitchell's, in Caroline: the wind was east, the evening cold, and I unwell. At Denton, I took to bed awhile; we continued on, however, and reached Choptank. On *Saturday* I rode, under great bodily affliction, to Duck Creek town. I was under the necessity of submitting to bleeding, tooth-drawing, and the operation of cathartics. I sat in our conference, held in the Friends' meeting-house, four days. We had nearly one hundred preachers, travelling and local, present for the transaction of business. Twelve elders and twelve deacons were ordained. On *Friday* I rode over on a visit to the daughters of Thomas White, Sarah and Anna. I found the children of my once dear friend at Mr. Cook's.

Saturday, May 7.—I went, very unwell, to Wilmington.

Next day, (*Sunday*,) we had frost and snow. I was very unwell, and kept my room. On *Monday* I attended to the altering of the *minutes*, with Thomas Jones my secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Tuesday*, 10. We came into the city of Philadelphia: the rain brought on my intermitting fever; yet, unwell as I was, conditional appointments had been made by my friends; but instead of the pulpit, I took to my room. My journey from Baltimore to the city has brought me over about three hundred and fifty miles. *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday*, I remained in Philadelphia, most of the time confined to my room. The spirit of contention and Church divisions adds distress of mind to my bodily afflictions of colds and intermittents. I crept out upon the *Sabbath day*, and preached at St. George's, on 2 Peter i, 5-9; my voice was weak, and some could not hear; but it was a searching sermon and in season. We set out on *Monday*, and reached Burlington by twelve o'clock: I crossed over and preached in our new house in the solitary town of Bristol: James Sterling and Thomas Ware accompanied me.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Tuesday*, 17. We rode to Joseph Hutchinson's, and next day came to Elizabethtown, and lodged at Mr. Crowell's. On *Thursday* we reached New-York. My weakness continued. Many subjects and persons engaged my thoughts and my attention: but the best of all is, God is with me in all my troubles, sharp and strong.

NEW-YORK.—On *Friday* and *Saturday* I did a little in writing, talking, planning, and thinking. I can hear, see, or feel, no more of religion here than there was last year. I signed a memorial for the obtaining in the court a legal claim to £300 left by Miss De Peyster, for the bishops and clergy of the Methodist Church, to be appropriated in the best manner for the good of the society.

Sunday, 22. I preached at the old church, John-street, from James iii, 17.

I. "The wisdom that cometh from above" is revealed and inspired; it is "pure"—*negatively:* it is not mixed by its Divine Author with that wisdom which is "earthly, sensual,

and devilish;" it is not mixed with the policy, or pleasures, or profits of this world; or of sin, which is of hell. The apostle hath written "pure religion," and this it cannot be when mingled with such qualities, all of which spring from men or devils.

II. "The wisdom that cometh from above is pure,"—*positively*: it is pure in conviction, repentance, faith, regeneration, and sanctification: it is the operative principles of grace in the soul, as internally, and externally manifested It is "peaceable" in relation to God, and all mankind, to the Church, and the world, and the tranquil state of the soul. It is "gentle," soft, amiable in all its administrations, never stormy, or sour, or haughty, or overbearing "Easy to be entreated," to do and suffer anything that is right and reasonable, for the glory of God, and for the good of our own, and the souls of others. "Impartiality," this is the Christian dress: not bound and pinched by countries, names, forms, and opinions; neither does it envy the rich on account of their riches, nor neglect the poor on account of their poverty. "Without hypocrisy," sincerity is the incontestable evidence of God and man of our possession of the heavenly treasure of "that wisdom that cometh from above;" and people may go upon fancies, and be ready to die with raptures, but if they are turbulent, ungovernable, self-willed, and false towards their fellow men, or towards their God, their religion is vain; whatever it may once have been, it is not the gold of the sanctuary now, but a counterfeit, alloyed by a mixture of the *wisdom of this world.*

After Brother Whatcoat had preached in the afternoon, I gave them an exhortation.

A bread factory caught fire and occasioned a great alarm and bustle; plenty of water, and the great activity of the citizens prevented the flames from spreading.

Monday, 23. I rode twenty-two miles to the widow Sherwood's, and preached at four o'clock on Heb. iv, 9-11. Next day we called at Nicholas Underhill's and dined, and exhorted and prayed with the family. At the White-Plains I preached on 1 John ii, 15. It was the time of the court's

sitting, which, together, with a want of information respecting the appointment made for me, caused but a thin congregation. We lodged at Moses Fowler's, and the next day reached Bedford, where brother Whatcoat preached.

CONNECTICUT.—On the morrow we reached Reading, passing through Ridgefield, and I preached in Aaron Hunt's house upon Coloss. iii, 12, 13; the text itself is a sermon.

Friday, 27. Finding the road, by information, to be rocky and hilly, we were persuaded to come back to the post road; we therefore directed our course down through Greenfield and Bridgeport to Stratford, and arriving at Elkanan Wheeler's, we were willing to rest: thirty miles of our journey we made without feeding man or beast. My health is better; but the labour of riding, and the inconvenience occasioned by the dust raised by the chaise in advance of us, made me feel a little like Jonah. My soul is often led out after God: my treasure and pleasure in Christ and the service of his Church. The Baptists of Connecticut have sent their petition from the Assembly to the legislature of Connecticut, to the bishops of the Methodist Church, that they may have their aid in obtaining toleration: what can we do, and how is it our business? We are neither popes nor politicians: let our brethren assert their own liberties. Besides, who may now be trusted with power? The Baptists are avowed enemies to episcopacy, be the form of Church government as mild as it may; now it seems, popes, as they would otherwise term us, may be useful to them, nor are they too proud to ask for help; but our people will not be pushed into their measures; their bishops have no coercive power of this sort: if the Baptists know not what to do we cannot tell them.

Sunday, 29. We came to Middletown: as it was the hour of devotion, we stepped into the Separate meeting-house, and heard a certain Mr. Greaves preach. At five o'clock, brother Whatcoat, after some demurring, was permitted to preach: when he was done, the old woman controverted his doctrine of sanctification. *I told you so.* The work of God

revives at New-Haven; and Satan's emissaries rage, and those who are *too good to be better*, oppose.

Monday, 30. We crossed Connecticut River at Rocky Hill, and came on to Kelsom, twenty-five miles; I preached at four o'clock on 2 Pet. v, 6-9, and ordained Daniel Burrows a deacon.

Tuesday, 31. We came to Windham, twenty miles, and had some rain. Brother Whatcoat preached. After refreshing ourselves with Mr. Harris and his kind family at Brooklin, we came on through Pomfret, and thence to Thompson, where I preached at four o'clock upon Gal. v, 22-26; and thus ended the labours of *Wednesday*.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Thursday*, *June* 2. At Millford in Massachusetts, brother Whatcoat preached at five o'clock; and on *Friday* I made at Needham an improvement on 1 Pet. v, 10. On each of the last two days we have travelled thirty miles. I have read some letters giving an account of the work of God at the south: some in our eastern congregations wonder, if they do not believe. Since we left Baltimore we have made seven hundred and twelve miles.

Saturday, 4. We have had a gracious rain. My mind is in peace; but such perpetual motion wearies the flesh, and flags the spirits.

Poor New England! she is the valley of dry bones still! Come, O breath of the Lord, and breathe upon these slain that they may live!

Sunday, 5. Brother Whatcoat at Waltham spoke upon Heb. viii, 10-12. I dropped a few hints upon Heb. ii, 1-3. We receive good news from the south. We rest, we write, we read, and lay plans for the Boston Conference.

Wednesday, 8. We came through the dust to Boston; and as eighteen members were present, we opened the conference in our chapel. We sat six hours a day for despatch of business; there was preaching at eleven and five o'clock, and in the evening: it was all new, but nothing special appeared.

Saturday, 11. We ordained Joshua Soule and Nathan Emory elders, and Edward Whittle deacon: as our work was done, and we were feeble, we came away to Waltham.

It is no time to journalize; but I may remark that we had great peace in our conference, and that we have an increase of five hundred members. I lodged at Mrs. Woodard's, and was kindly and comfortably entertained. The great wants of Boston are good religion and good water. How can this city and Massachusetts, be in any other than a melancholy state! worse, perhaps, for true piety, than any other parts of the Union: what! reading priests, and alive? O no! dead, dead, dead, by nature—by formality—by sin!

Sunday, 12. Preached at Waltham chapel on 1 Pet. iv, 18.

On *Monday* I rested, and made ready for the tour to Ashgrove. Long-wanted rain overtook us on our road to Harvard, and we came in dripping to Caleb Sawyer's: here I was pleased with the decency, piety, and simplicity of manners of both parents and children. At a small schoolhouse, two miles distant, brother Whatcoat preached. On *Wednesday* we came on to Lominster, twelve miles, and dined at Silas Willard's: at four o'clock I preached on 1 Cor. i, 30. It is in this town we crossed the Nashua River, which empties into the Merrimack.

I will not mention names, but I could tell of a congregation that sold their priest to another congregation in Boston for the sum of one thousand dollars, and hired out the money at the unlawful interest of twenty-five or thirty per cent. Lord, have mercy upon the priest and people that can think of buying the kingdom of heaven with money! How would it tell to the south, that priests were among the notions of Yankee traffic?

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Thursday*, 16. We came to Ebenezer Coleburn's New Hampshire; and I preached upon Titus ii, 11, 12. We had an open time, a baptism, and sacrament. Next day we laboured through extreme heat, and over high hills, to Marlborough, and were glad to rest ourselves at Ebenezer Herrick's, opposite the west side of the great mountain called Monadnick. This portion of the State of New-Hampshire is full of hemlock swamps; and I question if any part of the Alleghany, south, is more broken: the roads, however, are greatly improved, and there is a turn-

pike extending from Boston to Keene. The soil, though barren, exhibits, in its abundant productions of grass, oats, barley, rye, and potatoes, what the arm of labour, and habits of economy and industry will do: out-doors there is a well-kept stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs; and in-doors you see plenty of cheese, butter, and milk, and fish from the mill ponds, which are wonderfully frequent, producing the finest trout and pike: the people are pictures of health, and appear to be of the old English stamina.

Saturday, 18. We journeyed through the vale and pleasant town of Keene, and climbed along, height after height, towards Walpole; seven miles off, upon the south-west, we turned and came to Westmoreland, and held our quarterly meeting for Chesterfield circuit at Jonathan Winchester's, brother to the famous Universalist of that name. I opened the meeting in a new barn, upon Titus, ii, 13, 14. On the *Sabbath* we were crowded from seven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon; the wind from the south-east blew in at the door, and it rained withal. Brother Whatcoat and elder Ostrander preached before, and the young men exhorted after love-feast and the sacrament.

Monday, 20. We came over the mighty hills to Chesterfield: here we called upon John Bishop, and at four o'clock a few were got together, to whom I gave a lecture upon Heb. xii, 1-3. Next day we crossed the Connecticut River at Bennett's ferry, and came into the city of Brattleborough, stopping at Joseph Jacob's. We are now in Vermont. The stupendous steeps on each side of the river resemble those at Harper's Ferry, and the precipitous heights of the North River. We have ridden eight hundred and fifty miles since we left Baltimore. My mind enjoys a great calm; and I have faith to believe that as God is working gloriously in other parts of the continent, he will make a display of his power even here, and bid the dry bones live: I hope to hear of it at the Ashgrove conference.

VERMONT.—*Wednesday*, 22. We had a meeting at a schoolhouse near to Joseph Jacob's, in Guilford: brother Whatcoat preached upon the *perfect law of liberty*, and we had

a gracious season. As we could not consent to wait three days for Whittingham quarterly meeting, we, on *Thursday*, took the track to Bennington, the mountain notwithstanding: we had been advised to go round nearly one hundred miles. We passed through Brattleborough, Marlborough, Wilmington, and the skirts of several other small towns. Our dinner we took with D. Mixen, and continued on to William Perry's, thirty-five miles. Our journey to-day was quite in the old style—Braddock's road, over the Alleghany mountain. On *Friday evening* we reached Ashgrove, twenty-eight miles, by four o'clock—weary men, and tired horses. I have good health, severe temptations, but no murmuring or ill temper. I am once more in Cambridge, New-York.

NEW-YORK.—*Saturday*, 25. I spent in reading, writing, meditation, and prayer.

Sabbath, 26. At our church at Ashgrove, I spoke upon Col. iv, 2, 3: we had a quickening time. When I came across the mountain I found the season was exceeding dry, and was led out in prayer that the Lord would graciously give us of the fruits of the earth, and be merciful to man and beast: our exercises of faith and prayer I believe were not unavailing. On *Saturday* and *Sunday* we had rain; and now the same blessings of a spiritual nature are wanting, for which we wrestle with our God; and I believe souls will be converted at this conference. Luther Bishop, a young boy, preached on the *Sabbath day*—and so we will continue every evening until next *Monday* or *Tuesday* week, stroke after stroke with the rod of the Lord, like Moses, until the waters of repentance flow from hearts of rock. On *Monday* brother Whatcoat preached: my subject on *Tuesday* was Rom. ii, 7: we rested at John Baker's. On *Wednesday* the elders did not appear, and I was obliged to hold forth again—my text Psalm cii, 13-17. By deaths and removals, this Ashgrove society is diminished, but there will be a revival at this conference. This is a very eligible place for Albany, York, Genessee, Pittsfield, and Vermont districts, but the conference ought to be divided between

the two old societies of York and Ashgrove. On *Thursday* I had to preach again.

Friday, July 1. We opened our conference at John Baker's, in the Holloway, prettily environed with hills, a carpet of green spread beneath, and here and there around us fields clothed with the promise of an abundant harvest. We finished our business on *Tuesday*, public and private: there were nearly seventy preachers and fifty members. On the *Sabbath day*, perhaps, we had two thousand hearers: the house was filled with women, and the men stood without: I stood in the door, and spoke to them from 1 Tim. iv, 11, 12; but I had been overcome by twelve hours' a day constant attention to business in the conference, and spoke with pain.

Wednesday, 6. We came to Pittstown, dined with Mr. Follitt, and came on to the Half Moon, thirty miles, and lodged at John Barber's: these two villages increase. On *Thursday* we came through Albany, and stopped to dine at Dole's tavern, three miles beyond: here brother Whatcoat discovered that he had left my coat and my cloak behind: I bore the loss with some patience. Finding we had two hundred miles to reach Trenton, and only six days to accomplish the distance in, we continued on to Blasdale's at Coeyman's Landing: reflecting on this, and the journey of fourteen hundred miles still to Kentucky, and brother Whatcoat's indisposition withal, I felt somewhat moved. On *Friday* we came to John Crawford's, near the Catskill mountains, making thirty-five miles without food for man or beast. On *Saturday* we reached Cole's, at Hurly Town, on Esopus Creek. The drought, and heat, and dust, in nine hundred and ninety miles from Baltimore to this place, made us suffer; but my mind was supported, and my health preserved. At Hurly we called a few attentive people together, to whom I dispensed the word of life on Heb. xi, 25.

Monday, 11. We rose at four o'clock, and came off at six, and at twelve stopped at Mr. Ostrander's: in this happy family we found the son of peace. We came on to New-Windsor, (through Newburg,) to John Ellis's, making forty

miles. Were I to listen to the murmurs of people, I might bring myself into dreadful business: feeling my unworthiness, I the more readily forgive their complaints: indeed their censure is far more safe for me than their praise. I have travelled about two hundred miles through the State of New-York. By a fair and accurate computation I judge that we have added, exclusive of the dead, the removed, and the expelled, and withdrawn, 17,300. Our total for the year 1803 are 104,070 members: in 1771 there were about 300 Methodists in New-York, 250 in Philadelphia, and a few in Jersey; I then longed for 100,000; now I want 200,000—nay, thousands upon thousands.

Tuesday, 12. We rested: but we shall pay for it before we reach Trenton. On *Wednesday*, we started for Warwick, but the tire of the carriage-wheel giving way, we only reached Lyminson's. Next day we dined at Sussex court-house, and reached Mezener's, on the mountain; next day we came to Asbury Town, between Sussex and Hunterdon counties.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Saturday*, 16. We were driven into Jonathan Bunn's, by a blessed rain. On the *Sabbath day*, at Trenton, my subject was 2 Cor. xi, 17.

Monday, 18. We went forward to Bristol: brother Whatcoat preached; I had spoken at Burlington on Tit. ii, 14.

PENNSYLVANIA.—I must here, in Philadelphia, labour with the pen, and answer letters, and refit for the western conference.

Friday, 22. We left the city. During my three days' stay, I preached once at the Academy. On the Great Valley road we stopped at brother Geiger's, and housed for the night with an exceeding-kind German family by the name of Kenagee. On *Saturday* we found heat, and dust, and turnpike-gates, (twelve in seventy-five miles,) as usual.

Sabbath, 24, we spent at Soudersburg. I spoke on Psalm li, 9-12. Here Bishop Whatcoat concluded he must stop, or go on with me and die by inches.

Monday, 25. I passed through Lancaster, called upon John Shainer, upon Little Conastoga, dined at Columbia

and preached at three o'clock, and then crossed the ferry and reached Henry Strickler's to lodge for the night. We stole a march upon our friends at York, and met them at the court-house as they were coming to meet us: we stopped awhile at brother Lay's, and then came on to brother Pentz's. On *Tuesday* I had a little leisure to write a few letters; and on *Wednesday morning* I preached at the chapel; and in the evening went to James Worley's. On *Thursday* I preached once more at the widow Holspeter's upon Conewago: since I was here the old man has gone to rest. My mind is under a great calm. I hope this will be a great year of Gospel grace.

Friday, 29. We had a sultry ride to Carlisle. Henry Boehm preached in the evening. Next day, at eleven o'clock, I gave them a sermon from Col. iii, 12-14: in the evening Wilson Lee spoke.

On the *Sabbath* we had prayer-meeting at five o'clock; James Smith preached at eight o'clock; I spoke on 2 Cor. vi, 2; and Wilson Lee in the afternoon: we had excessive heat, but the people were very attentive. I have read the half of the "Portrait of St. Paul:" O inimitable Fletcher—in preaching, writing, in living, and in dying!

Monday, August 1. I came ten miles to a Mr. Snyder's, near a village called New Ville, and dined about eleven o'clock: the people gathered together, and I must needs preach to them. We proceeded on to Shippensburgh in haste, and here I again stood up in my Master's name: we had a crowded house, and a sick preacher. There is a meeting-house here *on shares* with the Presbyterians and Seceders; the Methodists have one of their own.

On *Tuesday morning*, at four o'clock, we set out to scale the mountains. We passed a little town called Strasburg, and another called Emmitsburg: here we stopped, and I laid myself down upon the floor to rest; intense heat, rugged mountains, and a wasting dysentery almost overcame me. I feel, and have felt thirty-two years, for Pennsylvania—the most wealthy, and the most careless about God, and the things of God; but I hope God will shake the

State and the Churches. There are now upwards of twenty German preachers somehow connected with Mr. Otterbine and Martin Boehm: but they want authority, and the Church wants discipline.

Wednesday, 3. We came to David Field's and fed. After prayer, Wilson Lee bade us farewell, and went away to the Littleton quarterly meeting: a rumour had spread that I also was to be there; strange, that they should expect that I would stay one hundred miles in the rear of my appointments for such a purpose; what must I not do to please all the preachers and all the people!

Hard and slowly did we toil up, through intense heat, eight miles of the Sideling Hill; we stopped at a house of entertainment, kept by Mr. Head; the night was very sultry, and my lodging-room very small.

Thursday, 4. We started for Berlin: passing through Bedford and Somerset counties, and crossing the Juniata, we came into pleasant Berlin about sun-set, making a ride of forty miles. We lodged with 'Squire Johnston; and necessity was laid upon us to speak both in English and German—with the assistance of my travelling companion, Henry Boehm.

Friday, 5. Forty-two miles over hills and rocks, brought us down upon Connellstown, on the Youghiogeny River, where we lodged with Anthony Banning. I called at the twenty-mile house, and found a daughter of Michael King, a local preacher amongst us whilst living, and now, I trust, a glorified spirit. I think it will be better for me never to ride eighty-two miles in two days again: a wearied mare, just off a journey of thirteen hundred miles, and an old, afflicted man; but God and grace is sufficient. On *Saturday* and *Sabbath* I rested in Connellstown, and preached; my subject was Matt. v, 13. There has been *death in the pot* here, nor do we know that it is yet, or when it will be, out. On our way to Jacob Murphy's, we noticed Colonel Mason's superb stone mansion on Mount Braddock.

Tuesday, 9. At Murphy's barn I spoke on 1 Cor. vii, 29-31. Although much afflicted in my bowels, I felt wholly given

up to do or suffer the will of God—to be sick or well, and to live or die at any time and in any place—the fields, the woods, the house, or the wilderness: glory be to God for such resignation! I have little to leave, except a journey of five thousand miles a year, the care of more than a hundred thousand souls, and the arrangement of about four hundred preachers yearly, to which I may add the murmurs and discontent of ministers and people: who wants this legacy? Those who do are welcome to it for me!

Thursday, 11. I dined with the aforesaid Colonel Mason one of the great men of the west. Next day I came to Union Town, and returned to Jacob Murphy's. On *Saturday* I came to the quarterly meeting; I preached, and we had an open time: at the night meeting it was a shouting time; and our meetings, I believe, were warning times to Union Town. I believe God will yet work in the Redstone settlement; has already begun amongst the Presbyterians.

Tuesday, 16. I rode, twenty miles, to Harry Stephens's, upon Monongahela; weak and afflicted. Next day I attended an appointment made for me at Maple Town; my subject was 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8: many heard and felt. I stayed with Mr. Jackson, on Muddy Creek, for the night.

Thursday, 18. I preached at Sheppard's meeting-house upon Rom. viii, 9. I was uncommonly led out upon both my last subjects, and I suppose I had one thousand hearers in the two congregations. After dining we rode down the heights of Tenmile, to a town called Frederick; thence to the Quaker settlement, and stopped at Alexander Frew's. Were the grounds not so uneven, and so destitute of springs and streams, I should give the Redstone settlement the preference to almost any in America: the soil is good, the timber lofty, and there is plenty of iron, coal, and limestone; and would the settlers generally do as their Quaker neighbours, (the only people here who manure their lands,) the soil would never be exhausted. The great promise of fruit has failed. It is mercifully wise in Providence to check our plenty; particularly here: many drunkards will

now be kept sober in this distilling country, and I hope some will be converted to God.

Friday, 19. Our camp-meeting begins to-day: the ground chosen was William Jackson's, near the old fort upon the Monongahela; it was upon a beautiful eminence, the great stand was erected, and a second one to the left, concealed by the trees. On *Saturday* I preached to about one thousand hearers; my text was Isa. lv, 12. The Sabbath was wet in the morning, but, clearing away, both stands, were occupied, and there might be in the two congregations nearly four thousand people: there was a visible impression made upon many, and we hope fifty souls were converted to God. On *Tuesday* we came away, whilst others were coming to the ground. Thornton Flemming and James Quinn went back and preached. We came to Samuel Hammond's.

Wednesday, 24. At the Forks meeting-house I preached on 1 Thess. iii, 1. Whilst we were at dinner at Benjamin Fell's, William Page came in with the agreeable intelligence of a revival at Connellsville. On *Thursday* we crossed Monongahela, at Elizabethtown, and came to William Jones's, and preached to an unexpected congregation: I was unwell, but spoke on Acts ii, 21. A woman, noted for being a mocker, fell down, and cried for mercy, confessing her sins before all the people. Brother Page exhorted, but the people would not disperse until he had given them a sermon under the sugar-maple trees: many trembled and wept, if they did not pray. This has been a neglected spot. On *Friday*, we rested.

Saturday, 27. We had a dry, sultry ride to Pittsburg. In the evening William Page preached. In the court-house I spoke, on the *Sabbath day*, to about four hundred people; my subject was 1 Chron. vii, 14. I would have preached again, but the Episcopalians occupied the house. I come but once in twelve years, but they could not consent to give way for me. It is time we had a house of our own. I think I have seen a lot which will answer to build upon.

Monday, 29. I came down, and crossed at the old fort, the point of confluence of the rivers Monongahela and Alle-

ghany, whence these united waters flow under the appropriate name of Ohio, *beautiful.* I crossed Sawmill and the Shirtee, and passed the lands of General Nevill. At John Wrenshall's I found an agreeable hostess, and lovely children. Riding up the road I met an aged Presbyterian, who told me that religion was at a great height in Mr. Wood's congregation—that yesterday under preaching several fell down; he asked my opinion of the work: I replied, that in my judgment, any person who could not give an account of the convincing and converting power of God, might be mistaken; falling down would not do: we agreed in sentiment. I stopped at John Fawcett's, where, although very sick, I preached to a large congregation, at seven o'clock on *Tuesday;* my subject was Matt. vii, 7, 8. I baptized several children. On the same day I rode, weak, faint, and alone, to Washington; it was the time of the court sessions: we had about four hundred people to hear, to whom I spoke on Titus ii, 11, 12. I lodged at John Crouch's: God is in this house.

Wednesday, 31. We rode seventeen miles to Philip Doddridge's, near a new-made town called Middletown; here I preached next day in a new stone house, the first of the kind I have met with in my tour. Although faint, from heat and a dysentery, I was long and fervent, and the people were attentive.

Friday, September 2. We found a spot and made a pulpit between two sugar-maple trees. I was in great pain, so that I did not attend quarterly meeting, which began on *Saturday*, continued until midnight, re-commenced on the *Sabbath* with love-feast and sacrament, and at eleven o'clock I preached on Eph. vi, 18-20.

I. "The ministry of the Gospel," in redemption and salvation; in what Christ hath done for us, and in what is wrought in us by his Spirit.

II. The duty, nature, and exercise of prayer—for saints, for the ministry, and for the success of the Gospel.

III. That the apostle might be bold as a prisoner and a martyr.

Many things were said of the mysteries of God—creation,

the winds, and our own existence in embryo; we have demonstration of these mysteries, and such we also have of redemption, conviction, conversion, sanctification, and the adorable Trinity; and frequent and obvious demonstrations of the power of God and his word *instantaneously* manifested: we do not know *how* these things are, but we know that they do exist.

My indisposition was such, that I felt the people still engaged in worship, much ashamed of the meanness of my performance, however well my hearers may have thought of it: the Lord knew my good intentions, but I saw that the excellency of such sublime and interesting subjects was beyond my reach of thought or expression. The Lord blessed our gathering together, and souls were converted.

VIRGINIA.—Ohio county. *Monday*, 5. We rode ten miles to John Beck's, near West Liberty. I preached on Acts iii, 26; one soul who had been convicted at our quarterly meeting, professed to find peace with God, and shouted *glory!* with a loud voice. On *Tuesday* I preached near this place to a crowd, at John Spaugh's. I came with Rezin Pomfry down the great hill, to the Ohio. *Wednesday* brought us to Charlestown, the capital of Brook County, situated at the mouth of Buffalo, eighty miles from Pittsburgh. We found the Ohio so low, that the boat of Colonel Lewis, who is going to explore the Mississippi, would not float over the flats.

OHIO.—*Thursday*, 8. I reached Steubenville, and preached on Luke xix, 10. As the court-house could not contain the people, we went to a Presbyterian tent; for which, as the "Jews and Samaritans have no dealings" in this country, we must ask pardon. I was invited to dine with Mr. Bazaleel Wells, one of the proprietors of this town, and the rich occupant of a large mansion, which, if rough-cast, would be grand. The rivers and streams were never lower than now. My mind is greatly engaged with God in public and in private; but I feel the power of Satan in these little, wicked, western trading towns.

Friday, 9. At Charlestown I preached in Brook court-house, on Joshua xxiv, 19. We came to Nicholas Pomfrey's to lodge in the evening. On *Saturday* we crossed at Pomfrey's ferry, and attended West Wheeling quarterly meeting at Hopewell chapel. I ordained brother Wrenshall to the office of deacon, and then came to the stand, and preached on the *Sabbath day* on 1 Peter v, 10. We had love-feast and sacrament. There was a cry raised very soon, and it was with difficulty I could keep the thread of my discourse whilst they were singing and shouting upon the top of the hill. At candle light the cry began again, and continued until the break of day on *Monday morning:* it is judged there were twenty souls converted to God. I came away, keeping up Indian Short Creek to Isaac Meek's, ten miles; on this stream are some of as fine lands as any in America.

Tuesday, 13. We came to Morrison's tavern, twenty miles, our route lying along upon the branches of Short Creek, Wheeling, and Stillwater—the land still fertile. Next day we reached Will's Creek, after riding thirty-seven miles; we were richly entertained at Mr. Beatty's. On *Thursday morning* it rained about two hours; I was damped, and felt a touch of inflammation in my throat. We stopped at Zanesville, and found good entertainment at Mrs. Morrison's.

Friday, 16. We reached John Murphy's, at New Lancaster. Since *Tuesday morning* we have ridden one hundred and twenty miles, over successive, and excessively steep hills. My mind has been calm. Daniel and Benjamin Hitt have been my companions. The levels, and on the water-courses the lands, in this state are exceedingly rich, with all the appearances which alluvial soils present. I frequently see the *tumuli* or barrows, such as are seen in the west of Georgia—most probably graves of the aborigines. Jonathan's and Brush Creeks are branches of the Hockhocking: there is fine land on these streams. We are, I judge, six hundred miles from Philadelphia.

On *Saturday*, I preached at John Murphy's, on 2 Peter i, 2. We held a sacramental and social meeting. At eleven

o'clock Daniel Hitt preached, and I spoke after him; we had the attention of the people, and we saw some tears, but there was nothing special done. On *Monday* I preached at Edward Teal's once more: this brother I knew in Maryland thirty years ago; he is now settled in Fairfield, near Rush Creek, and has twelve hundred acres of land under his feet, equal to any in the United States: what will not a little enterprise do for a man in this highly-favoured country!

Tuesday, 20. Was a day of settled rain; we sought a shelter at Edward Teal's. Next day, having two appointments, we set out and got bewildered in the woods, and lost our way upon Mount Pleasant: we judged it best to take the path to New Lancaster, and try to secure our second appointment, at Broad Cole's. After riding about twenty miles, and again missing our way, we came in at three o'clock, and I preached upon Luke xi, 13. I took lodging at Mr. Daniel Van Meeter's. Mr. Van Meeter told me, that a boy had cultivated about twelve acres, which would yield him about seven hundred bushels of Indian corn: now what do these people want with slaves? They have wisely prohibited their introduction into the state. The Muddy Prairie is five miles in length, and a mile wide, more or less; it was, doubtless, once a lake: it is very fertile, but must be drained before it can be well cultivated. New Lancaster has nearly one hundred houses of all kinds, ill situated for health on a low, rich level, through which creeps the still Hockhocking.

Thursday, 22. We came thirty miles to Brown's, on Deer Creek, Ross county. Our route brought us over the Picaway Plains, seven miles long, three miles wide, and fertile; little hills covered with lofty trees here and there, rise from the level and give a beautifully-picturesque appearance to the plains. At Thomas's we crossed the Scioto, now dwindled to a small body of water. On *Friday* I preached at Brown's; my text was 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8; it was an open season, with about three hundred hearers.

Saturday, 24. I rode to Chilicothe, fifteen miles, through lands generally rich. We passed some of those mounds and

intrenchments which still astonish all who visit this country, and give rise to many conjectures respecting their origin: "Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest" and will rest "upon them." In the state-house, which also answers for a court-house, I preached to about five hundred hearers, and would have had more had not the rain prevented. Chilicothe stands upon the point of confluence of the Scioto River and Paint Creek. On *Monday* we came away from Governor Edward Tiffen's across the fat lands of the Paint: at the end of thirty miles we stopped at Brancker's, and had the common fare of travellers, with other travellers.

Tuesday, 27. We stopped at Ohio Brush-Creek, fifteen miles; dined in haste with George Spurgin, and bent our course to George Rogers's, at Darlington's ferry—this was a stretching ride.

Kentucky.—*Wednesday*, 28. We crossed the Ohio into the state of Kentucky, Fleming county, stopping at Salathiel Fitch's. It is wonderful to contemplate the effects of American enterprise exhibited in the State of Ohio: it is but four years since Zane opened the road for the general government through the *wilderness* so lately called, and now there are the towns of Marietta at the mouth of the Muskingum, of about one thousand houses; Cincinnati, containing as many; Hamilton, of five hundred houses; and many others whose names are scarcely fixed.

Thursday, 30. We came through Bourbon county. I crossed Licking River by the Salt Works, and rode thirty-three miles to Benjamin Coleman's, at Mount Gerizim, to attend the Kentucky Conference; this was a heavy ride, without food for man or beast until we reached *home*. On *Friday* we rested.

Saturday, *October* 1. Barnabas M'Henry preached upon the Divine institution of the *Sabbath*. On *Sunday* I had to preach from a stand in the woods to about two thousand people; my subject was 1 Thess. iii, 1. It was an open time.

Monday, 3. We entered fully upon our conference work; but I had to preach nevertheless. We had preaching every

day; and the people continued singing and prayer, night and day, with little intermission. On *Wednesday* the meeting closed. We hope there were twenty souls converted to God, besides five who are reported to have been converted at a family meeting. Our conference ended on *Thursday* the sixth. I had taken cold, but rode twelve miles to Smith's, and was driven by illness early to bed. Next day I rose unwell, and continued my route through Paris, standing upon the fork between Stono and another stream, useful for mills, but apt to be nearly dry in autumn. Paris is the capital of Bourbon county—a growing place of about four hundred houses, some of brick, and a stone meeting-house belonging to the Presbyterians. The day was excessively warm, but I made twenty miles to Doctor Hinde's, Clarke county; brothers M'Kendree, Garratt, Douthat, and Granade, were with me.

Saturday, 8. I felt my mind devoutly fixed on God. I accomplished two things in conference: viz., 1. Forming the Ohio circuits into a district; 2. Sending two missionaries to Natchez, and one to the Illinois—as the *minutes* of the present year will show.

Sunday, 9. At Hynde's chapel, Clarke county, I preached, and thereby paid a debt which I had contracted last year, by sending N. Snethen to preach in my place, by which, it may be, some people were disappointed: my text was 2 Peter i, 4-8. On *Monday* we took the path for Madison, crossing the Kentucky River at Combe's ferry: we put in at Christopher Irwine's. On *Tuesday* we stopped at Wood's—in the woods: his house being unfinished, there were masons, and carpenters, and gentlemen, and riflemen, and whisky topers, besides the gnats and bats, which, ever and anon, flew in and out: we quitted our purgatory upon paying two and a half dollars for three of us.

Wednesday, 12. It rained to-day. We encountered the rocks and hills, on the route to Rock Castle River, and stopped, dripping and willing, at Senior Faris's: here we had fire, food, prayer, a room, and a bed. On *Thursday* we started and reached Richard Ballinger's: our host gave us

entertainment *gratis*, and we had prayer at night and in the morning. I think seriously of forming a wilderness circuit: it is high time to begin.

Tennessee.—*Friday*, 14. We came to Hunt's, at Claibornes court-house; and next day reached Martin Stubblefield's. What a road have we passed! certainly the worst on the whole continent, even in the best weather; yet, bad as it was, there were four or five hundred crossing the rude hills whilst we were: I was powerfully struck with the consideration, that there were at least as many thousand emigrants annually from east to west: we must take care to send preachers after these people. We have made one thousand and eighty miles from Philadelphia; and now, what a detail of sufferings might I give, fatiguing to me to write, and perhaps to my friends to read! A man who is well mounted, will scorn to complain of the roads, when he sees men, women, and children, almost naked, paddling bare-foot and bare-legged along, or labouring up the rocky hills, whilst those who are best off have only a horse for two or three children to ride at once. If these adventurers have little or nothing to eat, it is no extraordinary circumstance; and not uncommon, to encamp in the wet woods after night—in the mountains *it does not rain, but pours.* I too have my sufferings, perhaps peculiar to myself: pain, and temptation; the one of the body, and the other of the spirit; no room to retire to—that in which you sit common to all, crowded with women and children, the fire occupied by cooking, much and long-loved solitude not to be found, unless you choose to run out into the rain, in the woods: six months in the year I have had, for thirty-two years, occasionally, to submit to what will never be agreeable to me; but the people, it must be confessed, are amongst the kindest souls in the world. But kindness will not make a crowded log cabin, twelve feet by ten, agreeable: without are cold and rain; and within, six adults, and as many children, one of which is all motion; the dogs too, must sometimes be admitted. On *Saturday*, at Felix Ernest's, I found that amongst my other trials, I had taken the itch;

and, considering the filthy houses and filthy beds I have met with, in coming from Kentucky Conference, it is perhaps strange that I have not caught it twenty times: I do not see that there is any security against it, but by sleeping in a brimstone shirt:—poor bishop! But we must bear it for the elect's sake. I wrote some letters to our local brethren, and read the book of Daniel while in this house.

Sunday, 23. My soul is tranquil, the air is pure, and the house of God is near; and Jehovah is nearer. At Ebenezer, I preached on James i, 22: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." By introduction, I collected the words of our Lord, and those of the apostle Paul upon the same subject, and brought them to one point. In opening the subject, I observed, 1. What we are taught in the preaching of the Gospel: First, Christian experience; Secondly, Christian tempers; Thirdly, Christian perfection; Fourthly, Christian duties. 2. General head: How people should hear the word—constantly, seriously; in faith, in prayer; as believing it promises all that is good, and threatens the most dreadful evil. 3. To be doers of the word, is to seek for the immediate experience and practice of the word.

North Carolina.—On *Monday*, we came off in earnest; refreshed at Isaiah Harrison's, and continued on to the Paint mountain, passing the gap newly made, which makes the road down to Paint Creek much better: I lodged with Mr. Nelson, who treated me like a minister, a Christian, and a gentleman.

Tuesday, 25. We reached Buncombe. The road is mended by changing the direction and bridging the Ivy.

Wednesday, 26. We called a meeting at Killion's, and a gracious season it was: my subject was 1 Cor. xv, 38. Sister Killion and sister Smith, sisters in the flesh, and kindred spirits in holiness and humble obedience, are both gone to their reward in glory. On *Thursday* we came away in haste, crossed Swamoat at T. Foster's, the French Broad at the High Shoals, and afterward again at Beard's bridge, and put up for the night at Andrew Mitchell's: we passed

two large encamping places of the Methodists and Presbyterians; it made the country look like the Holy Land.

Friday, 28. We came up Little River, a sister stream of French Broad: it offered some beautiful flats of land. We found a new road, lately cut, which brought us in at the head of Little River, at the old fording-place, and within hearing of the falls, a few miles off of the head of Matthews Creek, a branch of the Seleuda: the waters foaming down the rocks with a descent of half a mile, make themselves heard at a great distance. I walked down the mountain, after riding sixteen or eighteen miles before breakfast, and came in about twelve o'clock to father John Douthat's: once more I have escaped from filth, fleas, rattlesnakes, hills, mountains, rocks, and rivers: farewell, western world, for a while! We are twelve hundred and seventy miles from Philadelphia.

South Carolina.—*Monday*, 31. I rode to Chastaine's, twenty miles, crossing three branches of the Seleuda.

Tuesday, *November* 1. At the meeting-house, I spoke on 2 Peter v, 6-9: after meeting we rode away fifteen miles to Wood's; and next day preached at his house, to a lifeless congregation, and came off without dining to John Foster's, twelve miles. In this route I crossed the three branches of Tyger River, and passed through Greensville and Spartansburg counties. My mind hath been in great peace under all my trials, and labours, and troubles. I find that the camp-meetings in this State, and in Georgia, have been conducted in great order, and with great success.

Thursday, 3. At Foster's meeting-house, I spoke on Matt. v, 12. I had some opening. In the evening, Moses Matthews and G. Dougharty had a lively prayer-meeting. I find we have lost Phœbe Wells, Mary Hughs, Eleanor Parker, (formerly Owens,) and William Hazlewood, members of our society in Charleston: they died of the prevailing fever.

Friday, 4. We re-crossed the branches of Tyger and Enoree rivers, and came along a crippling path to Thomas Terry's, near the Fork Shoals of Reedy River. We have a new frame house, built for worship, on Mount Terry: this

has been erected in pursuance of my last year's advice, and by one man. To-morrow we shall open our new house.

Saturday, 5. I spoke on 2 Peter ii, 1, 2. It was a rainy day, but we had a congregation. On the *Sabbath day*, I preached on Isaiah xlvi, 7. I laboured hard—I fear to little purpose: may the seed sown in great weakness, be raised by the power of God! On *Monday* I rode to the Golden Grove, and preached upon Gal. v, 22-25: it was a cold day, and there were but few people: it is the cotton, corn, and potato harvest. I rode that evening to B. Stanton's, upon Seleuda. On *Tuesday*, at Salem, I preached to a few hearers upon Ephes. vi, 13-19. We made James Tarrant's that evening. *Wednesday* brought us to David Dunlap's, and *Thursday*, to Claiborne Brown's. We met people coming from the militia muster, drunk, and staggering along the lanes and paths; these unhappy souls have had their camp-meeting, and shout forth the praises of the god of strong drink: glory be to God, we have our camp-meetings too; of longer continuance, and more and louder shouting of glory, and honour, and praises to the God of the armies of the earth. Go on, ye servants of the Lord; and Thou, mighty Saviour, extend the victories of Gospel grace!

In Laurens county, I passed the Quaker settlement upon Rabone's Creek.

Friday, 11. I rode in haste to Bethel, thirty-five miles. On *Saturday* I rested. On the *Sabbath* I preached at Bethel once more: my text was Mark xiii, 34, to the end of the chapter: after sermon, I rode eight miles to brother Low's, amongst the Dutch people, and enforced Heb. iv, 4-16. At Mr. Rolles's, twenty-five miles distant, I had on *Monday* a gracious season whilst expounding Matt. vii, 7-11.

We crossed Contee's ferry on *Tuesday*, and I entered Columbia like an Indian chief; it rained, and I had cast a blanket round me. John Harper came to meet us and welcome us to his house, where, although the weather was stormy, we held a family meeting, and the rooms were filled with respectable hearers: my choice of a text was singular; it was our Lord's most affectionate words to his

broken-hearted disciples when giving notice of his departure from them—John xiv, 18.

Wednesday, 16, was unfavourable; but we took the path manfully for Charleston. After crossing the ferry at Granby the rain came up, and accompanied us to the widow Gaigler's; with her we dined, and took it again to Wetstone's.

Thursday, 17, was a clear, warm day. We dined with the widow Welsh, and pursuing our journey, lodged at the widow Heart's; thus we have been cast upon the distinguishing kindness of sisters to her of Sarepta.

Friday, 18. We came to Mr. M'Quinn's, and next day reached Charleston, after riding thirty miles without rest or food for man or beast. I took possession of the new house built for the preachers, near the new chapel.

Sunday, 20. I went once more to Cumberland-street house, and had gracious feelings whilst expounding 1 Pet. v, 10. My stay being short, I attended in the afternoon, and spoke upon David's repentance, as recorded in Psa. li, 9-11: this also was a seasonable time, and all were attentive. Brother Kendrick spoke in the new church in the afternoon, and brother Dougharty in the old church at night, whilst the new church was occupied by brother Darley: all this labour was, we hope not in vain; some appeared to be in distress; who knows what God will yet do for wicked Charleston? I continued a week in Charleston, lodging in our own house at Bethel, receiving my visitors, ministers and people, white, black, and yellow; it was a paradise to me, and to some others.

Sunday, 27. I preached an ordination sermon, upon Gal. i, 15, 16, after which we set apart Bennet Kendrick to the elder's office, to which he had been elected by the Virginia Conference. In the afternoon I gave them my farewell discourse in Cumberland-street meeting-house, on Eph. iv, 1, 2.

Monday, 28. We began our journey to Augusta, on our way dined at Mr. Carr's, in Dorchester, and stopped for the night with Mr. Isaac Perry, upon Cypress Swamp, by whom we were most affectionately received, and most comfortably accommodated.

Tuesday, 29. We stopped to dine with Captain Kogers, and came on to S——'s; next day to Trotter's. On *Thursday* to Pearce's, Tinker Creek.

GEORGIA.—*Friday, December* 2. We reached our place of destination. My mind is calm, and hath been kept in a praying frame: I have ridden one thousand six hundred and fifty-four miles by computation since I left Philadelphia. By letter from Philip Bruce, I learn that the work of God has promising appearances in the eastern and western districts of North Carolina; but abundantly more so in the south district of Virginia: at a kind of camp-meeting held at Woolsey Barn, (but now Ellis's chapel more properly,) there have been, report says, one hundred whites, and a number of blacks, converted to God; at Guilford quarterly meeting, thirty, and as many within a short space at Norfolk, brought to Christ: but still larger accounts are received of the work of the Lord in this State; this, however, may be more fully known by reference to Stith Mead's narrative letters on the subject. My lodging in Augusta is with Peter Cantalou, a friend from France.

Sunday, 4. I preached upon Coloss. vi, 2, 3, in the morning; in the afternoon 2 Cor. vi, 2: I had satisfactory openings, but I have not those feelings I enjoyed at Charleston. We have a house here sixty feet by forty; an attentive and large congregation, and seventy members in fellowship: I hope this conference will give us one hundred souls converted.

At Thomas Haynes's, Uchee, we had a house filled; my subject was Colossians ii, 6: it was a feeling season. Next day, at White Oak, I spoke on Heb. xii, 28, 29, to a few; we rode home with Ignatius Few; his eldest son is serious.

Wednesday, 7. We came to Scott's meeting-house—an irregular congregation: my text was 1 Cor. xx, 58. The day was gloomy, the preacher sick, and part of the congregation very inattentive. I lodged with Mr. Gatral On *Thursday* it rained; but we wormed through the scratching woods to Mr. Ware's, where I stopped. Brother Mead went to one appointment, and brother Randle to another, with

small expectation of meeting many people at either. For myself, let me move which way I may, appointments, or no appointments, I am sure to be brought into business: well, so best.

Friday, 9. Preached at Clendon's chapel, on Romans iii, 2.

I. The characters of "*believers*."

II. The nature and causes of their sleep.

III. The signs of the "time," and the knowledge thereof. That they may be instructed to "awake out of sleep." This was the general plan of my discourse; and we had a gracious season. On *Saturday* I came to Petersburg. The text for to-day was 1 Thess. v, 8, 9.

Sunday, 11. It rained. I spoke in a very open house on Ephes. vi, 18, 19. I lodged at Mr. Oliver's. The face of affairs here is greatly altered for the better; but I expect greater things yet: we have a society, it is true; but we want a house of our own to preach in. On *Monday*, at Thompson's chapel, I spoke on Heb. ii, 3, 4; and had good openings on the text. We lodged with Judge Tait. At Freeman's chapel my subject was Heb. ii, 3, 4: I spoke with liberty. We lodged with Mr. Freeman. *Wednesday* found me at Mark's chapel; my subject was Heb. iii, 14. When brother Mark's house is finished, he hopes to build a chapel, which he means to call Sardis; he is a kind master to his slaves, and hints the probability of his liberating them by will; but he may change his mind before he dies.

Thursday, 15. At Hill's chapel, upon Long Creek, I chose Rom. viii, 1, 2. First, Real Christians are "in Christ Jesus;" and Christ is in believers. See 2 Cor. v, 17: "Therefore if any man be in Christ." Gal. vi, 15: "For in Christ Jesus." Romans viii, 10: "And if Christ be in you." Col. i, 27: "Christ in you the hope of glory." Christ contemplated in this view, must mean the operations of his grace, and the privileges of Christians. Second, What Christians should do, and what they should not do; "not walk after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Third, They that "walked after the flesh" were in a state of condemnation by the law, the word of God, and their own consciences: and they who

"walked after the Spirit" were in a justified state. I showed that condemnation supposed guilt, loss of privileges, and liability to punishment and death; *justification* was present, future, and eternal. After preaching, I took through the rain about twenty miles up to Henry Pope's, upon Long Creek, in Oglethorpe county. I have passed rapidly through Richmond, Columbia, Lincoln, Wilkes, Elbert, and Oglethorpe counties, in Georgia.

I will make a few observations upon the ignorance of foolish men, who will rail against our Church government. The Methodists acknowledge no superiority but what is founded on seniority, election, and long and faithful services. For myself, I pity those who cannot distinguish between a pope of Rome, and an old, worn man of about sixty years, who has the *power given him* of riding five thousand miles a year, at a salary of eighty dollars, through summer's heat and winter's cold, travelling in all weather, preaching in all places; his best covering from rain often but a blanket; the surest sharpener of his wit, hunger—from fasts, voluntary and involuntary; his best fare, for six months of the twelve, coarse kindness; and his reward, suspicion, envy, and murmurings all the year round.

Friday, 16. Rested. Next day, at the chapel, I spoke on 1 Cor. x, 12, 13. The weather was cold, also the people.

Sunday, 18. I stood without doors, fixed my blanket to screen me from the sun, and my cap to shelter me from the wind. I cried in the words of my Divine Master, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." First, The *light* of your principles and doctrine. Second, The *light* of your experience. Third, The *light* of your tempers. Fourth, The *light* of your practice, that they may see it manifested in virtue and piety, and be converted to God. On *Tuesday*, at Burke's chapel, I spoke upon Gal. vi. 9; we had a full house, a spiritual congregation, and a quickening season: after meeting we were under the necessity of riding in our wet clothes twelve miles to John Stevens's.

Wednesday, 21. Excessively cold. I preached, however,

a sermon on 2 Peter i, 4. We came away without feeding man or beast to-day, and bent our course to Mr. Bush's.

Thursday, 22. At Heath's Gap I spoke on Heb. vi, 11, 12: after meeting we went on to Colonel Stith's, at Ogeechee; surely there is a great change here in the heads and members of the family.

Friday, 23. At Spart, notwithstanding the races, we had a full house at Lucas's retreat. On *Saturday* I rode down to Matthew Harris's. I passed through Warren, Hancock, and Washington; and have ridden by computation nineteen hundred miles from Philadelphia. There are many hindrances to the work of God in this section of the country—some evitable, and some inevitable: amongst the first are Sabbath markets, rum, races, and rioting; of the latter may be enumerated, necessary business, (so called;) the sudden and severe changes, more peculiar to this southern climate, which affect people powerfully, and against which they have not the protection of warm dwellings—the houses are universally unfinished and open, and the churches and chapels are in no better state. My mind is kept in perfect peace, notwithstanding my daily labours, and my sufferings in exposure to night air, and day damps, and hard fare, and hard lodging.

Monday, 26. At New Chapel I preached; lodged at Jesse Jordan's: at Walnut Branch chapel I spoke on Romans xiii, 11, 12. We lodged at Mr. Brett's.

On *Wednesday* we had a *proper* storm of rain in the afternoon. Passing through Louisville, we stopped with Mr. Flournoy, a new convert; his wife is amongst the *respectables*—so! On *Thursday* I preached at a new chapel, called Bethel, in the woods, in Jefferson county; my text was Acts xxvi, 17, 18. On *Friday* we rode to Spirit Creek. We had an appointment for *Saturday* at a new chapel, but it rained, and we had few hearers; there being several preachers present, I chose for my text Rom. ii, 21; after meeting we rode thirteen miles to Mr. Beal's, near Augusta. To my surprise I find Bishop Coke is in Augusta before me. I have received letters of consequence from the North.

January, 4, 1804. We met for conference: Bishop Coke preached in the morning; and in the afternoon at John's, (the old house,) Augusta.

On *Monday* we opened our conference in Mr. Cantalou's house. We conducted our business in great harmony, and did it hastily. There was preaching every evening; and the bishops bore their share of ministerial labours. Elders and deacons were ordained. I found little difficulty in stationing the preachers. The conference rose at eleven o'clock on *Thursday*, and I took the road to Swearingham's, eighteen miles. On *Friday* I reached Williams's; and on *Saturday*, Columbia. *Sabbath day* found me in bed, confined by a deep cold, and an affection of my breast; nature relieved herself. A cold, hungry ride brought us to Camden on *Monday*. I gave Bishop Coke a plan for a journey as far as Boston, before the General Conference.

Saturday, 14. I continued in Camden, occupied in writing answers to Northern letters, and reading Hawies's Church History: this is, perhaps, amongst the best I have seen; but his partiality to good old Calvinism is very apparent. I have been unwell; but I am cheered by the glorious prospects of Zion's welfare: I mark this year, 1804, as the greatest that has ever yet been known in this land for religion.

Sabbath, 15. I preached in the morning and afternoon; and James Jenkins in the evening. On *Monday* I rode as far as Mr. Rembert's, on Black River: here I retire to read and write; my body is weak, but my mind is stayed upon God.

Thursday, 19. For three days past I have been reading Hawies: he is concise, elegant enough, and deserves credit for his abridgment of the fathers, purged from their fables; his characters of Whitefield and Wesley are appropriately great; but O, his Calvinism!

Saturday, 21. I preached at Rembert's chapel, and on the *Sabbath day* from Luke xx, 21: "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and

prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good unto thee."

I. What things they are that are hidden from the wise and prudent: the things of the Gospel, the great things, and the deep things of the Spirit of God, in the Divine operations, and sensations, and affections, and fruits of the Spirit of grace; these are revealed to simple-hearted, ignorant, poor, and unlearned men and women.

II. Why are they hidden from the "wise and prudent?" 1. Because they seek the knowledge of them by their own wisdom. 2. Because they will not submit to the rules of discipleship that they may learn. 3. Because they have chosen the world for their portion, with its riches, honours, and pleasures; and thus living, they cannot learn. 4. Because they will not, cannot part with their darling passions and besetting sins. 5. Because they will not submit to suffer reproach. Jesus rejoiced that his heavenly Father has made foolish the wisdom of this world, so contrary in its spirit to humble faith and holy obedience; and that so many had been made, and that millions might be made, the subjects of the grace of God—that wisdom which cometh from above. But our Lord did not rejoice in the spiritual ignorance and damnation of "the wise and prudent:" he upbraided them for what might have been prevented; and wept, as man, with Godlike love, over Jerusalem.

Monday, 23. Reading, writing, and planning a route and Sabbath labours from now until January, 1805. The ninth volume of Mr. Wesley's Sermons engaged a part of my time.

Tuesday, 24. We braved the weather, keen and freezing, to Pudden Swamp, taking a cold cut in the cold woods; we we were well warmed at Mr. Chissam's: we felt powerfully for the parents and children of this family.

Wednesday, 25. By riding an hour in the night we reached Jane Green's; on our way we found the waters of Black River spread near a mile over the low grounds about the bridge at Kingstree, where we crossed: we dined at Miller's, and baptized a child.

Thursday, 26. At Black River meeting-house I spoke to a few souls, on 1 Tim. ii, 1. The weather became cold, but I had good lodging at Mr. Heideger's. This part of the country has a solitary appearance, because the white inhabitants have been much lessened.

Friday, 27. We reached Georgetown. I have suffered in my flesh, and have had "deep waters" of a temporal and spiritual nature to wade through.

If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice. I was called in my fourteenth year; I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen; at twenty-one I travelled; at twenty-six I came to America: thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention of returning to Europe at thirty years of age; but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace: this was no time to marry or be given in marriage. At forty-nine I was ordained superintendent bishop in America. Amongst the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of travelling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband: besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by a voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be *put asunder?* it is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had little money, and with this little administered to the necessities of a beloved mother until I was fifty-seven: if I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me: it is my duty now to bestow the pittance I may have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls, and poor married men.

Saturday and *Sunday*, I rested at Georgetown. I preached in Mr. Hammett's house, now fallen into our hands: Alexander M'Caine attended the afternoon and evening services.

The Baptists have built an elegant church, planned for a steeple and organ: they take the rich; and the commonalty and the slaves fall to us: this is well. We have about twenty whites, and between three and four hundred blacks in society here. My mind has been deeply tried by my friends who wished me to derange appointments made in two circuits, that one station might be supplied: I do not sport with preachers or people; I judge for the Lord and his Church; I stand in the order of God, as well as the appointment of men.

Monday, 30. We crossed Black River at Evans's ferry, and lodged at Henry Britton's, where we were entertained.

Tuesday, 31. I preached at Jenkin's chapel, on Heb. ii, 3. We dined and came on to Port's ferry, an hour after the setting of the sun.

Thursday, *February* 2. We crossed Great and Little Pee Dee: over the latter I crossed in a canoe. At Potato Ferry, a forlorn place, we were detained three hours. At Kingston brother M'Caine gave us a sermon; and I also gave an exhortation: we lodged at Richard Green's.

Saturday, 4. We came to Hullum's; a curious, fearful road we had—we hardly escaped miring several times. The simple-hearted, poor people have built a house since I was here last. I gave them a sermon, from 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8. After meeting we pushed on to father Hullum's, dined and lodged with William Norton. Brother Benjamin Jones, who had come on Bladen circuit, about ten days back, died upon the road, whether by fits, to which he was subject, or by drowning, we have yet to learn. He was a native of South Carolina, near to Georgetown, a pious, good young man of unblemished life: he had travelled five years, and is now gone to rest. Lord, what is man! Lord, what is life! Let us, let me be also ready!

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Monday*, 6. We rode eighteen miles to Ebenezer: there were about thirty souls, to whom I spoke, from Titus ii, 13, 14. We came to Pieraway Ferry: I was unwilling to cross; nevertheless, we all got into a small, broken flat; and scarcely had we launched, when we upset,

and were obliged to back out by wading: had this been in the middle of the river, fifteen feet deep! Lord, thou preservest man and beast! By making three trips of the horses, men, and baggage, our crazy skiff put us safe over. At the widow Cressett's, we were well entertained.

Tuesday, 7. We rode to little John Gaine's, thirty miles; no food from sun to sun.

Wednesday, 8. We rode to Smithville, so called from General Smith: we rode thirty-three miles through the rain. We lodged at the widow Douyer's, and were plagued with our horses breaking away.

Thursday, 9. Our horses were taken and brought to us. I preached at Smithville, and brother M'Caine also in a house in the town. This is the old fort Johnson, at the mouth of Cape Fear River: it is partially rebuilt.

Friday, 10. We came to Brunswick, an old town; demolished houses, and the noble walls of a brick church: there remain but four houses entire. I preached at Miss Grimshaw's on 2 Cor. iv, 5; and ordained Nathaniel Bell to the office of deacon. At Edward Sullivan's I found that the cold weather, and hard labour of riding and preaching, began to press me down.

Saturday, 11. At Rork's, at Town Creek, brother M'Caine preached: I also spoke, enforcing, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A late camp-meeting upon Town Creek has given a revival to religion amongst both whites and blacks. I thought I perceived intimations of this in my last visits. About the going down of the sun we came into Wilmington, faint and feeble.

Sunday, 12. We had nearly one thousand souls, to whom I spoke upon Heb. xii, 25.

Monday, 13. I rested, wrote, and regulated some matters of a temporal nature.

Tuesday, 14. I preached on 2 Pet. ii, 10-12.

Wednesday, 15. We set out, and made Nixon's, at Topsail.

Thursday, 16. Lodged with Lot Ballard, New River.

Friday, 17. Reached Thomas Lee's, Trent River.

Saturday, 18. I preached in Lee's church on 1 Cor. xv, 58; after meeting we had a cold ride to Newbern.

Sunday, 19. I spoke under great heaviness: my subject was Col. iii, 12-16; again in the evening on Ezek. xxxv, 2: my load was thrown off, and we had life springing up in the assembly.

Monday, 20. We moved a subscription to raise one thousand dollars to enlarge and finish the chapel: we have obtained six hundred dollars. Brother M'Caine preached, and there was something of a shout.

Tuesday, 21. I spoke from Heb. iii, 15. Our official brethren were called up in the night to attend two gay females; one had run to call the brethren to pray for her distressed companion, and she also was stricken: they both professed to find the Lord.

Wednesday and *Thursday*, 22, 23. We called assemblies in Newbern, and unwieldly congregations came together.

Friday, 24. We took the path to Washington: it was clear and cold: at Neuse Ferry it blew fresh: at Tar River the gale had subsided, and we crossed in comfort.

Saturday, 25. I felt the effects of my long and very cold ride from Newbern: nevertheless I gave them a sermon.

Sabbath day, 26. I spoke at Washington on 2 Cor. v, 11-15. I collected three propositions from the whole.

I. The Gospel is a universal ministration of grace and truth: "we persuade men"—all men, everywhere. This position is proved by the general love of God; the general commission given the ambassadors of Christ; the general atonement; general offers of grace; the general judgment.

II. That consequently, the Gospel must be, in all its administrations, applicable to the cases, consciences, and characters, of all; and thus does it behove the ministers of the Gospel to preach it.

III. It is a ministry of terror; "the terror of the Lord, we persuade men:" it is a ministry of love; the "love of Christ constraineth us."

Monday, 27. At Gardner's bridge I spoke to many hear-

ers, on Luke iv, 18, 19; it was very chilly. In the evening we came to John Watt's; thirty miles to-day, without fire or food, from seven to five o'clock in the evening. On *Tuesday*, being unwell, brother M'Caine officiated for me. "I groan, being burdened:" seven conferences to appoint the stations in; to officiate in the General Conference of this year; seventeen States to visit, requiring a ride of five thousand miles at the rate of twenty, thirty, and forty miles a day. O Lord, give me support! for every day, every hour, and every moment is a time of need with me! We rode up to Colonel Samuel Williams's, twenty miles. At Williams's chapel, Taylor's ferry, truly the *great ones* were present to hear, and I preached to them upon the *great salvation;* to little purpose I fear: small fruit of twenty-five years of faithful labours upon the rich lands of Roanoke.

Thursday, March 1. After a lonely ride of fifteen miles in the rain, I preached at the widow Ann Whitmell's, near Edward's ferry: we had twenty females, and half as many males to hear. The Baptists go ahead of the Methodists in this settlement: if it be well done, it matters little who does it. My mind is in peace, but my body is weak and in pain.

Friday, 2. After preaching at Whitaker's chapel, on Rev. ii, 10, I ordained Henry Bradford, Benjamin Nevell, and William Lindsay, deacons: it was very cold.

Saturday, 3. I rode twenty miles, crossed Roanoke to Bridges Creek, and lodged at Richard Whitaker's.

Sabbath day, 4, was extremely cold. I preached at Rehoboth chapel, and ordained Richard Whitaker a deacon; we had many more people than I expected; the house was nearly filled with both colours.

Monday, 5. At J. Pinna's my subject was Rom. x, 12. We had excessive snow on *Tuesday:* I ordained E. Everett a deacon. At Montgomery's old house about two dozen souls met me, to whom I spoke on James ii, 6. Twenty miles to-day in the snow, pitch and drive; it was well my mare had no shoes behind to ball her feet.

Thursday, 8. I preached at Wiseeon, where I never expected to be again: the windows were open, and the people

trembled under the cold, if not under the word. After crossing two ferries, we came to Gates court-house, twenty miles: my mind is in peace; but I feel for the people of these low lands: with the exception of a few towns and select places, my ministry amongst them must be near its end. To go around by Norfolk on my route eastward is objectionable for many reasons; and I may find it expedient to bid this part of the country farewell forever.

Friday, 9. At Gates court-house I spoke on 1 Cor. vii, 29-31. It was a very cold day: we held our meeting in the house of Daniel Southall: the loss of a favourite child has awfully clouded the day of his prosperity. Ah! hair-hung, breeze-shaken worldly bliss, what art thou!

Saturday, 10. We rode to Edenton, and lodged at a tavern. After nineteen or twenty years, I preached in the court-house, and many attended. I dined with Mr. Beesly, a printer, and supped with Mr. Luton, both Baptists. I found out Caleb and William Manning, nephews of my ancient friend Caleb Manning: these young men want preaching established. I now know why I came to Edenton; that I might feel for the people, and make an appointment of a preacher for them: but we must get a house of worship here of our own.

Monday, 12. At Yawpin chapel I preached on Luke xi, 9-13. I had a very serious, attentive people to hear: I believe God is amongst them.

I called upon Mr. Ross, a Baptist minister of the Gospel, much thought of: I found him in a feeble state of body: we prayed and parted in great affection. We had rain, and night came on before we reached brother Sutton's, twenty-eight miles: we crossed Perquimons upon a floating bridge. My mind is in great peace. To-day Humphrey Wood became my companion in travel.

Tuesday, 13. At Mr. Muller's, at Maggshead, I preached upon 1 Peter v, 10; we had a full house, and the truth was felt; I dined with mother Wood, and lodged with Mr. Whedbees; were this last family as good as they were kind, they might be perfect.

Wednesday, 14. I spoke on 1 John iii, 1-3, at Nixonton chapel: I had openings, and felt as if God was about to visit this people. In my subject, I showed,

I. The effects manifested by Divine "love" in the fruits produced by it, and the consolations flowing from it.

II. The progress of becoming, and the privileges of being the "sons of God."

III. The evidences furnished by the "sons of God" of their claim to sonship; they "purify themselves" from all sin by humble faith and holy obedience.

IV. The "world"—blind and wretched, "knowing not God," nor the real character of the Eternal Son of God, and mainly ignorant of the hearts, the exercises, the sufferings, the trials, and the heavenly consolations of the "sons of God."

Thursday, 15. At New-Began meeting-house I preached, and was filled with my subject: the rich amongst the people came and offered gifts, but we did not receive them: how little do some folks know us! I lodged at Mr. F——'s; a cold night to me in a double sense.

Friday, 16. At the court-house in Elizabeth City, Pasquotank county, I preached upon Matt. vii, 7-11: many heard, but few felt. I dined with Mr. Mitchell, a lone Methodist from Cornwall, Great Britain; Lot in Sodom. The site of this place is beautiful for its land and water prospects; and the situation is good for trade. We rode on to Camden, and had to beg a lodging of Mr. Joseph Sandlin, who belongs to the Baptists: these people carry the day here in respectability and numbers.

Saturday, 17. At the widow Capp's we had a small house, but well filled. I enlarged much upon the salvation of the world, including infants and adults of the Christian and heathen world: a Baptist might not think this a kind return for my night's lodging; but it was the truth. I lodged with Edward Bunnell, from New-Jersey.

VIRGINIA.—*Sabbath*, 18. I ordained Joshua Gambling and Nathaniel Brook, both of Currituck county, deacons in the local line. I baptized Mary Forbush: she had been brought

up a Baptist. At Williams's chapel I was very unwell: we had a cold house, and cold people. After meeting I retired to Zachariah Morse's. Eight hundred miles from Augusta, Georgia.

Monday, 19. I preached at James Wilson's; *Tuesday* at Cutherell's; *Wednesday* at Portsmouth; *Thursday* at Norfolk; and on *Friday* and *Saturday* I was housed. At a meeting of the women, we laid the foundation of a female charitable society of Norfolk; similar in plan to those of New-York and Baltimore, but more liberal: may this live, grow, and flourish when I am cold and forgotten!

Sabbath day, 25. I preached at Norfolk, upon Matthew xxviii, 19, 20; and at Portsmouth, in the afternoon, my subject was 1 Peter ii, 9-12.

Monday, 26. I preached at a new meeting-house fourteen miles up the road towards Suffolk: here, after thirty years' labour, first and last, we have a chapel; I named it Ebenezer. At Suffolk, on *Tuesday*, unwell as I was, labour went hard with me: I had an almost total obstruction of perspiration; but a pulpit sweat relieved me in a good degree. My soul is calm.

Wednesday, 28. I preached at Powell's chapel: on *Thursday* at Benn's chapel, Isle of Wight, we had a decent, but not a feeling congregation. After preaching I rode up to William Blunt's. On Good Friday, so called, I preached at Blunt's, and administered the sacrament: I had a cloudy day, and a bad house to speak in. I rode to Joseph Moody's. We drew a plan of a new house, forty by thirty feet, two stories high: but will it ever be built? I doubt it.

Sabbath, 31. I preached in an old, abandoned Episcopal church in Southampton: we had an open house, and a cold day. I lodged with Philip Davis. I have made a thirty-miles ride to-day.

Easter day, the first of April, and of the week, found me at Lane's chapel: my subject was Colossians iii, 1-4. We, after meeting, rode fifteen miles to Frederick Pennington's. The time and electioneering increased my congregation on

Easter Monday. I lodged at James Rogers's. On *Tuesday*, I preached at Jones's chapel. I feel feeble in body, but confident in mind. I know not if I shall not take leave of week-day appointments: if I do more than preach on the Sabbaths, it will be in towns, or at a called meeting, where I wish to stop.

Wednesday, 4. I preached on 1 Thess. iv, 13-17, at Mabry's chapel, made anew; now sixty by twenty-five feet. I was a preacher here before the first house was built, thirty years ago: first an addition was made, now it is rebuilt in another form, and a gallery added for the blacks. I rode home in the rain with Peter Pelham: here is death temporal, and life spiritual—Thomas Pelham was converted, and is dead since my last visit; and there remain three living children, newborn babes.

Thursday, 5. I preached at the camp-meeting house; and on *Friday*, at Hobb's chapel; although very weak, I administered the Lord's Supper, after preaching a sermon on Titus iii, 8. I went in the evening to the widow Wyche's.

Saturday, 7. At Wolsey's barn, I spoke on 2 Cor. iii, 12; there were few people: we had a stormy day, and a poor, weary preacher. I dined with Ira Ellis, and rode up to Edward Drumgoold's. The wife of my old friend is lingering out life.

VIRGINIA.—*Sunday*, 8. I spoke on 2 Peter iii, 7-11, at the Olive Branch chapel; I am taking leave of the people every visit. I have made up one thousand miles, from Augusta, Georgia, to Brunswick county, Virginia. In old Virginia I have administered the word thirty years. There is a great mortality amongst the aged: our old members drop off surprisingly; but they all, by account, die in the Lord, and in general, triumphantly. Now I have finished my awful tour of duty for the past month. To ride twenty and thirty miles a day; to preach, baptize, and administer the Lord's Supper; to write and answer letters, and plan for myself and four hundred preachers—O Lord, I have not desired this awful day, thou knowest! I refused to travel as long as I could, and I lived long before I took upon me the super-

intendency of the Methodist Church in America, and now I bear it as a heavy load; I hardly bear it, and yet dare not cast it down, for fear God and my brethren should cast me down for such an abandonment of duty. True it is, my wages are great—precious souls here, and glory hereafter.

Tuesday, 10. Our Virginia Conference began in Mecklenburg county, Salem. We sat six hours a day, and wrought with great application. We had an addition of fifteen preachers, besides two dead, seven located, one expelled; so there was a gain of eight. I liked what was done; only, the preachers' experiences, the state of the work, and the circuits were not given; so we concluded to recommend a session of six days for the next yearly conference, appointed to be held at Edmund Taylor's, North Carolina, March 1, 1805. What I have felt was only known to the Lord; what I have done, was for God and his Church. We have added, after a great mortality, one thousand members to the Virginia Conference bounds.

Saturday, 14. We came away with elders Jackson, George, and Pinnel. On the *Sabbath day* we stopped at John Rogers's, Brunswick county, and I preached from 2 Cor. xiii, 14; after sermon we rode to Peter Robinson's, Nottaway county, fifteen miles.

Monday, 16. We stopped at John Morgan's, Amelia county. Serious times in this family—two sons dead—young men! We put in for the night at Nathan Anderson's, Chesterfield county. Next day, a long ride of forty-five miles brought us to Elisha Maxey's. We have lately had moderate rides, but heat and dust; our meetings were small, as the people had but partial notice. I ordained Elisha Maxey deacon.

Wednesday, 18. We crossed at Judah's Ferry, upon James River, and came on to Goochland court-house, forty-five miles, and lodged with Joseph Perkins. Next day brought us to John Lasley's, Louisa county. On *Friday* we had to be at the hills of Orange and Madison counties, to Robinson River, and once more sheltered under the roof of our brother, Henry Fry. He was labouring under a weakness

of his bowels; I gave him Fothergill's recipe. It is thus: one ounce of bark, half an ounce of rhubarb, three nutmegs all boiled together in a gallon, until reduced to two quarts: a wine glass of this to be taken every two hours. On *Saturday* we had a powerful rain; but we were under the lee of a good room. Part of the *Sabbath day* was taken up with a short ride of fifteen miles, to Nicholas Robler's, Culpepper. I have read John Smith's View of the Last Judgment. I think it elegant and spiritual. *Monday* evening brought us to William Suttle's, in Prince William, thirty-five miles; and on *Tuesday* we reached William Watters's, after a ride of nearly forty miles, without food or rest, as we were disappointed at the place we had expected to get our dinner at. I had heedlessly thrown off my top-coat for a few hours, and caught cold.

Friday, 27. Our conference began in Alexandria. On *Saturday*, I preached in the new chapel. The business of conference was taken up on *Monday* and *Tuesday*, and conducted in great peace. On *Wednesday* we came to Georgetown, and I visited Wilson Lee, ill with a bleeding of the lungs. We lodged at Biggerly's. On *Thursday* we came to Baltimore.

MARYLAND.—*Monday*, *May* 7. Our General Conference began. What was done, the revised form of Discipline will show. There were attempts made upon the ruling eldership. We had a great talk. I talked little upon any subject; and was kept in peace. I preached but twice.

Thursday, 24. I came off to Perry Hall, on my way to Soudersburg, to meet the Philadelphia Conference. The Lord did not own the ministerial labours of the General Conference: it was a doubt if any souls were converted; I prayed for hundreds; but God did not answer my prayer.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Friday*, 25. We came to Jarratt's and dined, and continued on to Benjamin Mannifold's. On the *Sabbath* we crossed the Susquehannah at M'Call's ferry, and came to Martin Boehm's. I preached at Boehm's chapel, and then came away to Soudersburg. The conference opened on

Monday morning, 28. We had great order. We sat five days and a half. There were one hundred and twenty-five preachers present, whose characters and experiences were brought before us. I preached twice.

Saturday, June 2. I rode through the rain to the Valley, twenty-eight miles. On the *Sabbath day* I reached Radnor. Here my little Jane was horned by a cow, and lamed: she is done, perhaps, forever for me; but it may be all for the best. I am unwell, and the weather is bad, but, except my feelings for the poor beast, I am peaceful and resigned. I was able to write, but not to preach on the *Sabbath day*.

On *Monday morning* I desired Isaac James to ride thirty miles, going and coming, and purchase me another little Jane, at eighty dollars; he did so, with great good will. I came to Philadelphia, and found that Richard Allen had bought me a horse for ninety dollars; so I had two, one to sell for sixty dollars: so much for my haste.

NEW-JERSEY.—On *Tuesday* I dined at Burlington, and lodged at H. Hamilton's. *Wednesday* evening brought us to Joseph Hutchinson's; at Brunswick we dined next day, stopping for the night with Mr. Flatt, Rahway; and on *Friday* passed through Elizabethtown and Newark, and reached New-York.

NEW-YORK.—*Saturday*, 9. Busy answering letters. On the *Sabbath* I preached in our house in John-street, on Heb. x, 23-25; it was an open season.

Monday, 11. We spent some time in social conference with the preachers. To-day, Mr. Thomas Lyell *spoke out* in a letter to me, saying that he wished to be located. I thought that I had discovered his designs, and those of Mr. Dashiell, during the sitting of the General Conference in Baltimore: I am willing that he should belong to the Church people: I believe they have more need of him than the Methodists have. I answered Mr. Lyell, by telling him that I would do what I could to procure him a location at the Boston Conference.

It may suffice to say that our present conference was a happy one, and a conference of great business. We had

sermons every day at noon. Fourteen deacons and eight elders were ordained; these last at the Bowery church, where I preached upon 2 Tim. iv, 1-4. By hard labour I read off the stations on *Saturday* night, and our conference sat on *Monday*. We proclaimed a fast, with prayer, for the Methodists, the health of the city, the general Church, and the continent. N. Snethen gave us a melting, nervous discourse on the occasion.

Wednesday, 20, and the next day, I was kept by a storm within doors, at the widow Sherwood's. I wrote letters. I read brother Thacher's answer to Mr. Tagart's book; it is said there is a special call for learned men to the ministry; some may think so, but I presume a simple man can speak and write for simple, plain people, upon simple truths.

Friday, 22. It still continued to rain; but I felt uneasy, and came down three times to move eastward. William Thacher came home and told me Sylvester Hutchinson had brought his horse over the North River, at seven o'clock last night, to accompany me. We set off, and called in our way at Mr. Sheet's: we found sister Basling sick.

CONNECTICUT.—We dined at Byram, drank tea at Stamford, and lodged with brother Day, at Norwalk; the rain made the ride painful.

Saturday, 23. We rode to brother Wheeler's, dined, and rode on to New-Haven: we have a good turnpike to travel on, and a good bridge to cross the Housatonic.

Sabbath day, 24. I preached to a few souls in our small house on Heb. iii, 12-14. My chief suffering is from riding: I am under the necessity of riding soft, fearful as I am of worse effects, and my blanket makes me gall sadly; as yet I have been little affected with the piles, thanks to my good God! O, New-Haven! thou seat of science and of sin! Can thy dry bones live? Lord, thou knowest! Brother Branch preached this afternoon; and brother Hutchinson at night. I have little leisure to journalize. My soul has constant peace and joy, notwithstanding my labours, and trials and reproach; which I heed not, though it come, as it sometimes does, from the good, when they are not gratified in all their

wishes. People unacquainted with the causes and motives of my conduct, will always, more or less, judge of me improperly. Six months ago a man could write to me in the most adulatory terms, to tell me of the unshaken confidence reposed in me by preachers and people: behold, his station is changed, and certain measures are pursued which do not comport with his views and feelings: O, then I am menaced with the downfall of Methodism; and my influence, character, and reputation are all to find a grave in the ruins. First, my hill is made so strong that I shall never be moved; anon, O man, thou hidest thy face and changest thy voice, and I must be troubled, forsooth! But I am just as secure as ever, as to what man can do or say. Should this journal ever see the light, those who read it when I am gone, may, perhaps, wonder that ever I should have received such letters, or had such friends: yes, gentle reader; both have been. Whom shall I believe; and whom shall I trust? Why, whom but a good, and true, and never-failing God?

On *Monday* the 25th, we took the path to Durham; here we stopped, as there was room for us in the inn to lodge. On *Tuesday* we passed through Middletown, and found that our brethren were about to purchase a lot on which to build a chapel on a small scale. We rode on to Hebron. I have made four hundred and twenty miles since I took my departure from Baltimore. At Canterbury we lodged at Captain Lyons's: the day's ride brought us through Windham and Scotland.

Friday, 29. We came through Plainfield, Stirling, Scituate, and Coventry, to Cranston; and stopped at General Lippet's.

Sabbath, *July* 1. I preached to a few people at Lippet's chapel; my subject was 1 John i, 3-7. It was a gracious season to the speaker and the hearers. Sylvester Hutchinson, my travelling companion, gave them a sermon in the afternoon. I came this way only to hear how the preachers had conducted their work.

RHODE-ISLAND.—*July* 2. We rode through Providence, dined five miles beyond, and housed with a Mr. Guilds.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Tuesday*, 3. We journeyed through Wrentham and Medfield to Needham, nearly thirty miles, without food or rest for man or beast: we passed Weston, and came into Waltham in the evening. On *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, and *Friday*, I rested; and read and wrote as my failing eyes would permit. My soul is in great peace.

Saturday, 7. A very sultry ride of twenty miles brought us to the pleasant town of Lynn. On the *Sabbath day* I preached upon 1 John iii, 1-3; the state of the society in this town is more pleasing than formerly. Peter Jayne, brought up amongst them, is an acceptable preacher. A house is begun for the preachers to live in. Sylvester Hutchinson preached in the afternoon: I spoke also; and read letters giving an account of the work in the South. O, when shall we see such things in New-England!

Monday, 9. We rode to Salem, Beverly, Windham, Hamilton, Ipswich, Rowley, and Newburyport, and so on to Salisbury: we had flies, mosquitoes, heat, dust, and weariness. We lodged at the sisters Eaton's.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Passing through Seabrook, on *Tuesday*, we saw one, once of our despised order, robed in his gown, and sitting in his house like a gentleman, whilst we were beating along like Jonah: well, the *end* is all. Our route carried us through Seabrook, Hampton-Falls, Exeter, (where is an elegant meeting-house,) and Epping.

Wednesday, 11. At Epping I preached on Acts xxvi, 18, 19; we had an open time. *Thursday* brought us through Lee, Dover, and Berwick, to Alfred. On *Friday* we passed Doughty's Falls, on the way to Standish, and landed at Buxton.

Saturday, 14. We opened our conference. We admitted and elected nine deacons and two elders. We had preaching on *Friday* and to-day.

Sabbath, 15. We opened by prayer and exhortation, at eight o'clock. At half after ten o'clock I took my stand in the woods, but in about forty minutes the rain fell. There were powerful exercises in the meeting-house, until near six o'clock: the Lord appeared; several souls were brought

under distress. I trust the fruits of this day's labour will be seen in eternity.

Monday, 16. We had preaching and the ordination in the woods; my subject was 2 Tim. iii, 1-7; it was an open time, and the work of God broke forth upon the right hand and upon the left. On *Tuesday* we hasted the work of the conference, and concluded, after appointing our next session at Lynn, July 12, 1805.

Wednesday, 18. It is reported there were fifty souls converted to God: the work continued last night. This morning we took our departure; came to Lymington, crossed Socco River, dined at Doctor Cochran's, and came on through Limerick to Effingham, the first town in New-Hampshire, putting up for the night at Lord's tavern. On *Thursday* we passed Ossippee bridge, and came nine miles through the woods. We dined at Night's house, and kept on to Sandwich, rested awhile at William Webster's, and then pushed on to Centre lake and harbour; we had four hours of heavy rain, and rocks, hills, and dales to Chamberlain's. We started away through New-Hampton, Bridgewater, and New-Chester; dined, and went forward to Alexander and Grafton: we felt willing to stop at deacon Hoyt's for a night. The morning found us under way over the Isinglass hills, which furnish the windows of the country with lights; it was cold to purpose; I could have borne a third coat very well on this *July* 21*st*. We dined at Mr. Haynes's, in Canaan: at a short warning, I spoke to about fifty or sixty souls, on 1 Tim. iv, 7, 8. We came on through Enfield; upon the banks of the pond I saw the settlement of the Shakers. Poor souls!—they have landed where all other sects have landed. O this love of the world! But the Shakers are near the end of the world—they forbid to marry—they are as the angels of heaven! I came to Hanover Town, and lodged at Mr. Hall's. I have travelled, by computation, seven hundred and forty-six miles from Baltimore. O, New-Hampshire, thy perpetual hills and rocks! Alas, poor people! Alas, poor suffering preachers!

Sabbath, 22. I preached in the evening at Hanover, on

Phil. iii, 8, 9. On *Monday* we came on through Lebanon and Plainfield, and crossed Connecticut River into Vermont, at Hartland.

VERMONT.—We called at Windsor, a beautiful town upon the river, of about one hundred houses. Mr. Spooner entertained us with pleasure. We passed through Weathersfield and Springfield, and stopped at Rockingham, lodging with Captain Williams: forty miles to-day.

Tuesday, 24. We came in haste to Westminster, to breakfast; this is another pleasant little town; it may have fifty houses. At Putney we found a stream, mills, a store, and a tavern. Passing over a slate ridge, and through Dammerston, we came to Brattleborough, which we found a pleasant place, with the advantage of a stream, well employed as a mill power. At Guilford we rested with Mr. Jacobs, from three o'clock in the evening until *Wednesday morning*, at five o'clock, when we took our departure from our host, and from the State of Vermont. At Greenfield, in Massachusetts, we breakfasted, having passed Barnardston, the first village we entered in the State. We started away again to Deerfield, and Conway, and Ashfield, and Plainfield, and Commington, and Windsor, and Dalton, and Pittsfield, and Richmond, and so out of the State; but I was glad to stop fifteen miles short of Pittsfield, after riding over dreadful hills and rocks forty-five miles: we lodged at a tavern, weary,—weary enough! We took our breakfast with Robert Green, in Pittsfield. Here we crossed the head branch of the Housatonic River.

NEW-YORK.—*Thursday*, 26. We lodged at David Wager's, in the State of New-York. Next day we directed our course through Claverack, and came in to Robert Sands's, Rhinebeck, about five o'clock. My mind hath been cheerfully happy, and mostly in prayer. I was sometimes ready to wish I had no company, and no observations to make, to hinder my constant communion with God. I suffered from hunger, and was skinned several times. Since I left New-York, I have spent fifteen dollars, feeding man and

beast by the way; and my companions were also obliged to do so. I have seen the sufferings of our preachers, and they have awakened all my sympathies. Seventeen times we dined, fed, or supped at taverns; and well it was we had these to go to, else we had been starved. We have crossed the east and west ends of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, and have ridden about three hundred miles in the State of New-York.

Saturday, 23. I preached in the chapel at Rhinebeck, on Psalm cxxvi, 3-6. It was a good beginning of the quarterly meeting. I visited the family of F. Garrettson.

Sabbath, 29. We had our *feast of charity*, and the Lord's Supper followed. I preached in an orchard, upon Matt. xi, 3-6: we had about one thousand hearers. I rested at brother Garrettson's. On *Tuesday* we rode forty miles, to Oliver Ledue's, Fishkill-Hook; we called up the family at nine o'clock, and went to rest at half after ten o'clock.

Wednesday, *August* 1. We rose at five o'clock, and rode, fasting, over the rugged hills of Peekskill and Fishkill; but we were willing to walk at times. We breakfasted with William Likly, from Aberdeen, Scotland; he has been about forty years in the New World. We came on to Esquire Kirby's, and, having dined in haste, pushed on, and came, an hour in the night, to my *home* at the widow Sherwood's. We have ridden fifty miles to-day, over a path so rough and uneven we could not get along fast: this hasty work interrupts that close communion with God my soul longeth after. I have made, I judge, one thousand and fifty miles since I left Baltimore; and there still remain one thousand miles between me and Mount Gerizim, the seat of our conference for the 1st of October next. *Thursday* and *Friday* I devoted to rest, reading, writing, meditation, and prayer. On *Saturday* I came alone to New-York.

Sabbath, 5. I preached at the north church, upon Matt. xvi, 24, to the end of the chapter: I felt some opening. At the old house in John-street, my subject was 1 Tim. vi. 6-8. York, is the *valley of dry bones*. O, Lord, I lament the deplorable state of religion in all our towns and cities.

New-Jersey.—*Monday*, 6. We crossed the river in a calm; but we were dripping by the time we came to Newark; here we rested two hours, then hastened on to Elizabethtown, dined, and kept on to Rahway: the night brought us up at Amboy, with Benjamin Drake.

Tuesday, 7. We had a rainy morning. We have our ancient seasons—plentiful rains and cold weather: this will prevent the fevers. Mr. Lyell has engaged with Mr. Pilmore's old congregation, at £450 a year: so, farewell to Tommy Lyell! I hope it may end well. We got as far as Joseph Hutchinson's.

Pennsylvania.—*Wednesday*, 8. I had a sweet, solitary ride to H. Hancock's; the next day found me breakfasting at Burlington; and by two o'clock I had reached Henry Manly's retreat. My mind is devoted to God: I had a pensive letter from Elder M'Clasky, lamenting the death of his son:—but *one*—but only *one*—alas! I wrote to Smith, Chandler, and Colbert, presiding elders. I preached once at St. George's, upon Luke xvii, 5; at the Academy, in the afternoon, on 1 Cor. xv, 58.

Delaware.—*Monday*, 13. I came away from the city to breakfast with sister Withy. I dined with Allen M'Lane, and lodged with J. Hersey: forty-five miles to-day.

Maryland.—*Tuesday*, 14. I took breakfast at North-East, ordained James Cook a deacon, and came on to Perry-Hall; forty-five miles to-day. I found the family of P. H. absent; they are gone to Bath.

Wednesday, 15. I rested, being stiff and sore. My poor beast should have had three days to perform that which she has done in two; she shall rest three days in Baltimore: thence to Mount Gerizim, she will have only twenty miles a day, or less, to travel. Next day I came alone to Baltimore: here I remained.

Sabbath, 19. I preached in Light-street church; my subject was Luke xiv, 25-27. At three o'clock I preached at Mr. Otterbine's, on 1 Tim. vi, 6-10; this has been an open day with me. I am inclined to think preaching must

be in the lanes and streets of the cities:—I advised the preachers to go out to the church-yards; to the sisters I recommended more frequent prayer-meetings. I revised the *Revised Form* of the spiritual part of our Discipline: I had long wished to separate the most excellent from the excellent.

Monday, 20. I began my Western tour, bending my course up to Cornelius Howard's, thence to Macklefresh's, and lodged with Alexander Warfield, upon Sam's Creek: the heat was tempered in some measure by a breeze from the West. My appointment at Linganou chapel was not generally known; I preached to a few, and went to dine with Ephraim Howard; we reached friend Shalmudine's in the evening.

Virginia.—*Wednesday*, 22. We had showers to brother Reynolds's: we passed through Sharpsburg, and lodged at Shepherdstown. I was informed of a camp-meeting held near Charlestown, Jefferson county, at which between sixty and seventy souls professed to be converted to God: the meeting held nine days. On *Thursday* I started, and next day breakfasted with Mrs. Gough, at Bath. I found Mr. Lyell here—his mind deeply engaged with his new design; he was very attentive to me. After resting three hours, I came away to William Dimett's.

Saturday, 25. Starting at six o'clock, I made fourteen miles to Clarke's tavern, to breakfast, through mountain rain and over mountain roads. After a long absence, I came once more to John Jacobs's. From him I had the awful account of the awful end of Joseph Cromwell. He had walked backward, according to his own account: three days he lost in drunkenness; three days he lay sick in darkness—no manifestations of God to his soul; and thus he died! We can only hope that God had mercy on him. Compare this with what I have recorded of his labours and his faithfulness in another part of my journal. O! my soul, be warned! Brother Jacobs preached his funeral sermon, and gave a brief sketch of his life, his fall, and his death.

His text was, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon:" how appropriate the choice! I have travelled through great heat: the people are generally sickly; but I have got along one hundred and sixty miles since I left Baltimore; thank the Lord, and kind friends!

Sabbath, 26. I had a meeting at Oldtown at four o'clock: my subject was 1 Pet. v, 10; the heat for some minutes was so intense that it appeared as if flesh could scarcely bear it.

Monday, 27. After the rain, J. Jacobs rode with me to Joseph Cresap's, upon the north branch of the Potomac. We crossed this water three times, and climbed over the mountain, but not without rain. Now I have left the travelling preachers to mind their own work, and I only make my appointments when I come to the places: the local preachers are my guides, and good guides, and good aids, and good companions they are.

Tuesday, 28. In Cresap's mill I preached upon Hebrews viii, 10-12. We had many people at a short warning.

Wednesday, 29. I was prevented setting out by rain. I made feeble attempts to make peace between two old members of the society: may I have the blessing, and they have the peace—for the good of their children and the society. I came to the Ten-Mile house; here I overtook company—a certain Mr. Doyne. We wrought our passage to Tomlinson's, dined, and came on to Simpkins's stand. Next day we breakfasted at the Great Crossings—William Smith's; then on we went to Mr. Slack's—brisk enough to wait upon travellers. At four o'clock we dined. Once more I was compelled to walk down the Laurel-Hill. We came into Uniontown about seven o'clock, wearied by the heat and the toils of the day. Brother and sister Fleming are gone away two hundred and seventy miles to Philadelphia, in search of a cancer doctor: both her breasts are turned black, I understand, and she has a babe of six months to take with her over desperate roads, and through heat scarcely supportable: dear souls, what trouble have they in the flesh! The husband is sick in the wife's diseased breast—the fond,

anxious wife suffers because she is the cause of his sufferings—and O! how are all the sympathies of nature in the parents awakened by the sufferings of the poor, sorely wearied babe!

Friday, 31. I ordained, at Jacob Murphy's, Mount Braddock, William Page travelling elder.

September 1. I rested, wrote, read, and planned a little. I appointed James Hunter, who has been seven years in the work, president, *pro tempore*, of the Monongahela district, in the absence of Thornton Fleming: he is next to him in standing and reputation.

Pennsylvania.—*Sabbath*, 2. I rode to Uniontown, and preached upon Matt. x, 37, 38; I also spoke at Murphy's barn, at four o'clock, on Jer. xxxi, 31-33.

I. The "house of Israel" the Jews—the national and Church privileges of that ancient people: the term when applied to professing Christians—their peculiar and important privileges.

II. In what characters God "writes his law upon the heart"—conviction, repentance, faith, and all the evangelical and moral virtues; "Write it in their hearts," in allusion to the "law" written upon tables of stone.

Monday, 3. I visited Colonel Mason—may it be for his good!

Tuesday, 4. I ordained Andrew Hemphill a deacon, at family prayer, at brother Murphy's. We came in company to the widow Hawthorn's: out of eight children, here are seven subjects of grace. News came after me that Bishop Whatcoat had appeared at Connellsville: as I had failed to come along by Carlisle, he thought I might be sick, or lame, or dead; and that it was time for him to bestir himself.

Wednesday, 5. I came by Bromfield and Geneva, crossed Monongahela River, and stopped with Stephen Gapen, Wayne county, Pennsylvania. The wife of my host was ill, and I was obliged to prescribe: she rested better. I was greatly outdone by walking down the rugged, perpetual hills. Next day I felt stiff and sore.

October 9. After thirty-four days of afflictive illness, I re-

commence my journal. I have been, during my sickness, at Harry Stevene's; kinder souls than this family I could not wish, but there were many of them and others continually coming and going. I had two doctors: but at last was happily left to myself and Charles Conway. The fever subsided and left a cough. I have not had a more severe attack since I have been in America: the doctor was seldom right, and medicines were not to be had, nor indeed, the comfort and alleviations which surround a sick bed in the cities. But the best of all was, *God was with us*—God, the glorious Lord, appeared. I was led into the visions of God: I shouted his praise.

Wednesday, 10. We took our departure, and came to Mapletown. The work of God revives. Brother Smalley's daughter has found the Lord. On *Thursday* we came to Jackson's, Carmichaeltown. *Friday* brought us to Crouch's, near Washington, and on *Saturday* we reached Philip Doddridge's.

Sabbath, 14. I preached. Riding brought on a daily fever, and an inveterate cough. Brother Whatcoat being unable to ride at a greater speed than a walk, I exchanged my mare for his horse: we made more speed by this arrangement, but his great beast jolted me in such a manner as I could not have borne in health: I was pressed above measure, so that I despaired of life, or health, or making our journey in this manner. We have lost the Kentucky Conference, and have about eleven weeks for our trip of fifteen hundred miles to Charleston. We were compelled to spend a week at John Beck's.

Sabbath, 21. Brother Whatcoat preached at West Liberty. From thence we rode to John M'Collock's, within a mile of Ohio River: here my fever rose, and I had to quit all hopes of going to the westward: I returned to John Beck's. As I was my own doctor, I resolved to breakfast upon eight grains of ipecacuanha; this cleansed my filthy stomach, and so broke up my disease that a fever of fifty days fled. My cough, nevertheless, is very distressing at night. I have submitted to have a large grinder extracted. Should Novem-

ber prove favourable, I do not yet despair of getting along in time. Brother Whatcoat has been of great service to me: he was still urgent to go on, and he has gone on, wandering alone through the wilderness—I am afraid, in vain: he said he had a *mite*, and it must go. I fear his precious life will go.

Tuesday, 23. My fever abated. I applied a blister, and bled again. I begin to eat and gather strength.

Saturday, 27. The weather has changed greatly—we have the Indian summer.

On the *Sabbath day* a small meeting: and what must I do —go into the woods? The eyes of the preachers were upon me—I was too weak to travel, but not to preach. We had a melting time; it was so unexpected! With some it was the *first* time: with others the *last*, perhaps, they would ever hear me in this part of the country. It was so pleasant in the afternoon, I rode down to John Casebears, an Israelite.

Monday, 29. A summer's day. We rode twelve miles, near to Washington. Here I heard of a suit gained by the Rev. Mr. Birch against the Rev. Mr. M'Cullen: the slander was a charge of drunkenness; the damages awarded thirteen hundred dollars, costs included. On *Tuesday* we gained Joseph Taylor's, near the Old Fort. *Wednesday* we came to Union-Town, seventeen miles; *Thursday* to the Crossings, twenty-four miles. *Friday* to Musselman's, thirty miles: and on *Saturday* to Joseph Cresap's to breakfast, making one hundred and twenty-five miles this week: here we rested for the *Sabbath*. It is wonderful to see how Braddock's road is crowded with wagons and pack-horses carrying families and their household stuff westward—to the new State of Ohio, no doubt: here is a State without slaves, and the better calculated for poor, industrious families. O highly-favoured land! I saw the death of Wilson Lee confirmed in the Frederick Gazette: he died at Walter Worthington's, in Ann Arundell county, Maryland. Wilson Lee was born near Lewistown, State of Delaware: he was of a slender habit of body, but active, diligent, and upright in his walk; a pattern of neatness in his habits and

attire; and full of gentleness, meekness, and love; his presence commanded respect; his zeal for God was great, and his labours successful, and continually so; few excelled him in the duties of a preaching elder—it is not impossible, that the toils of this important office have been too great for his feeble frame. He had been twenty years and ten months in the Methodist Connexion. *Sabbath day* I spoke in Cresap's mill, upon Heb. ii, 2, 3. After sermon we rode to James Cresap's, near Old Town; notwithstanding what had passed at Cokesbury, he received me as a father—*that matter might have been managed better.* We were to have the boys to become all angels! I sent for brother Jacobs and his wife: we breakfasted, and prayed, and rejoiced in God together. John Hesselins sent me a note of invitation to call and see him: I did so. He reminded me of his respectable father, who took me to his house thirty years ago in the time of my visiting Annapolis, when I was exposed to daily reproach and contempt. I have reason to believe the old gentleman died in the Lord.

VIRGINIA.—*Monday, November* 5. We forded Potomac about a mile above the south forks, and called in to see mother Pool. We came on to Capon, and lodged at Mr. Largeat's.

Tuesday, 6. We breakfasted at *Quaker* Brown's, and then came on to Winchester. In the evening I preached in George Reed's house; and next day in the house of Elijah Phelps. On *Thursday*, I rested and refitted. My body is in health; my soul established in grace. Sickness has been very common below the mountains, and there are many deaths.

Saturday, 10. The weather has been unpleasant; and our clothing needed improvement and increase: above all, I wished to see Daniel Hitt. My friends were solicitous for my presence at the quarterly meeting at Newtown. On the *Sabbath day* I preached, feebly, upon John i, 50. The Superintendent Bishop of the Methodist Church in America being reduced to two dollars, he was obliged to make his wants known.

Monday, 12. We came to Hand's ferry, went on to Front Royal, or Lucetown; we dined at J. Moore's, and passed over the Ridge, our route leading near the head spring of the north branch of the Rappahannock; we stopped at Justice Clark's. I came in unwell; but the well-ordered house and its solitude, the social family and their polite attentions and great kindness, were very consoling: the old folks gave me their room and bed—I was overcome quite—my thoughts and feelings were all gratitude. On *Tuesday* we left our kind-hearted hosts, and took the path to Little Washington and Woodville towns, in Culpepper county, and met with a kind reception and good entertainment. Twenty-eight miles over rough roads, and through cold, enough to make me uncomfortable.

Wednesday, 14. We had not gone above fourteen miles, when the threatening snow began to fall: it made a heavy damp plaster for our garments: we came to Henry Fry's, Robinson River, Madison county. I felt the cold of yesterday's ride, the horses were to be shod, and it was meeting day: so I have reasons enough for resting.

Friday, 16. We rode through Orange to Louisa county: I had a comfortable interview with John Lasley, his good afflicted wife, and serious daughter. On *Saturday* we came on to Joseph Perkins's, crossing the grand branch of Pomonky, at Colonel Norris's five story new mill. The weather is exceedingly pleasant. We had a small congregation called together at a short warning: I spoke from Heb. viii, 10-12; not in vain, I hope.

Monday, 19. We rode through Goochland, crossing James River, at Carter's Ville—Satan's Ville, I fear—they have rejected the Gospel: Charles Hopkins is their priest—a poor wretch. He was once with us; but when I preached for a suspension of ordinances, and a partial conformity to the ancient Episcopal Church, he raised the cry of Popery: but behold! when there were Churches to supply, and money to be given, there was no Popery. I lodged with Lewis Isbett: I found kind people, and comfortable entertainment. I

heard of three camp-meetings in Cumberland circuit: one at Charity, one in Bucking Lane, and one in Prince Edward; the first was greatly successful.

Tuesday, 20. We came to Robert Smith's—a very damp day. My mind was greatly engaged with God. On *Wednesday*, through deep damps, we came to David Thompson's, at the upper or west end of Powhatan county. On *Thursday*, we crossed Appomatox at Clement's bridge, near a mill and small town of the same name. Our route led through Amelia—solitary Amelia, with its worn-out fields of hundreds of acres, and old houses falling into ruins. We lost our way, wandering without friends or food, from seven in the morning, until seven at night: we made about forty miles, and came, fatigued and hungry, to John Ryall's: here we had entertainment good enough for a president.

Friday, 23. We passed Notaway court-house, crossed at the Fall's bridge, where a Morris, owner of a mill and saw-mill, finely seated on the stream, gave us food for our horses *gratis*, and unasked: we came to Zachariah Davis's, near Lunenburg court-house. On *Saturday* we crossed Meherrin at Saffold's bridge: by accident we came to Mr. Warner's, the son-in-law of Samuel Holmes: we were hungry and faint, and the table was soon spread. On the *Sabbath day* I had a local preacher's congregation, to which I discoursed upon 1 Thess. ii, 11, 12.

Monday, 26. We came to Allen Young's: the weather was unusually sultry; my clothing was burdensome. A traveller in this *iron clime*, must feel almost all the climates in the world, with all their extremes; and he must carry with him, all the year, as many clothes as he may *possibly* want but six months of it: in November he may not need a top coat; and yet, if he is wise, he will not be without his cloak in July. As *Tuesday* was pleasant, the river low, and the wind moderate, I pushed forward to Edward Taylor's, Greenville county, North Carolina—twenty-six miles: here I rested to refit. At this point, Joel Smith being unwell, consented to stop, after travelling with me six

hundred miles, frequently afflicted and depressed by some peculiarities of both his constitution and country: I wished him to leave me.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Thursday*, 29. We came to Edmund Taylor's, senior: the aged people were happy, waiting with cheerful patience for the moment which was to change this mortal for an immortal state. On *Friday* we dined at Jesse Carter's, on the banks of Neuse, and crossed the river at the Fish-dam Ford, and put up for the night with Lewis Moores. Our road led us by the home of John Kinsborough, whom we visited: I was pleased to find that *the like precious faith* entailed upon the children, was now enjoyed by the children's children of those *who first trusted in God* thirty years ago.

Saturday, *December* 1. We came to Sihon Smith's, accompanied by Nathaniel Moore. I was glad to house here, and escape the rain. It is a cordial to my spirit to reflect, that although we had but one preacher on that ancient and good circuit of Tar, and that one was a young one, and esteemed by some only of moderate abilities, his labours have been signally blessed: it is true the local brethren helped faithfully; and there were some good seasons at camp-meetings. My mind has great peace in God.

Sunday, 2. I preached: my subject was John i, 50. I was chilled for an hour after speaking; a fever succeeded this, and I was very ill through the night.

Monday, 3. I baptized three children of Squire Hinton's. I breakfasted with them. We rode on to the Red-field ferry, upon Haw River. On *Tuesday morning* we breakfasted fourteen miles ahead, with brother Reeves, at the Hickory Mountain. I ordained William Masters a deacon. I dined and lodged with him: God has blest him—his twin sons, converted at the same time, are both called to preach the Gospel. On *Wednesday*, we came away twenty miles, to Bell's house and Mills, to see Alexander M'Caine: we had a night meeting, at which I saw extravagancies frequently seen among our people. I believe, nevertheless, that the young people were sincere. On our way to Wiley Harris's,

we stopped at Mr. Fuller's to dine. On *Friday* I rode eight miles to breakfast with Ethelred Harris, and came on eighteen miles to John Randel's. On *Saturday* I thought it well to rest. I have ridden, since leaving Baltimore, nine hundred and eighty-eight miles. At Randel's I preached upon Gal. v, 9. In the evening I visited our former brother, my friend Tomkins: he was expelled for selling a slave. The Lord is amongst the coloured people in this family. On *Monday* we lodged at Thomas Shaw's, thirty-five miles distant: his wife still lamented the loss of a dear child.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Tuesday*, 11. We reached Lynch's Creek; and next day, twenty-eight miles brought us to Camden: my friends receive me as risen from sickness—tenderly attentive. On the *Sabbath day* Alexander M'Caine supplied my place; on *Friday*, *Saturday*, and twice upon the *Sabbath;* this last day, I gave the sacramental discourse upon 1 Cor. vi, 19, 20. Whilst resting, I wrote some letters, and received some persons who wished to converse with me upon the best of subjects. I felt as if we wanted more living religion in the society here.

Monday, 17. I came to James Rembert's, upon Black River, twenty miles. I wish I could be more solitary this week. On *Tuesday* I kept close, that I might finish the short memoirs of Nicholas Watters and Tobias Gibson, both deceased this year.

Wednesday, 19. I preached at Rembert's chapel: we had a cold rain—it chills the people; they cannot hear to profit: my subject was 1 Thess. v, 24: "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it:" that is, give you entire sanctification, and persevering grace to the end.

Thursday, 20. We had snow four inches deep: I felt thankful that I had a house, and all things necessary to temporal enjoyment and comfort. Next day it cleared away; my soul is happy in God—purity of heart is my joy, and prayer my delight. I feel as if God would sanctify all the conferences in the South: O may it, in answer to my unceasing prayers, be a great time with the Lord's prophets.

It is nine hundred miles from Wheeling, on the Ohio, to Charleston, South Carolina: from Baltimore thither, by this route, about twelve hundred miles.

On *Thursday*, *Saturday*, and *Sabbath day*, I rested: Jonathan Jackson preached at Rembert's chapel on *Monday*, and on *Tuesday*, *Christmas day*, I gave them a sermon upon Isa. ix, 6: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." A "child," after his human nature; a "son"—of God. "The government shall be upon his shoulders"—upon the shoulder it was that ancient temporal governors carried their badge of office. His "shoulders"—shall be strong enough for the thousands of his faithful ministers, and the millions of his faithful people in his Church militant, who shall confide in his strength. "His name shall be called"—that is, he shall in reality be what he is called. "Wonderful"—that is, a mysterious and miraculous person in his manifestations—in his birth, spiritual and holy; and in his miracles, notable, perfect, and undeniable. "Counsellor"—this may refer to his ministry—his prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices. "Mighty God"—*mighty* in the power of his grace. "The Everlasting Father"—as such, giving life, and life eternal. "Prince of Peace"—giving and preserving *peace* in his kingdom; and thus contradistinguished from temporal princes, who are so generally promoters of war.

Wednesday, 26. We set out for Charleston; the rain overtook us, and we passed Sumpter court-house dripping. We dined with Mr. Bradford, and pursued our journey, wet as it was: stopping at a house where we might have remained for the night, we were driven off by a drunken madman who went on like a fiend: it was dark, and we had rain above, and mud and water below; the elements appeared to be at war with us: at length Mr. Boyd saw us in our deep distress, and led us to his house, and treated us very kindly. I was wet; I was blistered; I was skinned.

Thursday, 27. We came on to contend with Santee at Nelson's ferry, where I once had a *surge* with Hope Hull in company. The mud and mire were bad enough in the road, but O! the swamps! I dipped both feet, yet I came off pretty well: the water was rising; the wind blew fresh; but happily for us, James Jenkins came over in a canoe and brought the flat just as we were ready. We pushed on to Mr. Herrin's, and came in before the sun disappeared.

Friday, 28. We came thirteen miles to Monk's Corner to breakfast; thence to the Ten Mile House, fed our horses, and put off again and reached the city. It may go for one hundred and twenty miles from Rembert's to Charleston.

Saturday, 29. I had to rest indeed: I was sadly sore. Many letters came from various parts, which I answered. Daniel Hall made me glad by his account of the Suffolk camp-meeting: in four days they calculate there having been as many hundred converted to God. On the *Sabbath day* I preached at Cumberland-street on John i, 50. I feel comforted in spirit: the sitting of this conference will not be in vain in Charleston. Two letters from Philadelphia announce to me that nearly one hundred souls have been converted in the different congregations since October: O, fire of the Lord, come down and consume the fire of contention in that unhappy place! I have a pleasing account also of the success of a camp-meeting in New-York State.

Tuesday, January 1, 1805. We opened our conference. I preached upon Col. iv, 5: "Walk in wisdom towards them that are without, redeeming the time." To "walk in wisdom towards them that are without," is to purchase the present and future time, both of which are in our power. The highest "wisdom" of ministers, is to propound and set forth faithfully, the end and motive of thus "walking." Christians "walk in wisdom" when they earnestly seek perfection by the best and only means; and in the highest "wisdom," when in the possession of all the communicable fulness of perfect love. I preached the ordination sermon of four elders, J. Crowder, H. M. Gaines, J. H. Mellard, and Hugh

Porter. My body failed a little in these exercises. We had a sacrament, and some singing and tears; but for want of more and closer exhortations, there was nothing special done. The intendant of the city has forbidden our prayer-meetings with the blacks before the rising sun; nor must the evening meetings be held later than nine o'clock. The preachers are seriously occupied with the work of the conference; and they are countrymen, and do not speak boldly as they ought to speak; but I believe real good has been, and will be consequent upon the sitting of this conference.

Monday, 7. I attended to the entering of the *minutes;* wrote letters; packed up our stuff for removing; received visits, and bade farewell.

Tuesday, 8. We came off early and in haste, but we were soon checked; the causeway was bad, and the flat at the ferry aground: we were three hours getting over. At Andrews's tavern, we had to beg and pray to be taken in for the night; aye, and pay for it too: our supper and lodging were three dollars. Next day, at a lone and slow ferry we waited some time, and lingered on the road: at seven o'clock we came in to Moses Miller's, upon Black River. On *Thursday* we crossed the bridge below Kingstree, and called upon Captain Williams, who took us in, and treated us kindly.

Friday, 11. A cold day. One night at Port's ferry, and away. We have fallen short in our calculations of reaching Lumberton on the *Sabbath day*. On *Saturday* we came up to Robert Dunham's: here brother Whatcoat thought proper to stay a night. My mind has been in great peace. In a day and a half, with lodging, food, and ferries, three of us have spent nine dollars. I will here observe, that we have admitted upon trial eighteen preachers in the Western, and eleven in the Southern, conference; and added two thousand members within the bounds of each, notwithstanding a great mortality, and the constant removal to new lands.

Sabbath, 13. We rode eleven miles to James Ford's, a stage-house, and company: we were kindly treated *gratis:* we gave them our prayers and thanks.

Monday, 14. We came to Mr. Lee's, dined, and came on, lodging at Lumberton, a town of about twenty families. On *Tuesday* we had another cold ride to Fayettville. At the African meeting-house, I preached upon Heb. x, 38, 39: it was a time of feeling; but eleven o'clock was no hour for some folks. I was invited to preach in the State-house, but it did not suit my mind at all; the object of our visit was a Methodist congregation and society. Home is home: ours is plain, to be sure; but it is our duty to condescend to men of low estate; and therefore I felt justified in declining the polite invitation of the Rev. Mr. Flinn, to officiate in his meeting-house. I must take the road again. O, what sweetness I feel as I steal along through the solitary woods! I am sometimes ready to shout aloud, and make all vocal with the praises of His grace who died, and lives, and intercedes for me. Brother Whatcoat preached at night: I added a few words, a sort of gossiping exhortation.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Thursday*, 17. We crossed Cape Fear, dined at Simpson's, and after night stopped at the widow Andress's, a stage-house. On *Friday* we had a stormy morning; it paid us off for a time, and then cleared away. We came to Moore's creek: we were so near swimming, I dipped my heels: we stopped at Parker's, dined, and continued on to Negro Head: we had swamps and spring-tides; and behold! one of the bridges in Mr. Mellett's rice field was gone. Well for us, the overseer, one of our sheep, brought a ladder for us to walk upon, and by means of two planks laid together lengthwise, our horses passed over. We asked the housekeeper to let us stay; she consented, little thinking who we were, which, when she discovered, the poor thing was surprised and gladdened: we had a room, and prayed and talked with the blacks, and exhorted them. On *Saturday morning* we crossed North East before sunrise: we came to our own house to breakfast. Our chapel in Wilmington is elegant; sixty-six by thirty-six feet. Brother Whatcoat preached this morning.

Sabbath, 20. I preached on Titus xi, 14. Brother What-

coat spoke in the afternoon. Our enlarged house was filled with both colours.

Monday, 21. Many attended our meeting, though the weather was severe.

Tuesday, 22, we came on to Top Sail. Brother Nixon and family are preserved in the midst of disease and deaths. Dear Mrs. Campbell is gone home.

Wednesday, 23. We came to Lot Ballard's, forty-one miles. The weather was very cold in the morning, and there was so much ice in the way we could scarcely get along. Brother Whatcoat was afflicted with dysentery and bloody urine. On *Thursday* we rode sixteen miles to the widow Argate's: here is a change; the man is dead: the widow was attentive, and the blacks crowded to prayers.

Friday, 25. We reached Newbern, twenty-six miles. On *Saturday* it rained: we have happily escaped it. We have made two thousand nine hundred and eighty miles since General Conference. We lodged at the widow Jones's; her dear James is gone: he appeared to be as healthy as any man in Newbern: he went off after a few days' illness, of a pleurisy in the breast. Lord, and am I yet alive!

Sabbath 27, was an awful day of cold rain: few attended the worship of God. In my zeal I preached again at night: I exposed myself, and exerted myself.

Monday, 28. We came away through a cold wind to Neuse Ferry: Swift Creek swam us: and the waters of the greater stream floated us across in a tottering canoe, the horses alongside swimming: a twenty-eight miles' ride brought us to the widow Richard's to lodge. Arrived at Tar River we found it was blowing a storm: I was unwilling to cross. The flat was nearly filled with water shortly after we put off: a boat came out to take us up: brother Whatcoat stood midleg in water; I had gained a plank and kept my feet dry; and it was well, as I had a touch of pleurisy, and had discharged blood yesterday evening; we came safe, and praised that God who in deaths oft had delivered us. Brother Whatcoat preached at Washington in the evening.

Wednesday, 30. I preached to a congregation of very unfeeling people. The blacks have no gallery. The whites look upon us with contempt. O, Washington! Washington!

Thursday, 31. We came to Williamstown. I preached at brother Watts's house; my subject was Rom. v, 1-5. Roanoke was full.

Friday, *February* 1. We rode up to General Williams's, forty-eight miles from Washington. We must yet go sixty miles out of our way to go by Norfolk; poor men, and weary horses!

Saturday, 2. We stemmed the north-west wind, twenty miles, to cross the awful Roanoke. For a mile and a half from the ferry, the fences were swept away; during the freshet, cattle, and hogs, and some slaves, had been carried off: its proud waves were stayed when we arrived. We rode thirty-two miles to Joseph Penner's, Northampton, without seeing the inside of a house. I was most severely penetrated with cold; and my bowels were disordered. We had snow and cold on the *Sabbath day*, and we were glad to rest. The people came to meeting, and we delivered our testimony.

VIRGINIA.—*Monday*, 4. The day was excessively cold: the icy, frozen roads endangered limbs and life itself. We kept on. At Murphysburg we had a meeting at the house of the widow Merideth; I spoke to them from 1 Cor. v, 13-17. Next day, at Sommerton, we had a small meeting in Hazlett's house.

Wednesday, 6. In Suffolk, at the house of Mr. Yerbury, my subject was Rev. iii, 11, 12.

Thursday, 7. I was very unwell; but we pushed on, through water, mud, and mire, to Portsmouth, where we arrived about an hour in the night.

At eleven o'clock on *Friday*, we had a meeting of the official members for business; they unanimously wished to have a stationed preacher: this was a great difficulty last year. Our chapel has been enlarged to sixty feet by thirty; I advised the addition of galleries. As I passed over the

bridge to Norfolk, I examined and was pleased with it: it is more upon the Eastern plan of such improvement than any I have seen to the South; it is one thousand one hundred feet long, and thirty wide; the piles coppered to high water mark, to preserve the wood from the worm; and it has a draw-bridge; the cost is said to be thirty thousand dollars, and it yields five per cent. to the company. We met the official members of the Norfolk society; here are some difficulties, and more poverty; but the work progresses here as well as at Portsmouth, where the society has grown and prospered under the care of John Potts.

Sunday, 10. I preached at Norfolk, upon Rom. xiii, 11-14: "That knowing the time," &c. Slumbering, sleeping professors are called, by the signs of the time, to "awake—to cast off the works of darkness," as they would clothes which no longer suited their characters, garments no longer appropriate to their profession, and "to put on the armour of light—the whole armour of God;" to "walk honestly," that is decently—as it becometh the true, consistent, dignified, Christian character, to avoid the sensualities of the world, and the sins and indulgences of the flesh and spirit; to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," to be dressed, decked, adorned with Jesus Christ, and filled with his Spirit; "to make no provision for the flesh," with the intent of fulfilling its lusts. At Portsmouth I preached upon Luke iii, 6: "All flesh shall see the salvation of God:"—

I. The excellencies of this salvation: it is a common salvation, a great salvation, the salvation of God.

II. The nature of this salvation: in its degrees of justification, sanctification, and glorification.

III. The present subjects of salvation—infants and believers. The ample means furnished to all, that they may *see* this salvation—faithful ministers, faithful, consistent, praying professors, and all the holy ordinances of the Church. I was greatly assisted in speaking. I warmly exhorted our friends in Norfolk to build a tabernacle in some part of the town.

Monday, 11. At Joliff's chapel I spoke on an appropriate

text, from Isa. xlix, 20; the house is not half large enough. We dined at brother Denbigh's, and came on to the widow Reddick's: she and her sister are both professors.

Tuesday, 12. At Suffolk, brother Whatcoat preached a very appropriate sermon. At Murphy's the work revives; a new house is in preparation: *the place is too strait:* we must *make room for them to dwell.* My subject here was 1 Tim. ii, 3, 4.

Wednesday, 13. Brother Whatcoat preached at Joseph Moody's. God has wrought powerfully at Blunt's and Benn's: they are preparing a large house for worship at the former place. General Wells and family have returned to us: Willis Wells is coming back from following O'Kelly, besides twenty other members who had been drawn away: they profess to have had enough of him. Mr. O'Kelly has come down with great zeal, and preaches three hours at a time upon government, monarchy, and episcopacy; occasionally varying the subject by abuse of the Methodists, calling them aristocrats and Tories; a people who, if they had the power, would force the government at the sword's point. Poor man! The Methodists have but two of their very numerous society members of Congress; and until these democratic times we never had one. I question if, in all the public legislative bodies in the seventeen United States, there are more than twenty members Methodists. No; our people are a very independent people, who think for themselves; and are as apt to differ in politics, (so do the preachers,) and divide at the hustings, as those of any other denomination; and surely, they are not seekers of the offices of this world's profit or honour; if they were, what might they not gain in many parts of the United States? Whilst one rails at us, others, who are always fond of fishing in troubled waters, take those who are already in our net; or, hunting on forbidden ground, pick up our crippled game: see what believers their Church is composed of!

Thursday, 14. The rain held us in doubt until eleven o'clock; then we started, and about two o'clock a dreadful storm of thunder, hail, and wind overtook us, and drove us

to a house for shelter; here we remained an hour, and then came on to Captain Birdsong's: it blew up excessively cold. O death! death! in the neighbourhood of Ellis's chapel, where we have held conferences too!

Friday, 15. We stopped to feed our horses at a Quaker preacher's, a friend Nixon: we would not eat ourselves, where it was not agreeable we should pray. We found the wind so cold and cutting as we made towards Petersburg, we could hardly bear up against it.

Saturday, 16. Colder still! snow in the North; five and six feet deep in New-York. Ice! ice!—awful time!

Sunday, 17. Calm and cold. I preached from Rev. iii, 3-5; the people came very late, and my mind was fettered. I will here take the liberty of inserting the following account:—

A Sketch of the Labours and Travels of Ira Ellis.

In March, 1781, I left my father's house in Sussex county, Virginia, and spent some time with Leroy Cole, in Mecklenburg circuit. This spring and part of the summer I spent mostly with the preachers; and occasionally supplied some vacancies in one or two circuits. About November, I attended a quarterly-meeting at Rose Creek chapel, Brunswick circuit; and from thence was sent as a travelling preacher into Mecklenburg circuit, being then about twenty years of age. In April, 1782, I attended the conference held at Ellis's chapel, Sussex circuit. From thence I received an appointment to Pittsylvania circuit, where I continued six months; the six following months I officiated in the Yadkin circuit. In the spring of 1783 the conference was again held at Ellis's chapel, and I received an appointment to Tar River circuit: after spending two quarters there, I spent the remainder of the year in Roanoke circuit. In the spring of 1784, I was stationed in Bertie circuit: six months I laboured there; one quarter in Camden; and the last quarter—excepting the time spent in attending the General Conference, in Baltimore—in Portsmouth circuit. At the conference held in April, 1785, at

William Mason's, Brunswick county, I was appointed to Philadelphia circuit: here I continued nearly one year, spending one-third of the time in the city. In the spring of 1786, I was stationed in Dover circuit, in the State of Delaware, and remained one year. The next year I laboured in Kent circuit, on the eastern shore of Maryland: whilst here, I received a letter from Bishop Asbury, informing me that I was stationed for the ensuing year in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. I set out in May, and arrived there, and took my station in July, 1788: except one tour of duty, of about three months, through the district and State at large, I continued here until February, 1790. After this period I was stationed in what was called the middle or centre district of Virginia, lying between James and Rappahannock rivers: in this district I remained, and officiated as presiding elder, until the General Conference held in Baltimore, in November, 1792. James O'Kelly having then withdrawn himself from the Methodist Connexion, I was appointed to succeed him in the south district of Virginia, which station I filled until November, 1795. I then changed my state in life, and became located; and so continue to this day. IRA ELLIS.

BRUNSWICK, VIRGINIA,
Feb. 24, 1805.

The above-named Ira Ellis being about to travel some distance through the United States, on business, Bishop Whatcoat and myself gave him the certificate, of which this is a copy:—

To the Ministers, Members, and Friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

With our Christian salutations we send, greeting. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you, through Jesus our Lord. We have thought it proper to recommend our beloved brother, Ira Ellis, to your pulpits and attentions. One that has travelled fourteen years, extensively, faithfully, and acceptably—nine years he has laboured locally, preserving always a good ministerial and Christian character: he

hath filled the various stations among us, having exercised the offices of preacher, deacon, elder, and presiding elder. We give him the recommendation we think his standing and services have merited in our Connexion; he is going upon business of consequence to himself; he may also be as attentive as circumstances will admit to the ministry of the word of God, at all times and places where he can have a congregation. Given under our hands this 22d day of February, 1805.

FRANCIS ASBURY.
RICHARD WHATCOAT.

BRUNSWICK COUNTY,
VIRGINIA.

I desire to render to all their due. Ira Ellis is a man of quick and solid parts. I have often thought that had fortune given him the same advantages of education, he would have displayed abilities not inferior to a Jefferson or a Madison. But he has, in an eminent degree, something better than learning—he has undissembled sincerity, great modesty, deep fidelity, great ingenuity, and uncommon power of reasoning. His English schooling has been good: he is a good arithmetician, and expeditious and ready with his pen: when asked for an account of his travels, he took his pen immediately, and without a recurrence to books or papers, gave it at once; in the conferences and elsewhere, as my secretary, he has been of signal service to me. He is a good man, of most even temper, whom I never saw angry, but often in heaviness through manifold temptations: he is a good preacher too. O, may he finish his life as he hath continued it—faithful, and acceptable, and successful in the travelling and local line! Ira Ellis is married to an agreeable woman, who has made him the father of three beautiful, serious little children.

Monday, 18. We rode away to the high hills, Notaway, and stopped with Stith Perham: on *Tuesday* we came to Robert Jones's; on *Wednesday* to Peter Pelham's; on *Thursday* to William Ruffin's; on *Friday* to Sterling Ruffin's, where I preached, and then came to Ira Ellis's. On *Satur-*

day brother Whatcoat preached at the Olive Branch. We visited Matthew Myrick, who was sick.

Sabbath, 24. I had a most serious talk at the Branch chapel on Rev. ii, 1-5. We lodged at E. Drumgoold's.

Monday, 25. We rode to John Seward's through the rain. William and Sterling are among the *rich*—so called: they had been deistical in their notions; but they appear to be sincere and zealous now. Bishop Coke had been made a blessing to William and his lady. We have passed through Norfolk, Nansemond, Isle of Wight, Surry, Sussex, Prince Edward, Brunswick, Greenville and Mecklenburg counties.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Tuesday*, 26. We directed our course to Salem, chiefly to see sister Taylor, at Howell Taylor's: she is true yoke-fellow to Sally Jones: one is gone to rest, the other, confident in God, is suffering on patiently until she is released from her load of painful affliction. On *Wednesday* we crossed Taylor's ferry, and rode twenty miles to Edmund Taylor's, the seat of the Virginia Conference: we had rain part of the way. We felt a little serious —thinking our elder children and strong sons would leave us by location; and that we should have none but old tottering men, and green, unpractised boys to take care of the plantation: but we have a great husbandman, Jesus, and a good God. On *Thursday* made preparations for conference.

Friday, March 1. We opened our yearly conference for Virginia, at Edmund Taylor's, Granville county, North-Carolina. We closed our sitting on *Friday evening* following. I have so frequently noticed the affairs of conferences, and they are so common, that I will only observe of this, that we added fourteen preachers, and located four; our business we conducted in great peace, and we had preaching as usual. Our increase is one thousand nine hundred members.

Saturday, 9. We came to John Owens's, and spent an agreeable hour. I was pleased to see sister Owens; she is the daughter of my old good friend, Daniel Grant. We took horse again, and hastened on through the warmth to Doctor R. A. Holland's, making thirty-three miles.

Sabbath, 10. I preached upon Isa. xl, 5. We had many Baptists to hear. It was an open time to me, although I was unwell. Brothers Mead and Bruce exhorted.

Monday, 11. We came away to brother Pate's; and then on to father Chapell's. We lodged with Joel Tucker.

Tuesday, 12. We crossed Staunton River at Pannell's ferry. We called at Mr. Old's to warm and feed, and came on to lodge at Henry Brown's, having made thirty miles this day—and very cold it was.

Wednesday, 13. I rested, read, and wrote, whilst brother Mead copied letters narrative of the work of God. We have passed, since conference, Granville, Pierson in Carolina, and Halifax and Campbell counties in Virginia. I find that nothing so interrupts my communion with God as the cold. I cannot keep my mind fixed, when my whole system seems to be penetrated and stiffened with the cold wind. I suppose this will pass for a very long, hard winter; if the spring is backward, the harvest will be late and full. O, may there be a great harvest of souls gathered in to God!

VIRGINIA.—*Thursday*, 14. We must needs ride to New London. I felt the cold; the wind gave me an influenza. We had a meeting in Doctor Jennings's house. I spoke on Rev. ii, 8-10.

Friday, 15. We came to Lynchburg: I did not find my body or mind, or the circumstances of the chapel, or the state of the society as I wished. We did not lose time. Brother Whatcoat spoke at night. On *Saturday* I preached upon Eph. iv, 2-6. I was very unwell on the *Sabbath day*. Brother Whatcoat preached, and administered the sacrament. At three o'clock, I was forced to duty by the wishes of the people; I spoke on 1 Cor. vi, 1. We had about one thousand or fifteen hundred people of the town and country: we lodged with Mr. Wyatt. I felt very willing to move along.

On *Monday* we came to Colonel Meredith's, New Glasgow: we were entertained with great friendship and Christian politeness. We were accompanied hither by Lewis Dawson,

whose kind attentions it is proper I should acknowledge. The people being gathered at a short warning, brother Whatcoat gave them a sermon.

Tuesday, 19. Brother James Floyd led us along with as much attention as he would have paid to his parents. We crossed Pine Creek and Tye River, passing Amherst court-house. After dining with William Breedlove, we mounted and pursued our way across the rocky ford of Rockfish: we stopped at Benjamin Paine's. God hath wrought amongst the children of these families.

Wednesday, 20. We came to Tandy Kee's; here we found more children coming to Christ. I was pleased and cheered to hear from the local preachers the great things God hath done in this circuit. Brother Mead is coming to preside, and I hope he will have a glorious camp-meeting in every circuit in the district. Amherst should, by all means, have another preacher—I hear—I see—I feel. The Baptists are under the whip—straining for victory; Bedford is their stronghold. We shall see. I must be going; although I have a poor, weak, tripping beast; and if she makes a long stumble fifty times a day, I bear it patiently. My mind is in great peace: glory, glory to God!

Thursday, 21. We came to Williams's tavern; dined, and passed the elegant seat of Mr. Divers; thence to Ray's ford upon the north fork of James River, called Fluvanna; thence to the north branch of Swift Run: we lodged at Mr. Fretwell's—threescore and ten, and not *born again!* wretched old man! At Stonersville, on *Friday*, we called on Doctor Douglass, formerly a travelling preacher, halted an hour, and made for the waters of Rapid Ann—Staunton, middle, and south branches: after scaling an arm of the ridge over to Robinson's River (flowing in three branches from the ridge,) we came in to lodge with Mr. Glower, a Baptist, who was very hospitable to us. On *Saturday* we reached T. T.'s, upon Hughes's River; and thence continued on to Woodsville; thence to Washington, a small town under the south mountain in the west of Culpepper county. We have made one hundred miles of these roads in three

days: poor men! poor horses! We are housed with Elias Clark, Esq., near Chester Gap.

Sabbath, 24. Having taken cold in my head, I was very unwell; I was merely forced to preach at Pennell's. On *Monday* we crossed the ridge at Chester Gap, passing the head spring of the north branch of the Rappahannock River. We stopped at Front Royal or League town: I preached at three o'clock; and brother Whatcoat at night. My subject was Rom. xii, 1, 2: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." It was observed, that the apostle's form of address was excellent, and particularly directed to the Christian believers—the subjects of grace. That the people of the "world" who lived in conformity to its manners and maxims, lived in their proper element—"but ye (said our Lord in addressing believers) are not of the world, as I am not of the world, because I have called you out of the world." The apostle had in view one thing, in two parts, namely the devotion of the whole man, body and soul, to God; without which the man cannot be a Christian, perfect and entire. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice,"—this can only be done by abstaining from all things sinful in practice. We must not only not live in the use of unlawful things, but we must not indulge in the unlawful use of lawful things: it is lawful to eat, but not to gluttony; it is lawful to drink, but not to drunkenness; it is lawful to be married, but it is unlawful for either husband or wife to idolize the other. We ought to make the faculties of our bodies subservient to the worship and service of God—our eyes to see for God; our ears to hear; our hands to be liberal; our feet to move for God, so as to do or suffer—this is "reasonable service;" and thus occupied, the "mercies of God" excite us properly, and we are "not conformed to this world." That we be "renewed in our minds"—that all the powers of the soul be

given in love and service to the Lord; in conviction for indwelling sin, the repentance of believers; in sanctification; persevering grace; perfect love; and the fruition—perfect and eternal glory. We "prove the will of God" by this—to be good—to be "acceptable" to our own souls; and to be "perfect" in our Christian perfection, holiness, and happiness eternal.

Tuesday, 26. We came a rugged path to Elijah Phelps's once more. On *Wednesday* I was busy writing and fitting for conference. Front Royal contains about sixty houses, a Methodist chapel, and academy, a mill, and several stores. We lodged at James Moore's. It was very agreeable to have a home, a room, and everything comfortable for a day or two. Our poor horses needed rest too.

Saturday, 30. We came to Winchester. I ordered a room fitted for conference, with one above the other. On the *Sabbath day* I preached.

Monday, *April* 1. We opened the Baltimore conference, sitting five days in very great order and peace: on the 5th instant it rose. We had seventy-four preachers present. We had preaching day and night, and some souls were converted to God. On *Saturday* we came to brother Davenport's.

At Charlestown my *Sabbath day's* subject was 1 Cor. vi, 19, 20. We lodged with Mr. Key. On *Monday* we reached Fredericktown; on *Tuesday*, Joshua Jones's, Sam's Creek; and on *Wednesday*, 10, came into Baltimore.

MARYLAND.—I have been greatly supported, but afflicted in my breast and heart; it will not last long. I have made, I calculate, three thousand eight hundred and fifty miles from the 1st of June, 1804, to the 10th of April, 1805. L. M'Combs had refused to take his station; after some alterations were made, he consented to go to Philadelphia. *Thursday* was occupied in writing letters, &c. On *Friday* I preached at Oldtown.

Sabbath day, I preached in Light-street: I had a very heavy congregation: I fear the people are preached to death. In the afternoon I visited the Africans: my subject

was Ephes. iv, 1-6. Lord, look upon our city congregations, for they are a valley of dry bones!

Tuesday, 16. I preached at Fell's Point; it was a time to be remembered. I made my escape from Baltimore; low in religion. At Perry Hall I spent a night. The house, spacious and splendid, was newly painted, and the little grandchildren were gay and playful; but I and the elders of the house felt that it was evening with us.

Thursday, 18. We came to North East, and called a meeting; the notice was short; the men were fishing. On *Friday* we reached Back Creek, Delaware. Very warm and dusty. My mind is in great peace. On *Saturday* I was at Duck Creek; and on *Sunday evening* I preached in Dover state-house with very little life: in the morning I had an open time on 2 Cor. vi, 16-18.

DELAWARE.—*Monday*, 22. I rode to Milford; on *Tuesday* to Z. Hazzard's; rested, and came on to Lewistown, where we called a meeting, and preached upon Rom. xiii, 11-14: I was assisted greatly, and the people were engaged. We lodged at Caleb Rodney's. There may be in Lewistown one hundred and twenty houses, and about eight hundred souls. We came thence to Georgetown, the seat of the courts of justice for Sussex county; containing about forty houses. As the court was in session, we were offered the house, and desired to hold our meeting there: the judges and counsellors attended; and brother Whatcoat spoke, and I followed upon Psalm xli, 10: we had a moving season.

Thursday, 25. We came on to Caroline; dined at Caleb Jacob's, and lodged with Thomas Foster. I was gladdened in heart to find that the work of God was progressing in this society.

On *Friday* we came to brother Frazier's. The fierceness of the wind made Choptank impassable: we had to rest awhile; and need I had, being sore with hard service.

Saturday, 27. We crossed at Dover Ferry, and came through Gaston to Lebanon, lodging at brother Brown's.

Sunday, 28. I preached at Lebanon chapel, the neatest on this shore; my subject, Isaiah xl, 19, 20. We hasted on

to Easton: brother Whatcoat preached; brother Blake gave us lodging.

Monday, 29. We rode forty-three miles through Centreville to Chestertown, to meet the Philadelphia Conference.

Tuesday, 30. We rested and prepared for our work.

Saturday, May 4. On *Wednesday* last our conference began: one day was occupied with the appeal of Caleb Kendall. On the *Sabbath* I was called to duty; I spoke on Luke iii, 4-6: "All flesh shall see the salvation of God."

I. The perception; the sense in which this object is seen.

II. By whom? "By all."

III. The provision made for this, and the cause of its operation. The love of God; the general atonement; the general influences of the Spirit; the number of ministers, and the general commission to "preach the Gospel to every creature;" the number of Christians and praying souls. The hinderances that obstruct the universal and efficacious spread of the Gospel; they were diabolical and human. We ordained elders Boehm, Aikins, Polemus, Wiltbank, Asa Smith, and Benjamin Hiff.

Wednesday, 8. The conference rose, after seven days' close labour. We had, as usual, preaching noon and night, and some souls were blessed.

Thursday, 9. We came away to Wilmington, and lodged at Collector M'Lane's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Friday*, 10. We reached Philadelphia. Eighty miles in two days. Sarah Williams has left £200 to the disposal of Bishop Whatcoat and myself; we ordered its application to the *Chartered Fund*. Thank the Lord! I am happy in the midst of the murmurs of many who are disappointed because I do not meet their strange expectations: O! what a wonder if I walk officially straight, when so many would wish me to incline a little to the right or left, as their whims and fancies would lead!

Saturday, 11. I prayed, read, wrote, and conversed with friends.

Sabbath day, 12. I preached at St. George's chapel, and

again in the Academy: this was a gloomy day—in weather, in the congregation, and in my mind.

Monday, 13. I preached in the new house at Kensington; I had light and openings. I was continually in prayer; after breakfast, after dinner, after tea or supper. I visited Doctor Magaw: his whole system is shattered, but he has intervals of reason; and although he wants the plenitude of witness of justifiying and sanctifying grace, he appears to be full of goodness, full of God: I felt that God was eminently with him: I had confidence and power in prayer for him.

NEW-JERSEY.—We set out for the East on *Tuesday morning*, and came as far as Trenton; I was unwell with fasting and riding, so brother Whatcoat preached.

Wednesday, 15. At Kingston, fifteen miles, we fed and started, but a storm drove us into Mr. Henry Gulick's: we again set out, but I was afraid of riding in the rain, and turned in under the roof of a Cornish man by the name of John Rule.

Thursday, 16. The roads heavy and damp. We came on to Brunswick, dined, and reached Drake's for the night. Next day, we dined with Thomas Morrell at Elizabethtown, and lodged with Mr. Leecraft at Newark.

NEW-YORK.—*Saturday*, 18. We were in New-York by eight o'clock. I felt a desire to go to the camp-meeting at Mosquito Cove, thirty miles from Brooklyn, on Long-Island. Brother Russell took me there. On my journey I felt as if God had been, and would be, and was at camp. We arrived about nine o'clock. The *Saturday's* exercises continued through the night until near the break of day.

Sabbath morning, 19. I preached to a multitude, on Acts ii, 21; in the afternoon Michael Coate spoke. The work went on through the whole night. Many precious souls were blessed. On *Monday night* I preached at Brooklyn. I gave them a sermon in John-street church in New-York on *Tuesday morning*.

Wednesday, 22. We came away to the widow Sherwood's, where I preached: I had a little time to read. In this State

the subjects of *succession, rebaptizing*, are much agitated. I will tell the world what I rest my authority upon. 1. Divine authority. 2. Seniority in America. 3. The election of the General Conference. 4. My ordination by Thomas Coke, William Philip Otterbine, German Presbyterian minister, Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey. 5. Because the signs of an apostle have been seen in me. On *Saturday* I lodged with Nicholas Fisher at the Plains. At the White Plains meeting-house on the *Sabbath day* I stood up once more; my subject, 1 Cor. xv, 33, 34. We had some feeling souls to hear; but there is a call for abundantly more. Brother Whatcoat preached at four o'clock. This was a sorrowful day to me; I was in sackcloth.

Monday, 27. I called to see Elder Coleman's wife, who was ill—or expected soon to be. I dined with James Hall. We rejoiced that after sixteen years we were bound heavenward. We crossed Croton to Stephentown, stopping at Thomas Bailey's. I preached at five o'clock.

Tuesday, 28. We made our way across the Peekskill mountains, by Gilead meeting-house. We came by the grand encampment where the God of glory appeared last autumn. We lodged with Richard Jackson.

Wednesday, 29, was a day of rest. We called a meeting, and brother Whatcoat preached upon the *perfect law of liberty*. I exhorted. Next day, through an unusually cold north wind, we made a laborious journey to Rhinebeck. We stayed with our brother Sands.

Friday, 31. I read the latter part of Mr. Wesley's Journal. How great and unceasing were his labours; how various, comprehensive, and just are his observation on men, women, modes, manners, doctrines, opinions, authors, and things! I have felt myself strongly urged to pray after every meal, where the families are in the habit of prayer; but I believe there are Methodist households that sometimes fall in my way, who never pray in this way: and is this our poor success, after eighteen years of faithful labours? God be gracious to us, and to such families and unfaithful souls!

Saturday, June 1. Reading closely.

Sunday, 2. I spoke at Rhinebeck chapel, on Joel ii, 28, 29: "It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." The preacher's mind was somewhat clouded, or he might have better shown,

I. What are the common and extraordinary operations of the Spirit.

II. The subjects of this operation—the children of God, and their children; the "servants" of God, and their servants and slaves; the "old men" of the first generation living, down to the third and fourth; "young men," gay and forgetful; "young women," giddy and thoughtless; rich and poor.

III. The provision that is made for this—in the love of God, in the death of Christ, in the general grace of God, dispensed by men and means. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the afternoon. It was a heavy day with me; I wearied myself in vain; but my judgment is with my God.

Monday, 3. I rested and read Mr. Wesley's Journal and the last of his Life.

Tuesday, 4. We made, through heat and dust, to Gale's tavern: a plentiful rain afterward drove us into Mr. Booth's, at Claverick. On *Wednesday* we dined at Kinderhook, and lodged with B. Goslin, Esq., at Greenbush.

Thursday, 6. On our way to Stillwater, we passed Troy, Lansingburgh, and Waterford, crossing the North River upon a grand bridge. We got within a mile of the camp-meeting ground. There is no great shade, nor many tents; but we expect preachers from Canada, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, and New-Jersey.

Friday, 7. We opened our camp-meeting exercises in the pine woods at Stillwater. It continued four days and three nights. There were many people, many sermons, many

prayers, many sinners, many saints, and little intermission, night or day, of labours and praises. The particulars may be printed.

Tuesday, 11. We came twenty-five miles to Ashgrove, and next day opened conference. On *Tuesday*, the 18th, the conference rose at noon. We had blessed harmony and order; and I never heard less murmuring about the stations, of which there were sixty-two upon the list, and two having no appointments, because of debility. The committee of business, and the committee of addresses, were very attentive to the affairs brought before them, and their labours were highly approved. By allowing the usual provision for the married preachers and their wives, (no supplies given for the children,) the conference was insolvent seventeen hundred dollars. There were about eight hundred dollars in money, and other things, given to, and given away by, the conference. We had a sacrament and love-feast on the *Sabbath*, and I preached: the duty was performed by others at other times, as usual; but there were no special marks of good done.

Wednesday, 19. We came to the Falls of Hoosack, and stopped at George Croye's. Here I preached, 1 Cor. ii, 29-31.

VERMONT.—*Thursday*, 20. We came through Pownall, in Vermont, to Williamstown, the seat of the college—containing two houses, one, probably sixty by forty feet; the other, one hundred by fifty feet, four stories, of brick. We dined at brother Kinney's, near New Ashford. Thence we came away to Lanesborough, and on to Pittsfield. We have passed through a well-cultivated land of wavy, well-watered surface, roughened with rocks, and broken often enough by hills. We have had two days and nights of heat equal to that of Georgia. Some thunder-showers cooled the air, and our ride yesterday was pleasant, though laborious, through Washington, Becket, and Chester, and along upon the head-springs of Agawam River, whose meanders we followed upon a turnpike road, winding amongst the hills of the Green Mountain, equal to any in the West; forty miles

brought us to Westfield; and rested at Joel Farnam's. Mr. Knapp invited me to preach in the Congregational temple; but I refused, for sundry reasons valid to myself.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Sabbath*, 23. I attended at a Baptist church. My first subject was Isa. lv, 6, 7. My second, Acts xxvi, 18, 19. It was hard labour indeed. I rode home with Nathaniel Phelps, in Tatnam. I asked an aged man at the meeting, how many souls were computed to be in the town. Four thousand, was the reply. Not one-fourth of these were at meeting. Here is room! It is a day of feeble things; and I am afraid that some of our friends, instead of boldly facing them, turn their backs upon their enemies; whilst others join them. Here Ralph Williston was well-known—once so full of fire; and what is he now?

Monday, 24. We set out after mid-day—crossed Connecticut at Enfield, and came on to Ellington, housing with Doctor Steel. Here the Standing Order have built a grand temple to—fame. It is feared there is not in the congregation one soul alive.

CONNECTICUT.—*Tuesday*, 25. I preached in the school-house to a few men, women, and children. I went home with Mr. Ostrander at the Square Ponds. I believe Methodism is as low here as true religion: yet there is hope that God will visit New-England, as well as every part of the continent, before long. At the Square Ponds meeting-house I preached upon Rom. viii, 1, 2. It was an open season—the best time I have had in New-England. Several felt. I hope it is a prelude to a revival here. I am resting, writing, and reading our Form of Discipline, and the Jews' Answer to Voltaire.

Saturday, 29. At Tolland quarterly meeting my subject was Jude 20, 21. It was a gracious time. On the *Sabbath* we had love-feast and sacrament. I ordained Nathan Fox, John Norris, and James Hyde, deacons. These are some of the first fruits. Tolland revives. We had some living testimonies, and several souls are brought into the Church. At ten o'clock we went into an orchard adjoining the chapel.

I spoke on Heb. viii, 10, 11. Brother Washburn's text was, "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it." Many exhortations followed, and prayers, with power. There was a great cry, and the meeting held without intermission until night.

Monday, July 1. We set out to Willington; went on to Mansfield; thence, after dining with Mr. Cyrus Dow, fifteen miles to Thompson. On *Tuesday* we passed through Douglass and Mandon, and lodged with Mr. Ball, at Millford. Our *Wednesday's* ride brought us through Hopkinton, Framingham, Natick, (where we dined with Mr. Jameson,) and on to Needham, to lodge. The last two days have brought us through heat (occasionally cooled by shade) and dust, and the kindness of friends, several miles from the camp-ground.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Thursday*, 4. I preached at N. Bogle's meeting-house, on John viii, 30, 31. We stopped *Friday night* at Waltham. On *Saturday* we reached Boston. O heat and dust! I felt like Jonah without his gourd.

Sabbath, 7. I preached in our complete little meeting-house, well-filled with hearers, from 1 Cor. v, 7, 8. It was an open time and gracious season. In the afternoon Joseph Crawford spoke upon 1 Tim. i, 15. The word of the Lord appeared to strike like sharp arrows. I feel as if Epaphras Kibby had been faithful in Boston.

Monday, 8. We took the turnpike for Lynn, passing over a bridge three-quarters of a mile long, said to have cost forty thousand dollars. It is rather a causeway, thrown over a marsh—plenty of flies and mosquitoes. I found Peter Jayne in the new house built for the accommodation of the stationed preacher at Lynn. God is moving amongst the people here; they are prepared for the conference.

Tuesday, 9. At Marblehead I spoke on Gal. iv, 20: "I desire to be present with you now, and to change my voice; for I stand in doubt of you." 1. Evangelical men, or apostolic witnesses, may feel a desire to be present with societies at particular times when it is in their power. They will, where this cannot be done, write. 2. That there may

be very alarming and doubtful cases and characters in the congregation and Church; such as open sinners, hypocrites, half-awakened souls, backsliders, slothful believers. 3. Changing the voice—using a different method, as to matter and manner of preaching or writing, pointing at the cases and characters which are doubtful. We had another meeting at five o'clock, and then returned to Lynn. I received a letter from Doctor Coke, announcing to me his marriage; and advising me, that he did not intend to visit America again as a visitor, but rather as a sojourner, (if at all,) could work be appointed him to do. Marriage is honourable in all—but to me it is a ceremony awful as death. Well may it be so, when I calculate we have lost the travelling labours of two hundred of the best men in America, or the world, by marriage and consequent location.

Friday, 12. We had a full conference. Preaching at five, at eleven, and at eight o'clock. Sitting of conference from half-past eight o'clock until eleven, in the forenoon; and from two until six o'clock, in the afternoon: we had great order, and harmony, and strict discipline withal. Sixteen deacons and eight elders were ordained.

Sabbath, 14. We held our meeting in a grove belonging to Benjamin Johnson, a beautiful and sequestered spot, though near the meeting-house. My subject was 1 Thess. ii, 6-9. 1. The system of imparting the "Gospel of God"—which is preaching Christ. 2. The doctrines, privileges, precepts, and power of this "Gospel." 3. Apostolical purity of intention, disinterestedness, tempers, manners, labours, and travels. The affection of soul "imparted"—manifested—in preaching and prayer, and bowels of mercies and sympathies. There were many exhortations and much prayer; many must have felt; some were converted: from this day forth, the work of God will prosper in Lynn and its neighbourhood. On *Monday*, the labours of conference, and public religious exercises were continued. On *Tuesday evening* conference rose in great peace. On *Wednesday* I gave them a sermon, and immediately set out to Waltham, twenty miles: wind, heat, dust!

Thursday, 18. We gained Captain Nichols's, Shrewsbury. Wilbraham brought us up on *Friday*. We rested with Abel Bliss on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 21. At Wilbraham I spoke on 2 Tim. iv, 5-8: "But watch thou in all things," &c. Introduction—the special relation of a spiritual father and son. The time and circumstances peculiar to Paul and Timothy: "Watch, in all things:" as a Christian; as a Christian minister or bishop: endure afflictions of mind and body, as a Christian and a minister—endure heat, cold, hunger, thirst, labour, persecution, temptations. "Do the work of an evangelist" —spread the Gospel where it is not, support it where it is. Paul knew he was going by martyrdom: he had "fought a good fight of faith;" and by faith he had "kept" justifying "faith," which some had *made shipwreck of:* the "crown" of justifying, and sanctifying, and practical righteousness, was waiting to encircle his triumphant brows—a "crown" thrice radiant with the three degrees of glory. In conclusion I said many things, and with great plainness, urging the necessity of being civilized, moralized, and spiritualized, by the Gospel in the plenitude of its Divine operation. I ordained Luman Andrus an elder, and Urijah Clough to deacon's orders. After two hours' serious labour I retired.

CONNECTICUT.—*Monday*, 22. We came in heat to East-Hartford, and lodged with Squire Pitkins. *Tuesday*, to New-Haven: *Wednesday*, to Stamford: *Friday*, to Peter Bonnett's, New-Rochelle.

NEW-YORK.—We have ridden two hundred and thirty miles in six days—some of them awfully warm. The earlier fruits and productions of the year have been very abundant; but without a rain, the latter fruits and grain must fail. I took a day to refit clothes, and to write letters. At four o'clock I preached at Rochelle meeting-house: the subject suited the state of the town: the men were few, the women many. The Lord was present with us. I lodged under the hospitable roof of the widow Sherwood. On my road hither, I thought I saw what would make a good camp-ground: I

wrote to the presiding elder, advising him of this circumstance. I am still bent on great designs for God, for Christ, for souls. *Saturday* brought us through excessive heat and dust, to New-York I would say; but we were barred its entrance by proclamation, having passed through New-Haven, afflicted with the yellow-fever. I stopped at George Suckley's. Being a little unwell, I made the best use of the day I could by writing letters.

New-Jersey.—*Monday*, 29. I preached in our very neat chapel at Second River. We came to Elizabethtown; and on *Tuesday* to Joseph Hutchinson's; and *Wednesday* brought us up at Burlington.

Pennsylvania.—*Thursday*, *August* 1. We found ourselves proclaimed at Philadelphia as at New-York. We directed our course to Mr. Manley's seat, in the neighbourhood of the city. I received several letters, from which I learn that there was great order preserved at Duck-Creek camp-meeting; and that great good was done—three hundred souls were blessed! On *Saturday* I wrote letters. I redeem a day by hard riding for this service. I have bought, for one hundred dollars, a neat little Jersey wagon. On the *Sabbath day* I preached at Germantown, on Isaiah xlix, 1, 2. I returned to Mr. Manley's, and preached at five o'clock, at Mr. Manley's: this day appears to have been poorly spent. I am waiting for the minutes of conference, and my little wagon—then away to the West.

Monday, 5. I visited brothers Cook's and Haskin's families; and rested on *Tuesday*.

Wednesday, 7. We set out and reached Radnor. We stopped to dine with brother Gyger, and had a serious time at prayer in his new house, which they are about to move into. We lodged with Daniel Meredith, an old disciple, in the Valley. *Thursday* brought us, through heat and dust, to Soudersburg. Sick on *Friday*, and took medicine. *Saturday*, wrote a great deal.

Sunday, 11. At the chapel at Soudersburg, I preached upon 2 Thess. i, 7-10: "And to you who are troubled, rest

with us," &c. 1. The sources of "trouble" to the people of God—temptation, persecution, disorderly walk and backsliding of professors, and the wretched state of sinners. 2. The present and future "rest"—first on earth, and then in glory: the cause—"the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" hath been obeyed by, and hath had its full operation on, "them that believe." 3. The *revelation* "of the Lord Jesus Christ:"—the characters of those whom he shall judge, and *take vengeance upon*—ungodly heathens; disobedient hearers of the Gospel. "Vengeance"—for God; for himself; for his insulted Spirit; for the ministers of Christ, and the people of God. "Punished"—their punishment to be beyond the interference of mercy: to be sufferings of body and soul; and these to be eternal. I was considerably assisted; yet I left the subject in an unfinished state, after speaking a full hour.

Monday, 12. We came off with courage, passing through Lancaster, still unpropitious to Methodism: seven miles beyond, father Musselman received us with a smiling countenance, a willing hand, and ready mind. We fed, and talked, and sang, and prayed, and parted in the Lord. We crossed Anderson's ferry, the best I know on the river, and came into Little York. I stopped a day. O! how kind our friends are, at their beautiful retreat: may friend Pentz, and wife, and mother, be blessed of the Lord!

Wednesday, 14. We set out for Carlisle, but I changed my mind and my route to Berlin: we put up with Isaiah Haars. *Thursday* brought us to Shippensburg, thirty miles. On *Friday* we bent our course towards Pittsburg, over the three mountains, to J. Thompson's, in Burnt-Cabin Valley. I have moved swiftly, but in my flight have written to five of the preachers. I walked down the mountains, which fatigued me. My soul is at peace; but I have severe trials at times. On *Saturday* we rested, refitted, read and wrote. *Sabbath day*, at Littleton chapel, I spoke upon 2 Cor. iii, 12. We had a feeling, melting season. We lodged with father Ramsay—an exceeding kind people.

Monday, 19. We reached Bedford. At night we had fiddle and flute to enliven our prayers, and assist our meditations. I had but little rest. On *Tuesday* we rode sixteen miles to breakfast. We stopped at Berlin, and I gave them a sermon. *Wednesday* brought us over awful roads to Connellsville, forty-two miles. We were nearly wrecked. A very serious drought prevails west and east: O, we are wicked—we are covetous! we abuse the blessings of abundance, and God in justice withholds. I am indebted to a kind Providence for my good little wagon, and my excellent and active driver—and good preacher too. I am resolved to quit this mountainous, rocky, rugged, stumpy route. It was a mercy of God we were not—men, horses, and wagon—broken in pieces; I praise God now, but I hardly had time to pray then.

The camp-meeting begins, to-morrow, at Short Creek, near the Great River. On *Friday* and *Saturday* we laboured onward to Short Creek: I foundered my mare; and had many trials.

Sunday, 25. I preached at the camp-ground: it was a moving time. On *Monday* I preached again. It was judged there were five thousand souls present to hear; and that one hundred souls were converted to God.

I purchased a horse; and bent my course through Wheeling, on the banks of the Ohio: we crossed, and in the evening came to Morristown. *Friday* brought us to Muskingum; *Saturday*, we reached John Murphy's, and on the *Sabbath* I rested with Edward Teel. Joseph Crawford is sick. I have had little rest for six nights past. I have ridden, by computation, sixteen hundred and eighty miles since I left Baltimore.

OHIO.—*Monday, September* 2. I preached at Richland chapel, on 1 Peter v, 10: the subject was gracious; and so was the season. I find here the children of Methodists, according to the flesh, known elsewhere, and long ago. Jonathan Jackson is married: O thou pattern of celibacy, art thou caught! Who can resist? Our married man was forty years of age: he has taken to wife a Mrs. Roberts—

a poor, pious widow. Joseph Crawford is very ill. I cannot go on. I have sent sixteen miles for a bottle of wine for him. We started away on *Tuesday*, and came to Judge Vanmeeter's, at the Muddy Prairie, and dined and prayed: brother Crawford still ill of a flux and fever. We stopped at Crouse's mill for the evening. Edward Tiffin's brought us up on *Wednesday*. *Thursday* and *Friday*, brother Crawford could not move on. Doctor Tiffin, the present governor of the State, administered some relief. I was happily employed in reading the Portrait of St. Paul, by the divine Fletcher. I preached at Chillicothe—we have excessive heat. My mind is in great peace.

Saturday, 7. We rode to Deer Creek, and dined with Mr. Davis. The evening found us at White Brown's.

Sunday, 8. I preached in the barn, upon 1 Cor. xii, 8, 9: "My grace is sufficient for thee." A view was taken of the cases, characters, and stations the people of God might be in, and their several relations to each other, as it respected their *duty* to God, to the world, to themselves, and to their brethren. It was attempted to be shown, that in all possible situations arising out of the faithful performance of this duty, the *grace of God* was sufficient for them. The manner in which this grace is to be obtained:—by fervent prayer, three times a day, or oftener; by a diligent use of all the means, and a faithful improvement of the *grace given.*

Monday, 9. We missed our path, and went out of our way—we intended for the falls of Paint, and went to Bullskin, twenty miles: we lodged with Michael Hains, who rode with us eleven miles. We passed Franklin, on the way to the town of Newmarket, containing eight cabins. We lodged at Ross's, and were kindly and freely entertained. The roads were heavy; but the wagon was a covering in the heavy rain. The roads were dreadful to Williamsburg, Claremont county. We had a beach-swamp, mud up to the hubs, stumps as high as the wagon-body, logs, trees:—after all, we came safe. *Wednesday*, we lodged with Levi Rogers—once a travelling preacher, now a physician. We

were greatly outdone, but we called a meeting at Williamsburg. Brother Whatcoat preached, and I exhorted. I saw several Jersey friends. On *Thursday* we rode on to Mr. Dimmitt's, on the route to Little Miami: we have made one hundred miles in four days. I was made glad to hear of the revival of the work of God in the new settlements: the local ministry have shared in this labour with the travelling preachers. On *Friday* we came down the east branch of the Little Miami, to Judge Gatch's. On *Saturday* we rested, and I read and wrote. On the *Sabbath day* we held a meeting of four hours at Philip Gatch's: brother Whatcoat's subject was, "Repent and be converted;" Joseph Crawford's, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ;" and F. Asbury's, "I have no greater joy than this, that my children walk in the truth." We felt quickened and comforted in God. Our route on *Monday* led through Columbia, and the rich lands of the Miami. William Lives sent one to meet and invite us to his house in Cincinnati; I gave them a discourse upon, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found," &c.

KENTUCKY.—Next day I called on Elijah Sparks, at Newport, and baptized two of his children. We dined with the widow Stephens. I rejoiced to find that a new circuit had been formed, and there were several growing societies—much of this has been effected by the faithful labours of Benjamin Edge. We passed Grant's Lick, and lodged very comfortably with William Daniel. On *Wednesday* we reached Joshua Jones's; and next day beat along to Isaac Nevey's—here we were at home. In Kentucky we passed through Campbell, Pendleton, and Harrison counties. Our estimate is one thousand nine hundred and eighty miles from Baltimore to Mount Gerizim.

Friday, 20. We attended at White's chapel; Bishop Whatcoat and myself preached. We dined at brother White's, and came through Cynthiana, the capital of Harrison county, to Jonathan Jaques's.

Saturday, 21. At Benjamin Coleman's. On the *Sabbath day*, brother Crawford and myself had a warm time of it

at Mount Gerizim, where we have already held our conference twice. We both preached; we exerted ourselves greatly, and I hope there was good done. We visited Daniel Grigg. I found several of my old friends at this place—among them Colonel Barratt of Alleghany, and his wife; Mrs. Tittle, and some from Baltimore county, and the State of Delaware—and thus our people are scattered abroad; but, thank the Lord! they are still in the fold, and on their way to glory. My own soul is closer and closer united to God.

Monday, 23. I visited John Vernon, an early member of society, at Lewis Afree's, near Duck Creek, State of Delaware. I must look up our old sheep and lambs. On *Tuesday* I went to John Whitaker's, Bourbon county. J. Crawford preached at J. Robinson's, on *Wednesday*. I spoke upon 1 Cor. iv, 1-5: "Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." "Of Christ"—for us, and Christ in us. That these "mysteries" are not subjects of reason, but revelation and inspiration —that we must believe them upon Divine testimony. The apostle was not conscious of evil, but he was not his own judge. Men are incompetent judges of what belongs to God and his Spirit; it will be found in the judgment-day, that pride, covetousness, and backsliding, were the probable cause of the union of heresy and schism. A divinity-doubter was present.

Thursday, 26. I visited Luke Hanson. Next day it rained, and I rested. On *Saturday* I stopped at Madox Fisher's, in Lexington. I was of necessity in our old house on the *Sabbath day;* we could not preach abroad, the weather was damp. My sermon was the echo of my text: "Cry aloud and spare not." Joseph Crawford preached twice. On *Monday* I was unwell, but I rode to Jesse Griffith's, Scott county. On *Tuesday* we rested.

Wednesday, October 2. We opened our conference in great peace; there were about twenty-five members present: six hours a day were steadily occupied with business. The committees of claims and of addresses did much work, and

it was done well. I completed my plan for the coming year, and submitted it to the presiding elders, who suggested but two alterations; may they be for the best! On the *Sabbath day* I preached to about three thousand souls. On *Tuesday*, after the rise of conference, I rode to Lexington; and on *Wednesday* to J. S. Hoard's, Jessamine county. I was under affliction of body; but perfect love, peace within, and harmony without, healed every malady.

Our friend Job Johnson gave us a lodging on *Thursday night;* and at Rock Castle chance furnished us with another, such as it was, for *Friday night*,—but we had peace and prayer.

Saturday, 12. We took the path about five o'clock in the morning, and came eighteen miles to dinner at Mr. Freeman's. We reached Johnson's, upon Richland Creek. On the *Sabbath day* we were under the necessity of moving forward slowly, to Ballenger's, where we dined. The evening brought us to Dalton's—crowded with company, but we kept good order.

Monday, 14. Our trouble began. We dined at Davis's; then came on to Jesse Dodson's. *Tuesday morning* was rainy, and the road was bad before we came to, and after we had crossed Clinch River: it was not better than it had been in its native state. Our carriage had nearly upset. I am decided to take the Cumberland path hereafter—at least, until this made and mended road—the worse, perhaps, for making and mending—is in a better condition; the turnpike takes fifty dollars a day, for having made bad worse. At the Stubblefields we rested a day. We are one hundred and forty miles from Kentucky. Sure I am that nothing short of the welfare of immortal souls, and my sense of duty, could be inducement enough for me to visit the West so often: O, the roads, the hills, the rocks, the rivers, the want of water—even to drink; the time for secret prayer, hardly to be stolen, and the place scarcely to be had! My mind, nevertheless, was kept in peace: I prayed in every house I lodged in, and at almost every

place I stopped at. We have heavy rains at present; and another wilderness, bad as this, yet to pass. We meet crowds of people directing their march to the fertile West: their sufferings for the present are great; but they are going to present abundance, and future wealth for their children: in ten years, I think, the new State will be one of the most flourishing in the Union.

Thursday, 17. We crossed Main Holston, and came into Tennessee, and put into Colonel Conaway's, Little Nolachucky; we rested here on *Friday*. At Moses Ellis's, on *Saturday*, we saw Moses Black and his wife—he about forty, and she fifteen: such are the wise contracts Methodist preachers sometimes make.

Tennessee.—*Sunday*, I felt very unwell from cold taken. We passed Quorton's ferry, upon Great Nolachucky. In crossing the Paint Mountain, on *Monday*, we rode up, and walked down; and I sprained my ankle.

North Carolina.—We came into North Carolina, and lodged with Wm. Nelson, at the Hot Springs. Next day we stopped with Wilson, in Buncombe. On *Wednesday* I breakfasted with Mr. Newton, Presbyterian minister, a man after my own mind: we took sweet counsel together. We lodged, this evening, at Mr. Fletcher's, Mud Creek. At Colonel Thomas's, on *Thursday*, we were kindly received, and comfortably entertained.

South Carolina.—We came into South Carolina on *Friday*, and lodged with Captain Edwards; and on *Saturday*, at Staunton's, Staunton's ferry, Seleuda River, Greensville district, we were at home.

Sabbath, 27. At Salem I preached upon Hos. x, 12: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness," &c.

I. The great and glorious end of the coming of the Lord: —"to rain righteousness"—to impart his grace in all its plenitude—to give a right state of heart in justifying, sanctifying, experimental, and practical holiness. "Reap in mercy:" when God gives, do you give—do all the good in your power.

II. The means of obtaining this *grace*, and the blessings

consequent to its reception and improvement. "Break up your fallow ground"—seek deep conviction. "Seek the Lord"—by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Rain righteousness upon you"—by justifying grace; humble, holy obedience. The end, everlasting life.

Monday, 28. We proceeded on our way to Georgia, winding along some crooked paths through Pendleton district to Eliab Moore's, upon Rocky River: night came on, and we missed our way into the plantation; I walked up a hill, and called for help, and was relieved. We crossed Rocky River four times on *Tuesday*, and came to Mr. Dunlap's. *Wednesday morning* we rode twenty miles for our breakfast, at Petersburg. We lodged with John Oliver; Joseph Crawford preached two evenings.

GEORGIA.—*Friday*, *November* 1. I preached at eleven o'clock on 1 Cor. vi, 19, 20. Instead of building a small convenient house, they have bought an old house, and fitted up a room for everybody: this did not please me. I have, for the first time, seen Judge Marshall's Life of Washington; I have read four hundred pages in it. Critics may, for aught I know, find fault (especially on the other side of the water) with the style and general execution of this work; I like both: the early history of the country very properly precedes, and is connected with the life of the great man who has been so justly styled the father (politically) of his country. There is nothing in the work beneath the man of honour; there are no malevolent sentiments, or bitter expressions, derogatory to the character of a Christian. The author deserves credit for the pains he has taken to furnish authorities and authentic records in the notes to his work. If any author has, in America, done better than Marshall, it is Belknap, perhaps.

Saturday, 2. I visited Richard Easter, and Judge Tait. On the *Sabbath day* I preached at Thompson's chapel on Ezek. xxxiii, 2; it was an alarming season. Joseph Crawford spoke after me, and we then rode to Mr. Clark's,

fourteen miles, and lodged. At three o'clock on *Monday* we held meeting at Mr. Mark's.

Wednesday, 6. We rode to Mr. Pope's, Oglethorpe. I preached at the new chapel; Joseph Crawford preached at General Stewart's.

Thursday, 7. I was sick, and went to bed.

Friday, 8. We came to Joshua Moore's, upon Shoulder Bone: we were benighted in the woods; the flesh fails, but my mind is in peace.

Saturday, 9. We reached Sparta. The heat was great. From Kentucky to Sparta, five hundred and sixteen miles.

Sunday, 10. I preached: my subject was 1 Pet. iv, 17. Joseph Crawford gave two sermons.

Monday, 11. We came to Matthew Harris's: and next day I preached upon 1 Cor. xi, 30, 31. We drove back to Sparta that evening. I have ridden about fifty miles to preach to about twice as many souls. I would have gone down to the state; but appointments had not been made, and brother Crawford grew very unwell, I judged it proper for him to go through a course of physic, and the weather was cold, and I wanted a coat. I only lamented that I could not see my poor black sheep at Buffalo Creek; but was glad to hear that *Ethiopia still stretched forth the hand* of faith and prayer. I feel very serious about the supplies of preachers for the South Carolina Conference: some are sick, some are settling in life—men of feeble minds. But let the Head of the Church see to his own work—it is not mine. Why should I despond? What was the work thirty-seven years ago, when there were but two local preachers —one in New-York, and one in Maryland? Now there are two thousand local, and four hundred travelling preachers.

Friday, 15. We rode to Rehoboth. Next day Joseph Crawford preached on—"The foundation of God standeth sure."

Sunday, 17. Joseph Crawford held forth, and I followed: my subject was 2 Pet. ii, 20, 21: "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world," &c.

I. The "pollutions of the world," the sins of the flesh and spirit, by which people are led captive by *the god of this world.*

II. The Gospel method of salvation, by Jesus Christ, "the way of righteousness," justifying, sanctifying, and practical, as set forth in "the holy commandments delivered unto" believers.

III. How persons may be "entangled" and overcome by heresy, schism, and sin.

IV. The last state worse than the first, because they so highly dishonour God, and wound the cause of Christ; and because of the great difficulties attending their recovery; from which causes arises the great danger of eternal perdition.

Monday, 18. At the new chapel at Warrington my subject was Mark xi, 17. Joseph Crawford followed upon Mark x, 9. Next day I preached at Cowles's iron-works.

Wednesday, 20. We reached Augusta.

Thursday, 21. I rested. I preached at Spent Creek on *Friday.*

Saturday, 23. Joseph Crawford took the pulpit. I rode twenty-five miles on *Friday*, to preach to twenty-five souls; the appointment had not been made for me.

Sunday, 24. I preached in Augusta.

Monday, 25. I bore up for South Carolina, and came to Barnwell court-house: I was kindly entertained by Mr. Powers.

Tuesday, 26. We reached Jacob Bar's.

Wednesday, 27. We reached Mr. Perry's; and next day came into Charleston. From Augusta one hundred and fifty miles—heavy rides, and weary men and horses. I was under some dejection of spirits. I have lately read the Life of David Brainard—a man of my make, such a constitution, and of great labours; his religion was all gold, the purest gold. My eyes fail; I must keep them for the Bible and the conferences.

South Carolina.—*Friday*, 29. Engaged in closest exercises. I do not find matters as I wish: one preacher has

deserted his station; and there are contentions amongst the Africans.

Saturday, 30. My soul is deeply oppressed with a heavy sea of troubles.

Sunday, December 1. "Still heavy in my heart; still sink my spirits down." At Cumberland-street church I spoke upon Rev. vii, 13-17. My two general heads were—

I. The gracious, although afflicted state of God's people in this world.

II. The glorious state of the righteous in heaven.

Our lower floor was nearly filled with communicants, white and black. Do they all indeed "discern the Lord's body?" It will never do for me to record all I fear, hear, and think. At Bethel church I took for my text Rom. xii, 9-12. I observed that the text contained evangelical Christian duties, privileges, promises, and marks, by which we might judge of ourselves as Christians. That if these marks, and this experience, were not upon us and in us, we could not be Christians. Within twenty years I have visited this place, going and returning, at least thirty times.

Saturday, 7. Since *Monday*, amongst other occupations, I have been employed in reading a thousand pages of Mr. Atmore's Memorial, and Mr. Wesley's Journal: these books suit me best—I see there the rise and progress of Methodism.

I met the members of society, white and black, in small companies in our own house. I gave my advice as to temporals. I recommended the painting of the new, and the enlargement of the old church to eighty feet by forty; to enlarge the preacher's house, and to buy another burying ground. Besides praying regularly after every meal in our own house, I am obliged to go through this exercise many times, daily, with the poor negroes. I feel that I want to go hence, but not until my God and Guide gives me liberty. I wait to know his will about going to Georgetown, two hundred and thirty miles, before Camden Conference. I wrote a letter to Mr. Atmore, advising of affairs of society and of my own; and counselled him to pursue the good work he is engaged in, and bend all his strength to the Memorial.

Sunday, 8. I was in great heaviness through manifold temptations; yet I preached in Cumberland-street in the morning, and at Bethel in the afternoon. I was happy, and had great openings. I fear, sometimes, that my commission will wear out amongst one description of people here. Religion of a certain kind must be very valuable, since we spend so much to support it. There must be a prodigious revival in the Independent society—a building of theirs will cost fifty, or, perhaps, one hundred thousand dollars: there is a holy strife between its members and the Episcopalians, who shall have the highest steeple; but I believe there is no contention about who shall have the most souls converted to God.

Monday, 9. Reading and receiving all visitors who came to our house, with counsel and prayer, from room to room, with white and black.

Tuesday, 10. We have goodly weather. God, by his Spirit and his providences, tells us we must set out to-morrow for Georgetown. I doubt if in Charleston we have joined more than one hundred and seventy-eight members of the fair skin in twenty years; and seldom are there more than fifty or sixty annually returned: death, desertion, backsliding: poor fickle souls, unstable as water, light as air, bodies and minds!

Wednesday, 11. We rode to Monk's Corner, and lodged at Mr. Hatchett's.

Thursday, 12. We pursued a blind road to the ferry. We came on to Murray's, and continued along to Mr. Coleman's, a German. Next day we reached Rembert Hall. We had hot weather—man and beast felt the burden.

Some of my northern letters have come in: they bring good news; camp-meetings at Albany, New-York; at Lebanon, Vermont; in the New-Hampshire districts; all successful. But O, the wonders of Doctor Chandler's report! He says his authority bids him say, that at Duck Creek camp-meeting five hundred souls; at Accomack camp-meeting four hundred; at Annamessex chapel, in the woods, two hundred; at Somerset, Line chapel, one hundred and

twenty; at Todd's chapel, Dorset, two hundred; at Caroline quarterly meeting, seventy-five; all, all these profess to have received converting grace!

Saturday, 14. I committed the remains of Abijah Rembert to the dust. He was sixty-two years of age, the last sixteen years of which he had been a member of society. He was visited by, and greatly blessed under, the word at camp-meeting: in his last illness he was patient, happy, and confident: he died in the Lord. I was unwell on the *Sabbath day;* but wrote a long letter to Freeborn Garrettson. My soul greatly rejoiceth in the Lord, and exults in the prosperity of Zion. Brother Crawford preached in the morning, and I lectured in the evening in Rembert Hall. On *Monday* I wrote to elders Brodhead and Chandler. This week writing letters and reading Haweis's Church History. By this work I learn it is the author's opinion, that the evangelists were chief, superintending, episcopal men: aye, so say I; and that they prescribed forms of discipline, and systematized codes of doctrine. After the death of the apostles, it would appear that the elders elected the most excellent men to superintend: this course was doubtless the most expedient and excellent. Every candid inquirer after truth will acknowledge, upon reading Church history, that it was a great and serious evil introduced, when philosophy and human learning were taught as a preparation for a Gospel ministry. "Hitherto," says our author, in his observations on the close of the second century, "not a man of eminence for science or letters, had appeared in the Church; all of this time, whose works have come down to us, give thereby no evidence of human attainments—they bear the stamp of simplicity." Yet by these the Gospel had been supported in its purity, spreading it by their labours to the ends of the earth; and these were they who helped to fill the bloody ranks of the noble army of martyrs.

On the *Sabbath day* I preached a funeral sermon for Abijah Rembert. There is a revival in the society here; so much for camp-meetings. I am now in the fortieth year

of my labours in the ministry: thirty-four years of this time have been spent in America, counting from October 28, 1771, to October 28, 1805.

On the *Christmas day* I preached at Rembert's chapel: my subject, 1 Tim. iii, 16: "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness," &c.

I. I gave a pastoral introduction.

II. A brief explanation of godliness—the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus; confidence in God; love to Him; fear of offending Him. To this were added a few thoughts on the six cases in the text. It was not a pleasant season: *Christmas day* is the worst in the whole year on which to preach Christ; at least to me.

George Dougherty informs me that the wife of John Randle, upon Pee Dee, (known by the name of dumb John,) died in great peace and joy, after a thirty years' profession of religion amongst the Baptists and Methodists: safe anchorage; clear gains! But I have similar accounts from various parts; my soul triumphs in the triumphant deaths of these saints. Glory be to God!

Thursday, 26. I rested and read; and on *Friday* rode into Camden. I was favoured with a number of letters giving accounts of revivals of religion. *Saturday* employed my pen. *Sabbath day* I preached.

Monday, 30. We opened our conference.

January 4, 1806. We closed our conference in great peace and order: no murmurs about the stations from preachers or people. Since we came here we have had twenty-six sermons; one of which I preached upon 1 Tim. iv, 12: "Let no man despise thy youth." Brother Whatcoat ordained the deacons. We see no immediate fruit of our labours; but doubtless we shall hear of it, following our many prayers night and day.

Monday, 6. Seven of us came away in company to Mr. Evans's, Lynch's Creek; and next day I parted from brother M'Kendree, bending my course to Jerningham's, in Anson county, North Carolina.

NORTH CAROLINA.—On *Wednesday* we crossed Well's ferry

after waiting an hour: a snow-storm kept with us from Pee Dee to Rockingham; here the people would have assembled, but there was a wedding afoot; this is a matter of moment, as some men have but one during life, and some find that one to have been one too many.

On *Thursday* a cold, cold ride of twenty miles without stopping, was as much as we could well bear; after warming we took the road again, and came to Smith's, twelve miles. This week we have had heat for the first of June; and cold and snow for January.

On *Friday* we reached Fayetteville; putting up with John Lumsden, near the African church. I felt that I had taken a deep cold. I was busy on *Saturday* in answering letters. Joseph Crawford, that he might not be idle, preached to the Africans in the evenings.

Sabbath day, 12. Unwell; nevertheless, I took the pulpit.

Monday morning, we made a start for Wilmington, and came to the widow Anderson's, forty-six miles. Next day we took the round-about way by the bridges, and made forty-five miles: to ride ninety-one miles within day-light, in two days, kept us busy; but we are safe in Wilmington. My affliction upon my breast was great.

Wednesday, 15. We rest. It is very cold; ice in the tubs.

Sabbath day, 19. I preached on that great subject, Coloss. i, 27, 28; we had about fifteen hundred hearers in our house of worship, sixty-six by thirty-three feet, galleried all around. There may be five thousand souls in Wilmington; one fourth of which number, it may be, were present. Joseph Crawford preached in the afternoon and at night. I gave order for the completion of the tabernacle and dwelling-house, according to the charge left me by William Meredith.

Monday, 20. On our way to Newbern we stopped with Mr. Nixon, at Topsail: his house and heart are always open to the faithful ministers of Christ. I have been greatly afflicted with cold, but exceedingly happy in God—I live in love.

On *Tuesday* we had a solitary ride to Lot Ballard's, New

River. Hail, prosperity! the chapel shaded; a revival amongst white and black: Lot lives in Jerusalem.

Wednesday, 22. A heavy storm of rain. I rode to Eli Perry's, son of John; here is a son of faith and prayer; I walked with his dear good father—now, I trust, in the paradise of God. I met elder Bruce; all our talk is, What hath God wrought! In Beaufort the Lord hath put forth his power: the whole town seems disposed to bow to the sceptre of the Lord Jesus, after being left and visited again, within the last twenty years, by his faithful ministers.

Thursday, 23. We came into Newbern, twenty-three miles. The prospects here are good. The providence of God was manifested in our preservation to-day. Our horses took fright whilst in the wagon, and went off like fire: they happily struck, and locked a wheel on a poplar; the swingle-tree snapped, no more: less damage, if any, could scarcely have been done.

Saturday, 25. I have read the Jewish Antiquities. I have read Mungo Park's Travels in Africa. Certain parts are so extraordinary, that it appeared like a romance. If true, he experienced astonishing hardships. It would seem by this narrative, that the Africans are in a state so wretched, that any sufferings with the Gospel, would be submitted to in preference. But I have my doubts.

Sabbath day, 26. I preached upon Heb. x, 37-39. It was a time and a testimony that was felt.

Monday, 27. It is as pleasant as May: the rivers are very low. We came with great ease to Washington, and lodged one night. Joseph Crawford did not let that awful town go unwarned.

On *Tuesday* we took the road and came to James Williams's, on Tranter's Creek. G. Floyd died in the Lord a few days ago. He was a man of affliction, and a man of God—but not a preacher. At the new chapel, I spoke on *Wednesday*, on 1 Peter iii, 14. I was very warm, upon death, the resurrection, judgment, and glory. I visited brother Knowis, and saw sister Hinton and the widow Williams,—on their way to glory.

Thursday, 30. We came very pleasantly to Williamstown. I was afflicted with a severe pain in my foot. On *Friday* I was busy planning; but in pain.

Saturday, February 1. We came twenty miles to the widow Williams's, near Taylor's ferry. On the *Sabbath* I preached on Acts xvii, 30, 31: "Now he commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

I. The nature of repentance—the whole of religion.

II. The universality of repentance—all orders, stations, characters, must *repent.*

III. The possibility of, and the provision made for, repentance,—the gift of Christ—the death of Christ—the agency of the Spirit—the preaching of the Gospel—the means of grace.

IV. Necessity of repentance—from the considerations of the fall and our own actual transgressions, a future state and general judgment.

V. The time for repentance—*now*—this Gospel day of grace.

Monday, 3. We lodged at B. Pinner's, on the east side of Roanoke, Northampton county.

Tuesday, 4. We lodged at the widow Meredith's, in Murfreesburg. We crossed Mannu's Ferry next day, and came to the widow Baker's, Knotty Pine.

Thursday, 6. I preached at Daniel Southall's, Gates court-house: my subject was Rev. iii, 5. I was pleased to see so many come out upon so short a notice; may they overcome! From Camden to Gates court-house I compute four hundred and eighty miles.

Friday, 7. We came to Edenton. At Joshua Manning's. *Saturday*, rested, and read, and wrote. I begin to prepare my mind and my papers for the conference. On the *Sabbath* I preached in the court-house, upon 2 Cor. v, 20.

Monday, 10. We started and came rapidly along, calling to see Martin Ross, a Baptist minister, by the way. We lodged with Colonel Hamilton, Elizabeth city. On *Tuesday* we reached James Wilson's, North-West Roads, Norfolk county. It takes many jolts to ride one hundred miles

over rough roads, in two days and a half. I called upon John Hodges: I feel seriously for his soul's welfare. I saw the grave of sister Wilson: these were profitable visits to me.

VIRGINIA.—*Friday*, 14. Virginia Conference began in Norfolk; progressed peaceably, and ended on *Thursday*. One member opposed all petitions from the people for conference sittings: he also condemned all epistles from the sister conferences, as being too long and pompous, and as likely to make innovations. He dictated an epistle himself by way of sample, to show how epistles ought to be written: the committee of addresses wrote one too; but it was rejected, as being too much like that of the objecting member, whose epistle was rejected as being too much like himself: the conference voted that none should be sent. Strange, that such an affair should occupy the time of so many good men! Religion will do great things; but it does not make Solomons.

We had preaching morn, noon, and night; large congregations, and many souls engaged. We have reason to hope that nearly one hundred souls were under the operations of grace. I ordained two elders, and brother Whatcoat twelve deacons.

We have a rich supply of preachers for every circuit; and an addition of two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight in numbers, exclusive of the dead, expelled, withdrawn, and removed.

Friday, 21. We came away to Suffolk; next day came to Gerard Wills's, Isle of Wight. On *Sunday*, at Blunt's chapel, I spoke on Heb. xiii, 13. It was not a great meeting. I have not had a good night's rest until last night, for the last twenty days; during the sitting of conference, five hours were as much as I could get in the twenty-four. I feel happy in God continually.

Monday, 24. We came to Bernard Major's, Surrey county: on *Tuesday* to Petersburg; and *Wednesday* to Richmond: I had no time to preach, but Joseph Crawford gave them a sermon in each place. On *Thursday* we left the capital,

and came on to Lyon's, Caroline; on *Friday* got to Fredericksburg.

Saturday, *March* 1. We rode to brother Samford's, Poick, within twelve miles of Alexandria. Cold *for certain*. *Sunday*, brother Whatcoat preached in the forenoon, and myself in the afternoon, in Alexandria. The cold was great, and the wind piercing. On *Monday* we rode to Georgetown.

MARYLAND.—*Tuesday*, 4. I preached; my subject was, "Godliness is profitable unto all things:" it was a feeling, quickening time to myself and others.

Wednesday, 5. I was employed in writing to the missionaries in the Mississippi Territory. Company does not amuse, congress does not interest me: I am a man of another world, in mind and calling: I am Christ's; and for the service of his Church. Some years past, I called at Mr. M.'s, in Calvert county: I acted as I do in all houses: now I have found one of his sons a member of the Georgetown society. Does God always hear prayer, and answer it? If it is in the Spirit's groaning, and in purity of intention, and in faith, doubtless He does.

Friday, 7. We set out to Spurrier's—all my old friends are dead or removed. *Saturday* brought us to Baltimore. *Sunday*, at Light-street, my subject was Col. i, 28; at the African church, Col. i, 9-12.

Monday, 10. Rested, wrote, and received friends.

Tuesday, 11. My mind is wholly for God. What hath the Lord wrought, and what is he still doing! Scarcely a letter from any one that does not tell us good news of the work of God, as our yearly letter-book will testify.

Friday, 14. Our conference began in great peace.

Friday, 21. The stations were read off, and all concluded in great peace: never had we a better conference in Baltimore. An answer was given to Dr. Coke's letter, I fear, in a manner that will not please him. An order was passed that the *answer* should be presented to all the annual conferences. It was also recommended to the annual conferences to consider on the propriety of having a select, delegated

Conference: the eastern, western, and southern conferences were counselled to take such measures as they, in their wisdom, might see best, to produce a more equal representation from their several bodies to the General Conference.

On the *Sabbath*, (16th,) I preached at Fell's Point: my subject, Isaiah lxi, 1: "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace." Introduction. *Zion*—the interests and welfare of the Church: *Jerusalem*—the interests of the State. General propositions. On what principles we should calculate the true interests of the Church and State—who are concerned—what are the ways and means, and what the instruments to be used for the promotion of their welfare. At Oldtown I also gave them a talk: my subject, Psalm li.: "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted to thee." On *Thursday* we had an ordination of elders: I preached on the occasion; my subject was 1 Peter v, 1-4. The work of God went on in all the four congregations, night and day: there might be thirty souls converted; but I hope we had one hundred under the operations of grace. We had nearly ninety members on the conference list, eighty-three of whom were stationed. On *Saturday* I went to Perry Hall, to enjoy a calm after such a storm of labour.

Sunday, 23. I preached at Perry Hall; and after the snow ceased, came away to Joseph Dallam's, twenty miles.

Tuesday, 25. We crossed Susquehanna. Calm and cold. Dined at Howell's North, and lodged at Mr. Moody's, having called in for a minute at Back Creek: by riding a little in the night, we have made little short of fifty miles to-day.

Wednesday, 26. I preached at Georgetown Cross Roads. Ah! *there is death in the pot* here. I rode on to Chestertown. On *Thursday* I spoke in the new, neat chapel in Kent; and was long and laboured. I visited Cavil Hynson: after a twenty years' separation, we who were left were comforted in God together. I have made twenty-four miles today—feeble, and afflicted with a cold and sore throat, but happy in God. The appointment for *Friday*, at Centreville, was filled by Bishop Whatcoat. After dining with Thomas

Wright, I rode on to Mr. Lockerman's. I preached at Easton on *Saturday;* my subject, Rom. xiv, 19: "Let us follow after the things that make for peace," &c. In their estimate of the things of the world, as also of the ceremonials of religion, men will widely differ:—these objects, to a divinely-illuminated mind, are not worth the dispute they frequently occasion. But the things most worthy of all our attention, and our most engaged and diligent following after, are *the things that make for peace*, and promote the soul's edification; and these are the great things of God—the love of God; the death of Christ; the operations of his Spirit; and the deep things of God, respecting sanctification and eternal glory. I stay at Captain Frazer's, Caroline county. My hoarseness is afflictive, but my soul is filled with God.

Sabbath, 30. A very dry season. My mind was greatly engaged for a spiritual rain—and temporal also. The Chesapeake district, so far, is not promising: the people's minds are agitated about stationed preachers, some for and some against. The devil would rather they would do something worse than disagree; but this to him is better than nothing. I only exhorted a little at Frazer's chapel, and after meeting rode home with Thomas Foster—of the old stamp and steady.

Monday, 31. I rode down to Cambridge, and preached at eleven o'clock: my subject Psalm li, 9, 10; I felt assisted.

Tuesday, April 1. We returned to Thomas Foster's. I saw Joseph Everett—feeble but faithful, in patient waiting for his Lord.

DELAWARE.—*Wednesday*, 2. At Brown's chapel I spoke on 2 Cor. vi, 1: "We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."

I. The Gospel dispensation.

II. The revival of religion.

III. The operations of grace in enabling believers to make advances in the Divine life: this was the grand point urged, to wit: that God giveth grace to prepare for more—grace for grace—convictions for sin that they may repent—repentance

that they may believe—justification that they may be convinced of indwelling sin—this convincement will evidence to believers the necessity of sanctification; from whence follow faithfulness unto death, and the crown of glory.

The work of God revives; the chapel will soon be neatly finished: the second generation are filling the house, and joining their labours to what myself and their fathers did in the days of their fathers.

I lodged at brother Davis's. They have built a good chapel at Deep Creek. I exhorted here on *Thursday* after Joseph Crawford had preached. We dined at brother Baker's, and came on to Salisbury, Maryland: here the work revives; Joseph Crawford preached; I was unwell.

VIRGINIA.—*Friday*, 4. We came to William Downing's, Virginia. At Downing's chapel I spoke on Rev. ii, 10. After sermon we rode to Accomack, and lodged at Mr. Seymour's: here Joseph Crawford preached in the evening.

Sunday, 6. That no time might be lost we started away at eight o'clock in the morning to brother Watts's, twenty-seven miles; my subject was Isaiah xxxiii, 14-16: "The sinners in Zion are afraid," &c. I preached in the court-house, Accomack: it was an alarming season. The cold was great; and the winds are high. No rain—it is judgment-weather—O Lord, arise!

Monday, 7. At Snow Hill my subject was Heb. iii, 12-14. A blessed rain came on before sermon and continued after it. We rode fifteen miles to brother Hazzard's, Poplartown, State of Delaware.

DELAWARE.—*Tuesday*, 8. We rode forty miles to Broadkilntown: I spoke on 1 Cor. xv, 58.

Wednesday, 9. I preached at Millford, and then rode on to Dover, and took up father Whatcoat; on the way he was taken with a fit of the gravel, and I was afraid would die. I preached in Dover next day. We afterward rode to Duck-Creek Cross Roads in a snow storm. Here the people are all very fervent, and the children praise the Lord: Joseph Crawford preached.

Friday, 11. We came in on as cold a day as one would

wish who was fond of extremes, to Wilmington, forty miles. Ah! but I must preach. Well, I gave them a sermon at seven o'clock. The Africans here have a house to themselves, of stone, and equal in size to that of the whites.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Saturday*, 12, brought us to Philadelphia. From Baltimore, round by the eastern shore hither, has cost us, by computation, five hundred and fifty miles. I have been greatly supported in body and mind; glory be to God!

Sabbath, 13. I preached at St. George's upon 2 Peter i, 12-14; at the Academy I spoke on James v, 7, 8. Many of the preachers were already in the city for conference. In the sitting of conference we had so much irregular, desultory work, that we went on slowly. We had sixty-three members present for travelling, besides those to be received in locations, and as supernumerary and worn out. Doctor Coke's letter was answered by a committee of ten preachers.

Monday, 21. Conference rose. Of seventy-six preachers stationed, all appeared to be pleased but two or three; but neither they, nor any one else, can know the difficulties I had to encounter in the arrangement of the stations. Brother Whatcoat was left very ill at Dover—perhaps he is dead. Eight deacons and six elders were ordained. I preached three times. I hope many souls will be converted in consequence of the coming together of this conference—having had great peace in the societies, and sound, sure preaching three times a day.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Tuesday*, 22. We came to Gloucester Point, and on to Carpenter's bridge; here we have a Quaker-Methodist meeting-house: I preached upon 2 Peter i, 4; heavy as I was, I had some openings. I visited my old friends Thomas and Margaret Taper. At Sharptown on *Wednesday* —no appointment. I walked to the meeting-house; in the burying-ground I saw the graves of some of the faithful—amongst these that of John Vanneman, once a travelling preacher. We rode to John Frith's, Salem—no appointment.

Thursday, 24. We returned to William Dilkes's.

Friday, 25. Except a few wandering thoughts, I feel great peace and holiness to God in my soul. I preached at Bethel upon Rom. xii, 1, 2. We lodged at Daniel Bates's. I spoke upon 1 Cor. x, 12, 13. We had a ride of thirty-five or forty miles to-day.

Sunday, 27. I preached at Burlington once more: my subject was 2 Peter iii, 9: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise," &c. The characters to whom *repentance* is essentially necessary—the unawakened; the unfaithful; the backslidden. The *repentance* of believers—the consciousness of indwelling sin, improved by faith and prayer, is productive of holiness. The gracious will of God is, to furnish means, men, and opportunities, because he *is not willing that any should perish*, until they have a suitable trial. The *coming of the Lord* was his judicial appearing to say, *Depart, ye cursed;* or if understood as some judicial displays of his wrath, his *coming* will not be the less certain because of delay—for one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day with the Lord.

Monday, 28. I spoke at New Mills on 1 Thess. v, 23. I visited Richard Swain: there were several preachers, and some others present, and the Lord's supper was partaken.

Tuesday, 29. I preached at Mount Zion, in the woods, near a little town called Egypt. We dined at Fuller Horner's, and rode on to Stephen Brakelow's. We have made nearly forty miles to-day. I enjoy great evenness of mind and life in my labours.

Wednesday, 30. I preached at Lower Freehold. I came home with Simon Pyle: Ah! what a death there is in the Leonard family!

Thursday, May 1. I breakfasted with Throckmorton: his loss is his gain—he has lost his birth-right as a citizen of the State, but he has the blessing of God on his soul. I preached at Cheesecake meeting-house: here, a people who have a trick of claiming a right to all free meeting-houses, had shouldered the Methodists out; *but the earth helped*

the woman—the people of the world have built a house for us. We lodged at Mr. Wam's.

Friday, 2. I feel the effects of my toil. I declined preaching in Brunswick; Joseph Crawford supplied my place. I rode on to B. Drake's.

Saturday, 3. I crossed Long Ferry to Staten Island. It is like winter here: but what cannot the God of nature and of grace do physically and spiritually? I viewed the spot where I first landed on the island in October, 1771: I am alive, and about my Master's work still—Glory! glory!

Sabbath, 4. At the first meeting Joseph Crawford preached, I only exhorted; at the second meeting-house, on the north side, I preached: we lodged at Chushong's.

Monday, 5. I preached at Elizabethtown, and then came on to Newark. After stopping awhile, we moved forward to Second River, and called a meeting at which Joseph Crawford preached. We have a warm day, the harbinger of spring: universal nature seems starting into innumerable forms of promise of the fruitful year—O that it may be so spiritually!

Tuesday, 6. I preached at Belleville, and rode on to New-York.

NEW-YORK.—*Wednesday*, 7. I viewed the ground at Philip's Manor, selected for our camp-meeting. I felt as if God would be there, in answer to our prayers for nine months past. In the evening we came to Sherwood's Vale; and at night I went to the camp-ground, and looked on at the people, busy clearing the ground, fixing the seats, and building the stand.

Thursday, 8. I rested and wrote.

Friday, 9, began with a storm; but the people came, bringing their tents and baggage, weary with walking.

Saturday, 10. The weather cleared.

Sunday, 11. I preached: it was an open season; companies here and there dispersed, kept up the exercise of singing and prayer through the day, and far into the night; the Brooklyn tent was all prayer the greater part of the time.

A marquee had been fixed for the preachers; and provisions came in from both town and country, the brethren from both delightfully meeting in worship and affections. On *Monday* the people of the world seemed to make a surrender; there was no longer a necessity for guards.

There were between eighty and one hundred official members present; about one thousand Methodists; and some presumed, about six thousand souls were on the ground at different times: the people were so dispersed, and there was such a continual coming and going, I had no means of judging.

We had great order and great power from the beginning to the end: I judge two hundred souls were made the subjects of grace in its various operations of conviction, conversion, sanctification, and reclamation. Glory! glory!

Wednesday, 14. We came to New-York.

Thursday, 15. I recollected myself and wrote letters.

Friday, 16. The conference commenced its sitting, and rose on *Thursday*. We sat seven hours in each day, in great love, order, and peace. A paper was read, setting forth the uncertain state of the superintendency, and proposing the election of seven elders, from each of the seven conferences, to meet at Baltimore, July 4, 1807, for the sole purpose of establishing the American superintendency on a surer foundation: this subject will be submitted to the consideration of all the conferences. The answer to Dr. Coke's letter, by the conference of New-York, was read, to be submitted to all the conferences. I preached three times, and ordained three African deacons. We had preaching in the Park as well as regularly in the meeting-houses, and a day of fasting and prayer for the health of the city, the success of our conference labours, and the prosperity of Zion. I was greatly supported and blest. The preachers were, perhaps, never better satisfied with their stations.

CONNECTICUT.—*Sunday*, 25. I preached at New-Haven. After meeting I visited sister Thacher, rejoicing in perfect love; perhaps she is near her end. Since the 16th of April,

1805, I have, according to my reckoning, travelled five thousand miles: everlasting glory be to my all-sufficient God!

Monday, 26. I dined at Mereden, and lodged at Mr. Pitkins's, East Hartford.

Tuesday, 27. I reached Thompson, forty-five miles, *faint, yet pursuing.*

Wednesday, 28. At Milford, the people, young and old, were on the green; the active playing at ball, the aged and others looking on; it was election day.

Thursday, 29, we dined at Mr. Boyle's, Needham, and rode on to Waltham. A few young people are under the operations of grace here; amongst whom are the two children of George Pickering—my namesake Asbury, aged about ten, and Maria, still younger; and there is a small revival of religion in the district. We rested here on *Friday*, and I preached at night, on Phil. i, 8-11.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Saturday*, 31. We have a gracious rain; it was greatly needed. In the evening we rode to Boston.

Sunday, June 1. I preached in Boston: as usual with me in this place, it was an open season; some souls were powerfully moved, myself for one.

Monday, 2. I took a walk to West Boston, to see the new chapel, eighty-four by sixty-four feet. The upper window frames were put in. We came to Lynn at two o'clock. I preached at two o'clock, on Haggai ii, 8. After meeting we rode as far as Marblehead: here Joseph Crawford preached. I find that David Bachelor has been useful in this town; a revival has taken place.

Tuesday, 3. We came, through dust and heat, to Enoch Sandbourn's, East Kingston, forty-five miles. We had a ride of about fifty miles to Old Wells on *Wednesday*. Eight or ten of these we might have saved, had we known the nearest way from Exeter.

MAINE.—*Thursday*, 5. We came to Portland; Joseph Crawford preached.

Friday, 6. We went towards Buxton, to attend the camp-

meeting. At two o'clock we came on the ground. There were twenty preachers, travelling and local.

Saturday, 7. I preached; and on the *Sunday* also. Some judged there were about five thousand people on the ground. There were displays of Divine power, and some conversions. Our journey into Maine has been through dust and heat; in toil of body, and in extraordinary temptation of soul; but I felt that our way was of God.

Monday, 9. We journeyed on through Buxton, Limerick, Parsonsfield, Elfingham, into New-Hampshire, stopping at Sandwich, to lodge with Mr. Webster.

Tuesday, 10. Through town after town we came to Dorchester, lodging at Deacon Blodgett's. Canaan brought us up on *Wednesday*.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Thursday*, 12. We opened the New-England Conference, and went through our business with haste and peace, sitting seven hours a day. The York Conference address respecting the superintendency was concurred in, and the seven elders for this conference elected accordingly. We did not (to my grief) tell our experiences, nor make observations as to what we had known of the work of God; the members were impatient to be gone, particularly the married townsmen.

Sunday, 15. I ordained eleven elders in the woods. At three o'clock I preached in the meeting-house; it was a season of power.

Monday, 16. I lodged with John Broadhead.

Tuesday, 17. My labour is great; but I am blessed with a great willingness to duty. We came along through Enfield, Hanover, Lebanon, crossing Connecticut at Lyman's bridge into Vermont, and kept on by Hartford, Sharon, and Ryaltown. We brought up with Samuel Curtis, upon White's River, for the night.

VERMONT.—From New-Haven to White's River we have made, by computation, four hundred and sixty miles. I have had sufferings in the flesh, but perfect peace of mind.

Wednesday, 18. We reached Barnard. I preached at

Thomas Freeman's, on Acts xxvi, 17, 18. Here is a lively, large society. We had a full house at a short warning. Our way on *Thursday* led through Randolph, Brookfield, Williamstown, Northfield, and Berlin. I preached at Samuel Smith's.

Friday, 20. We came upon Onion River, at Montpelier, the contemplated seat of government for the State. I think it eminently well selected; for a site of this kind I know nothing in England or America more suitable. At Palmer's mill I preached, on 1 Cor. i, 30.

Saturday, 21. Brought us over the heights of Onion River to Russel's bridge; thence to Bolton and Williston, dining at brother Bradley's. After dinner we rattled along to Burlington, on Lake Champlain. Here I saw a grand college—equal, in exterior, to that of New-Haven—a state-house, meeting-house, and other elegant buildings. We passed Shelbourne into Charlotte, on the lake, and put up with Mr. Fuller. We have made forty miles to-day. I am resolved to be in every part of the work, whilst I live to preside. It will be the best plan to bring on the sessions of all the conferences as early as possible, that there may be time given to all the preachers to go to work in the dawn of spring. The New-England Conference should meet about the middle of April, and thus be ready for General Conference.

I feel as if I was fully taught the necessity of being made perfect through sufferings and labours. I pass over in silence cases of pain and grief, of body and mind.

From appearances it would seem no great stretch of imagination to suppose there have been many lakes dried up in this country. Onion River Falls, for instance, must at one time have been a boundary; at this narrow pass, as at Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac, and the French Broad in North Carolina, the weight of waters has broken through the mountain on some day far upward in the history of past ages; they now supply Lake Champlain.

On the *Sabbath* I preached in an upper room at Fuller's, to about four hundred people: my subject was Luke iv, 18,

19; and God bore witness to his own word. Why did I not visit this country sooner? By moving the conferences to an earlier period in the year, it might have been done, and may yet be done: what appeared to me to be impossible, I see now is very practicable. Ah! what is the toil of beating over rocks, hills, mountains, and deserts, five thousand miles a year! Nothing; when we reflect it is done for God, for Christ, for the Holy Spirit, the Church of God, the souls of poor sinners, the preachers of the Gospel in the seven conferences, one hundred and thirty thousand members, and one or two millions, who congregate with us in the solemn worship of God; O, it is nothing!

Monday, 23. At Vergennes court-house, I preached upon Mark i, 15. I had to walk up a great hill, a mile, by the falls of Otter. At Bridport, at six o'clock, I spoke upon Titus ii, 11, 12.

Tuesday, 24. Passing through Shoreham, Benson, and other towns, we came to Hampton church at six o'clock; I gave them a sermon upon Heb. iii, 14-16.

On *Wednesday* we came along by Granville and Salem, down to Cambridge. At six o'clock, at Ashgrove, I preached upon Jude 17 to the end. I have travelled one hundred and fifty miles through New Hampshire; and two hundred and twenty or more, in Vermont. We have sustained more damage than I can tell, by the absence of the preachers, two or three months, at every conference: this is an evil that must be remedied. O! how I felt for the people! this was worse than my incredible toil: help, Lord, for vain is the help of man! Were it not for the aid we receive from the local and official members, the suspensions of the travelling preachers would ruin us. What is to be done? 1. Meet the conferences early. 2. Engage the official members to more engagedness and labour. 3. Let prayer-meetings be more frequent. 4. Let all the probationers stay on the circuits; and let all who are recommended stay on the circuits also, until they can be admitted into the Connexion.

Thursday, 26. We came rapidly down the pike road to

Pittstown, Housack, Lansingburg, Troy, and Greenbush; on *Friday* through Scodack and Phillipstown, breakfasting at Mr. Bushe's well-conducted stage tavern; and then onward through Lebanon and Canaan, in New-York State, and Stockbridge, Old Barrington, and Sheffield, in Massachusetts. On *Saturday* we came into Connecticut, breakfasting at Salisbury: our dinner we took on the Sharon camp-ground.

Sabbath, 28. I preached in camp on 2 Cor. vi, 2.

On *Monday* we pursued our route through to Dover, and rested with father Rose awhile; dined, and went on to Salem in New-York State, and slept at Franklin, under the hospitable roof of father Howes.

NEW-YORK.—*Tuesday*, *July* 1. We came to Jeremiah Miller's and dined, and reached Elijah Crawford's at the Plains. We have travelled about five hundred miles in the State of New-York. I may remark here, now that I have time to make the remark, that the Lebanon camp-meeting was great as to the numbers which attended, and great in power. We are now, in many congregations and classes, reaping the fruits of the conference camp-meetings, all through the circuit of New-Rochelle: and the Sharon camp-meeting will equal, in effect, those of the conferences. We have a few refreshing rains; the promise of rich crops of wheat; and abundant spiritual harvests. Glory to God!

Wednesday, 2. We came to New-York. I had left my little travelling wagon to be sold at the Plains. On *Thursday* I came on to son Aaron Hunt's: Joseph Crawford came over the ferry with me; when about to part, he turned away his face and wept. Ah! I am not made for such scenes; I felt exquisite pain.

NEW-JERSEY.—At Newark I lodged with brother Leecraft: I felt for, prayed with, and spoke to all members of this family.

Friday, *July* 4. Noise, parade, seventeen rounds; and then to breakfast. I stole away quietly from this bustle towards Rockaway. I stopped at brother Searman's, with brother M'Lenahan and wife. At Turkey chapel I spoke on

1 Cor. xv, 58: it was an open season. When there is a stir amongst the Methodists, other denominations send supplies, if they have not a stationed minister: the process is, to hold a week-day meeting, perform a sacrament or a baptism, to place the new convert within the ark of safety; and all is done. Now we may *stand still*, or sit still, *and see the salvation of God!* I rejoiced to hear of the appointment of a camp-meeting on Turkey, in August.

Saturday, 5. I came to Germantown, twenty-five miles, through a pleasant, beautiful, fruitful land of hills and vales. The place chosen for the encampment on Turkey I found a handsome height, elegantly sloping to the north. I trust four hundred souls will be converted: may it give new springs and tone to the work of God in the Jerseys!

Sabbath, 6. At Minerd Farley's I preached upon Gal. vi, 9; in the afternoon again upon Acts xx, 32. I was led out in an uncommon degree. May it be the prelude to better days! My first visit here was during the revolutionary war; now the children of people not then married are born, grown up, and married. After meeting I rode on to Pennytown, housing for the night with Jonathan Burns.

Tuesday, 8. I was on the road at five o'clock. The bridge over the Delaware is said to have cost three or four hundred thousand dollars. I reached Manly Hall about four o'clock. From New-Haven to Philadelphia, I judge I have made one thousand sixty-five miles, going and returning; and about one thousand eight hundred miles, since I left the Philadelphia Conference: much suffering and much toil: not unto me, but unto thy good providence, O my God, be all the glory! After writing some letters, I preached at Kingston at five o'clock, on Acts xx, 24. On my return, I found a letter from Doctor Chandler, declaring the death of Bishop Whatcoat, that father in Israel, and my faithful friend for forty years—a man of solid parts; a self-denying man of God; who ever heard him speak an idle word? when was guile found in his mouth? He had been thirty-eight years in the ministry—sixteen years in England, Wales, and Ireland, and twenty-two years

in America; twelve years as presiding elder, four of this time he was stationed in the cities, or travelling with me, and six years in the superintendency. A man so uniformly good I have not known in Europe or America. He had long been afflicted with gravel and stone, in which afflictions, nevertheless, he travelled a great deal—three thousand miles the last year: he bore in the last three months excessively painful illness with most exemplary patience. He died in Dover on the 5th of July, and his mortal remains were interred under the altar of the Wesley Dover church: at his taking leave of the South Carolina Conference, I thought his time was short. I changed my route to visit him, but only reached within a hundred and thirty miles; death was too quick for me.

DELAWARE.—*Friday*, 11. I came to Wilmington; and on *Saturday* to North East. On the *Sabbath* I preached. *Monday* brought me to Perry Hall: and on *Tuesday* I reached Baltimore.

MARYLAND.—*Thursday*, 17. Busy writing letters to the South, and to England. I enjoy great peace, and am in the spirit of prayer. On *Friday* I visited three families on Elk Ridge. On *Saturday* I came to brother Riggs's; dined, and went on to Doctor Watters's. I preached at Goshen meeting-house. We have, it is said, the greatest drought that can be remembered in this country; the springs seem to be failing everywhere. *Monday* I went to Rachel Hall's, dined, and rode on to Samuel Howard's; here I had a bilious attack, and became quite bed sick.

Tuesday, 22. We have a most blessed, glorious shower of rain. I received it as an answer to prayer. The oats in the fields are unpromising; but the corn looks green, and the people are diligent in ploughing and dressing: a fine example this to Christians; O, how diligently should we labour! The heat is great.

Wednesday, 23.. I called upon Joseph Perkins, the superintendent of the U. S. armoury. Here is a factory of stores of instruments of death, tastefully arranged in the several apartments: there may they remain forever! But will it be

so? Alas! no. I was caught in a rain upon the river, the effects of which I felt next day.

August 3. I am here at John Davenport's. I have been sick, and laid up since *Thursday* last. Copious bleeding, emetics, cathartics, and bark have had their turns. The fever, since the day before yesterday, has left me. I have been providentially favoured with a good physician, kind friends, and temperate heat; the Lord hath done this well. I might have been taken amongst strangers, and have had more pain. Rest was wanting; and I may hereafter have better weather for the toilsome journey before me. Happily I laid my hands on *Simpson's Plea for Religion*, in which we have a wonderful and interesting account of good and bad men for three centuries. The author has drawn aside the purple curtains of the Church of Rome, and the black robes of the antichristian Church of England, to lay bare the abuses of bad systems, and the vices of mitred heads: he has raised his warning voice against the corruption of manners and morals in all orders, which will, he predicts, without a speedy reformation, cause the downfall of all ecclesiastical establishments; he has magnanimously renounced his living as a minister, which his conscience would permit him no longer to hold: he said he knew not where to go; but the Lord has taken him to *the Church of the first-born.* O, what a warning is here given to all Churches, to all ministers, to all Christians, and to thee, O my soul! Recollecting I had never preached in the neighbourhood, and feeling a little unwilling to pass another dumb *Sabbath*, we called a solemn assembly, as much as if we had come to the funeral of one of the family; my subject was 1 Kings viii, 35-39. I was rapid for about an hour: they are faithfully warned; let them look to it.

VIRGINIA.—*Wednesday*, 6. I came to Winchester. Wrote to Myles and Dougherty. Report says, that a copy of Dr. Coke's letter was taken by stealth: the British are irritated, and the Americans are not pleased; but they were calm in counsel. I lodged at sister Phelps's.

Thursday, 7. Came to the camp-meeting at Crissman's

Springs, now Stover's Springs. Necessity compelled them to come here for the sake of the water in this great general drought. I moved on to Stoverstown.

Friday, 8. I breakfasted at Millerstown; rode to Wire's to dinner; and by driving two hours in the night reached Rocktown, or Rockingham, and put up with Mr. Williams. I have travelled fifty miles to-day, over rough, rocky roads. I rested my feeble body on *Saturday*.

Sunday, 10. Our house here, forty by forty-five feet, may contain fifteen or eighteen hundred people: now that we have a place of worship of our own, I hope we shall have another revival. I preached the first sermon; my subject, Isa. lvi, 8. We had an open time.

Monday, 11. I rested.

Tuesday, 12. I came away to Staunton: I preached in the court-house on Isaiah lv, 6, 7.

Wednesday, 13, brought us to Fairfield: I lodged at Mr. Moore's tavern. At Lexington I found Mr. Shield, my host, sick: I prayed with them; it was a time of tenderness. I set out, faint indeed, for Mr. M'Conkey's, a decent house: here I prayed as amongst the Methodists. This excessive delicacy of feeling, which shuts my mouth so often, may appear strange to those who do not know me; there are some houses in which I am not sure that I could speak to my father, were he alive, and I to meet him there—by-standers might have cause to exclaim with wonder, *What a son!*

Friday, 15. I rode fifteen miles and breakfasted with Mr. Topcotts; eleven miles farther brought me to Mr. Thomas's, near the camp-ground, at a little town called Amsterdam. I have been afflicted; but this may be for good. Had it not been for the top of the sulky, perhaps, sultry as it was, I should have been obliged to stop: faint and feeble, the kindness of good men, and the affectionate attentions of good women supported me: may a gracious God bless those who were thus made blessings to me! In prayer I have had uncommon life and liberty; but I had not strength

to talk as much as I wished about God and religion. On *Saturday* I felt unwell.

Sunday, 17. I ventured to the camp. I preached at eleven o'clock to about three thousand souls: I held on, loud and long; it was the Lord, not I. Notwithstanding matters were not as I could wish, I trust much good will be done.

Monday, 18. I rested at Mr. Thomas's.

Tuesday, 19. I ventured on the camp-ground again, and preached at eight o'clock: I was weak and unwell, but was divinely aided, whilst enlarging on Philippians i, 1; may this weighty subject rest on the minds of the preachers, and on none more than the heart of the speaker! I came away with Samuel Mitchell. Friendship and good fellowship seem to be done away between the Methodists and Presbyterians; few of the latter will attend our meetings now: well, let them feed their flocks apart; and let not Judah vex Ephraim, or Ephraim, Judah; and may it thus remain, until the two sticks become one in the Lord's hands.

Wednesday, 20. Being unwell, I rested.

Thursday, 21. We came away through excessive heat to Thomas Barrett's, at the foot of the Alleghany mountain.

Friday, 22, brought us over the rough, rude mountain: they are making a turnpike here. After breakfasting at brother Haymaker's, we came on to Pepper's ferry, sometimes directing our route by chance. Since the twenty-third of May to this day, I believe we have not had a steady rain for six hours together; yet it is a miracle and mercy that the prospects of corn are so good. We rested for the day at Pepper's; and, need we add, weary, men and horses.

Sunday, 24. At Page's chapel I spoke on 2 Chron. vii, 13, 14: it was an awful talk, and the people were alarmed. We dined at Mitchell's, and lodged at Whygler's, that we might lose no time.

Monday, 25. I was in danger of being cast away on my route to Crocket's, but was mercifully preserved: I felt exceedingly grateful that not even the skin of either horse or

man was broken: I jumped out of the carriage. Ah! I see that old men will fail in great danger.

Tuesday, 26. We came to Wythe court-house, eighteen miles, to breakfast, and reached David Stewart's to lodge.

Wednesday, 27. I came to Charles Hardy's. I have not slept well. I am faint with toil, and excessive heat—like an oven in the afternoon.

Thursday, 28, brought us over the dreadful roads to the Salt Works. The great drought has not prevailed so greatly on Holston, of Tennessee.

TENNESSEE.—*Saturday*, 30. I preached at the widow Russell's; my hostess is as happy and cheerful as ever.

Sunday, 31. I preached at the Manaham meeting-house. I once thought we should scarcely ever have a tabernacle of our own in these parts; we have now three in a triangle of eight miles' extent.

Tuesday, September 2. I was weak, but attended the appointment of the stationed preacher, A. Houston: my subject was 1 Thess. v, 12-15: strong in spirit, but feeble in body. Next day I rode thirty miles over to Edward Cox's.

Thursday, 4. I preached at Bethel. I was faint; and felt the effects of sickness and the rough roads. I lodged at the widow Lewis's, on Beaver Creek.

Friday, 5. I felt that I was done, and must lay by awhile.

Saturday, 6. I preached at Charles Helton's, upon Main Holston: weak as I was it was an open time.

Sunday, 7. We crossed Holston at the mouth of Watauga: the Sabbath I do not often employ in travelling—sometimes when I fall in with the circuit preachers. I was very close in my discourse at Dingworth's, on Psalm li, 10-13; the people have sat under a Calvinistic ministry. I lodged at William Nelson's, an ancient home and stand for Methodists and Methodist preaching. I have gone over rough roads, and a wild country, rocks, ruts, and sidelong difficult ways, sometimes much obscured; it was thus I lost my way, and travelled twenty miles farther than I needed.

Monday, 8. Prepared for conference.

Saturday, 13. My bowels for some days past have been much disordered, and I have been otherwise ill; but constant occupation of writing, reading, and praying, has diverted my attention from my sufferings: the medicine taken to-day has done good. I am obliged to avoid the sun as I would a burning fire.

Sunday, 14. I preached at the stand in the woods, brother M'Kendree followed: it was a season of feeling.

Saturday, 20, the Western Conference commenced its sitting, and ended on *Monday*. The Mississippi missionary preachers could not be spared, they thought, from their work, and therefore did not come. We had great peace. There are fourteen hundred added within the bounds of this conference. Of the fifty-five preachers stationed, all were pleased. In unison with the preceding conferences, an answer was given to Dr. Coke's letter. We had preaching at noon and night, and good was done. The brethren were in want, and could not suit themselves; so I parted with my watch, my coat, and my shirt. By order of the conference, I preached a funeral discourse, on the death of our dear friend Whatcoat, from John i, 47-50; there were not far from two thousand people present. If good were done, which I trust and hope, it is some compensation for my sufferings—thirteen hundred miles in heat and sickness on the road; and in the house, restless hours, the noise of barking dogs, impatient children, and people trotting about, and opening and shutting doors at all hours.

Wednesday, 24. We came to Buncombe: we were lost within a mile of M'Killon's, and were happy to get a schoolhouse to shelter us for the night: I had no fire, but a bed wherever I could find a bench; my aid, Moses Lawrence, had a bear-skin, and a dirt-floor to spread it on.

Friday, 26. My affliction returned: considering the food, the labour, the lodging, the hardships I meet with and endure, it is not wonderful. Thanks be to God! we had a generous rain—may it be general through the continent!

Saturday, 27. I rode twelve miles to Turkey Creek, to a

kind of camp-meeting. On the *Sabbath*, I preached to about five hundred souls: it was an open season, and a few souls professed converting grace.

Monday, 29. Raining. We had dry weather during the meeting. There were eleven sermons, and many exhortations. At noon it cleared up, and gave us an opportunity of riding home: my mind enjoyed peace, but my body felt the effects of riding. On *Tuesday*, I went to a school-house to preach: I rode through Swanino River, and Cane, and Hooper's Creeks.

North Carolina.—*Wednesday*, *October* 1. I preached at Samuel Edney's. Next day we had to cope with Little and Great Hunger mountain. Now I know what Mills Gap is, between Buncombe and Rutherford: one of the descents is like the roof of a house, for nearly a mile: I rode, I walked, I sweat, I trembled, and my old knees failed: here are gullies, and rocks, and precipices; nevertheless, the way is as good as the path over the Table-mountain—bad is the best. We came upon Green River, crossed, and then hobbled and crippled along to Martin Edward's, a local preacher: my host had waited two years; I ordained him to deacon's orders. I feel as if I ought not to preach one sermon without being pointed and very full upon the doctrine of purity.

Saturday, 4. Crossed Green and Broad rivers, to attend a meeting in the woods in Rutherford county. I preached on the *Sabbath*, on Psalm li, 8-11; and on *Monday* at eight o'clock in the morning, on 1 John i, 6, 7,—it was a moving season. I made my lodging with brother Driskells on *Sunday night*, and on *Monday* at Major George Moore's, twenty miles from the ground. On *Tuesday*, we came rapidly through a part of Lincoln, to South Carolina, about thirty miles, and lodged at Alexander Hill's; and next day stayed with Mr. Fulton. My mind is in constant peace under great bodily exertions. I preached at my host's, upon Matthew xxiv, 12, 13.

South Carolina.—*Thursday*, 9. At the Waxsaws. We crossed Catabaw at M'Lenahan's ferry, and came to Robert

Hancock's to lodge. We have had a blessed rain. On *Friday* we came to the Hanging Rock—death! death! The death of our friend, Daniel Carpenter, makes a great breach: but he has gone safe. *Saturday*, rain—rest—closely occupied in writing. On the *Sabbath* I preached at the Hanging Rock—few people; but a good season. On *Monday* I copied the *minutes*. I feel full of God: glory to God! On *Tuesday* I went over to Thompson's Creek, Anson county, to see George Dougharty; but his friends had conveyed him away on a bed. I spent *Wednesday* in reading, meditation, prayer, and Christian converse in Thomas Shaw's family.

Thursday, 16. Rode back to the Hanging Rock: I felt the effects of the ride, as the exercise was somewhat new. I prayed in two out of three families we visited: it seemed to me as if they were cases of life and death. It is the duty of a general officer to be careful of all his men, especially those composing his staff. A drought is the cause of want and affliction: in such seasons we should use humiliation, fasting, penitence, and prayer.

Friday, 17. Closely occupied in writing. On *Saturday*, rode to Camden. I have received a full account from Doctor Chandler, Delaware district, of the work of God from May third to August twenty-fourth. What hath God wrought!

Sunday, 19. I preached upon 1 Cor. xi, 28: "Let a man examine himself." After making some general observations on the sacrifice of Abel, of Abraham, and the nature of the passover and the Lord's supper, I enforced the necessity upon sinners, seekers, backsliders, believers, and ministers, *to examine themselves*. In the afternoon, I heard the Rev. Mr. Flinn, and was pleased with him as a Presbyterian minister. Mr. Smilie, a Presbyterian, preached for us in the tabernacle.

Monday, 20. I rode to Rembert Hall, eleven hundred and twenty miles from Philadelphia—in health, and, I trust, in holiness. Glory to God!

Tuesday, 21. Reading closely. *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday*, reading the eighth and ninth volumes

of Wesley's Sermons: they wake the powers of my soul. Abstinence and prayer. I feel my mind in great peace, and a stayed trust that the Lord will provide for the South Carolina Conference: let the preachers go, as they have done, to their farms and their merchandize, yet I am greatly confident of the success of the cause of God in these parts.

Sunday, 26. At Rembert's chapel I preached on 1 John iii, 1-3. 1. The manner of *love*—not that of a master, a father, a mother, or a Christian; but *love* of a peculiar character—the *love* of God, demonstrated in Christ for our redemption and salvation. 2. A view of the past, present, future, and eternal state of believers—First, The low estate; Secondly, Adoption, and regeneration, and sanctification; Thirdly, Glorification of soul and body. *Behold*, and wonder whilst ye adore. Lastly: the men of the world know not the *Father*, how then should they know the *children* of God the *Father?*

Monday, 27. I am bound for the city of Charleston. We sought lodging at two houses at Bruton's Lake: we found it at Mr. Martin's. On *Tuesday* we made twenty-five miles to Murray's ferry, instead of fifteen: at Long Ferry, to which we were obliged to steer, we were detained five hours through the swamp; heat, mosquitoes, gallinippers—plenty. We rode twenty miles after sundown to get to Mr. Hatchett's, at Monk's Corner; the family being sick, we went to Mr. Jones's, who kindly entertained us; we made fifty miles to-day, and came to lodgings about ten o'clock at night. On *Wednesday*, we came through heat and heavy roads to Charleston, where we found all things well, and in good order: Lewis Myers is an economist.

Sunday, November 2. At Cumberland-street church I preached in the morning; and at Bethel in the afternoon.

Monday, 3. Neither unemployed, nor triflingly. If we call for social prayer seven times a day, there are none to complain; the house is our own, and profane people board not with us. My time is spent in reading, writing, and receiving all who come, whites and Africans: I am some-

times called away in the midst of a letter. God the Lord is here. I am happy that we have finished our new church, and bought an acre of ground; should I live long, I shall see a house in the Northern Liberties of Cooper River. On *Tuesday* I wrote a letter to Dr. Coke, giving a general statement of the late work of God upon our continent.

Sunday, 9. I preached again in Cumberland church, on 2 Cor. iv, 17, 18. I spoke under serious depression of body and mind: in the afternoon I gave them a discourse at the Bethel church, upon Phil. i, 27-30. I have read many pages of Church History, written twelve long letters, preached four sermons, and received all visitors, and spoken to them on the concerns of their souls. *Monday*, 10. It appears that there is a work amongst white and black—some have found the blessing. I received a letter from Daniel Hitt, giving an account of the Long-Calm camp-meeting, in Maryland: it held from the eighth to the fourteenth of October; five hundred and eighty were said to be converted, and one hundred and twenty believers confirmed and sanctified. Lord, let this work be general!

On *Tuesday* I left my prison, and got as far as Captain Perry's, thirty miles; and next day, by riding two hours in the night, reached Barr's. On *Thursday* we rode up Edisto to Benjamin Tarrant's, twenty-two miles: next day we reached Weathersby's, twenty-five miles.

Georgia.—*Saturday* brought us to Augusta: we have made a journey of about six days in five, through deep sands.

Sabbath, 16. The morning was cold, and few hearers: my subject was Rom. xiii, 2. *High time* indeed. In the afternoon I spoke again on Heb. xi, 25, 26. I wrote to Daniel Hitt on things sacred. I am grieved to have to do with boys. Hugh Porter had written to this town about a station; and added to the mischief he had formerly done: I shall take care of these youngsters. And behold, here is a bell over the gallery!—and cracked too; may it break! It is the first I ever saw in a house of ours in America; I hope it will be the last.

Monday, 17. Pleasant ride to Sindall's, sixteen miles.

Here, after the second generation is risen up, we have a revival in Columbia county. By being lost, we made a ride of thirty miles to Thomas Haine's, on *Tuesday*. A few met for prayer: I spoke to them on 1 Peter i, 3-6. On *Wednesday* we rested. At Fountain's, on *Thursday*, I preached on 1 Thess. iv, 13, 14. On *Friday* I rested, wrote, and visited.

Saturday, 22. Rode to the west end of Wilkes county. At Stevenson meeting-house we held a three-days' meeting: four travelling, and two local preachers were present. I read the letter from P. Chandler, in Delaware, and exhorted a little.

Sabbath, 23. I preached on Luke iv, 18: there might be one thousand souls. We hope three were converted, and many quickened—preachers and people. I ordained James Allen a local deacon.

Tuesday, 25. Rained. I kept close; read, wrote, and prayed. A thought struck me that I would take the names and numbers of our congregations in Georgia; this I effected with the assistance of Josias Randall, and found them to be one hundred and thirty; which I calculate to consist of one thousand souls each; so that we preach to one hundred and thirty thousand souls in Georgia—to some of these once in a year, others once in a quarter, others in four, some in two, and by the labours of the travelling and local ministry, to some every week. The return of members for this State will be about five thousand for the present year. It is quite probable we congregate two hundred thousand in each State, on an average; and if to these we add those who hear us in the two Canadian Provinces, in the Mississippi and Indiana territories, it will perhaps be found, that we preach to *four millions* of people. What a charge!

Wednesday, 26. A clear sky—and a soul unclouded. On *Thursday* we rode to Arthur Matthews's, a healthy, decent, serious family, in Warren county. *Friday* brought us to William Hardwick's, Jefferson county.

Next day I preached at Bethel chapel, on 1 Thess. v, 6, 7. I took lodging at Benjamin Bryan's.

Sabbath, 30. We had very cold weather after a rain; the house was badly calculated for the change: my subject was 2 Cor. iv, 2. I lodged at Russell Brown's.

Monday, December 1. Came back to Rehoboth. I have ridden eighty-four miles to attend this meeting at Bethel—to little purpose, I fear, unless for the trial of my own faith and patience: I was greatly chilled in my system. On *Tuesday* I read and wrote; and rode through a storm two miles to see Billy Stith. Next day we had rain, snow, and excessively cold weather: I preached upon Rom. xii, 12, 13; there were twelve souls present. On *Thursday* we had our horses shod. The excessive rains and freshets have done damage: the bridges on Ogeechee are generally carried away; so also upon Little River.

Friday, 5. We passed Williams's Creek; and afterward Little River, where the bridge once stood: I lodged at Thomas Grant's, and left a family exhortation.

Saturday brought us along through Washington to Petersburg, thirty-two miles. We fed our horses on the route, though we starved ourselves. I preached at seven o'clock in the evening. Reverend —— Cummins, and Reverend —— Doke, our Presbyterian brethren, were present.

Sabbath, 7. At Tait's meeting-house I preached upon Luke xii, 40. It was a very cold day; and the house was so open we had little satisfaction. I visited Charles Tait, a judge; I did not present myself in the character of a gentleman, but as a Christian, and a Christian minister: I would visit the President of the United States in no other character; true, I would be innocently polite and respectful—no more. As to the Presbyterian ministers, and all ministers of the Gospel, I will treat them with great respect, but I shall ask no favours of them: to humble ourselves before those who think themselves so much above the Methodist preachers by worldly honours, by learning, and especially by salary, will do them no good.

Monday, 8. We had cause to rejoice at James Allston's that parents and children love the Lord: the old people have

I known for twenty-seven years. I preached here on Monday, on 2 Pet. iii, 2. On *Tuesday* I came to Blackwell's: the widow is my hostess—the former head of the family is gone to rest.

Wednesday, 10. At Ralph Banks's. Where shall we find so healthy and happy a man and wife as we have here? the mother is but thirty-seven, and she has twelve fine children. I was determined to go to the meeting-house, excessive as the rain was: we had one woman and thirty men; we rejoiced in God. They have had a camp-meeting blessing at Coldwater—the people are lively.

Thursday, 11. We rode twenty miles to James Marks's, Broad River quarterly meeting. Another plentiful and powerful rain. On *Friday* night we held a feeble night meeting. On *Saturday*, at the meeting-house, I spoke on Galatians vi, 9: it was penetratingly cold. We held a meeting in James Marks's dwelling-house at night.

Sabbath, 14. At ten o'clock we had prayer-meeting. S. Matthews preached at eleven o'clock; and I held forth at twelve o'clock in the open air: I faced the sun, but my glasses saved my eyes. We felt cold enough.

Monday, 15. Rode to Oglethorpe, and put up with Henry Pope. Our thirty miles' ride was made without feeding man or beast. Reaching Athens on *Tuesday*, we had an evening lecture at Hope Hull's. I wished to have crossed the river into Jackson county, but the rain came on and we returned to Blanton's and Pope's. General Clarke and L. Crawford had been dwelling on Indian lands: they and their company, five in all, lodged at Pope's with us; in my presence they restrained their wild, fearless, frontier character, and behaved with great decency and politeness.

Thursday, 18. Great rain. Reading and writing. On *Friday* I visited James Freeman. At Blanton's, on *Saturday*, I spoke on 1 John ii, 15-17. I preached at Pope's church, on Rom. viii, 7-9: elders Mead, Hull, and Matthews were present, and bore a part in the public religious exercises. John, a black man, preached in the evening.

Monday, 22. We rode to General Stewart's. Very warm

—like a summer's day. What amazing changes we have in this country! I gave them a sermon. On *Tuesday* we had a night meeting at John Crutchfield's: I spoke on 1 John ii, 1-3: we had a gentle gale of grace. On *Wednesday* we were at liberty. Alas for poor Samuel Mayo, the son of pious John, a local Methodist preacher in England! I have no children to blot my name by drunkenness or murder.

Thursday, 25. Our new chapel at Liberty is thirty by fifty feet. I gave them a sermon in it on 1 Peter iv, 3-5. Lodged at Joshua Moore's. On *Friday* I found Myles Green preaching; I ordained him immediately, and then gave a discourse on Heb. xii, 1, 2. After meeting I came on to Sparta. I received a dozen letters from the north. More good news from Doctor Chandler. The work of God is wonderful in Delaware. But what a *rumpus* is raised! We are subverters of government—disturbers of society—movers of insurrections. Grand juries in Delaware and Virginia have presented the noisy preachers—lawyers and doctors are in arms—the lives, blood, and livers of the poor Methodists are threatened: poor, crazy sinners! see ye not that the Lord is with us?

Sabbath, 28. Prayer-meeting at six o'clock. John M'Vean preached at eight o'clock. At twelve o'clock I read the letters narrative of the *great work*, and preached upon Col. iv, 7, 8. Brother Kendrick occupied the pulpit at three o'clock; and brother Mead at night.

Monday, 29. We began our conference. The subject of the delegated Conference was adopted, with only two dissenting voices: these members, however, cheerfully submitted, and one of the dissentients was elected a member. All was peace respecting the stations. We had prayer-meeting at six o'clock; at eleven, at three, and at seven o'clock at night we had preaching. I was called upon to deliver a funeral discourse for Bishop Whatcoat. On the *Sabbath morning* we had a band-meeting in the conference, and I preached in the open air at eleven o'clock; my subject, Mark xvi, 19, 20. From Philadelphia to Augusta I count it one thousand eight hundred and twenty miles, the

route we have made. We have fifty travelling preachers in this conference this year, and an increase of one thousand members.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—On *Thursday*, *January* 1, 1807, we set out for Columbia, dining in the woods on our route: it was excessively cold. I preached in Mr. Harrison's house in the evening. Next day we came to Camden. *Saturday* brought us to Rembert Hall. We have been redeeming time by riding two hundred and twenty miles in five days. It has been so cold, I have not been able to pray and meditate as I wished. I must now answer thirteen letters in two days. My body is afflicted, but I am kept in perfect love.

Sabbath, 11. We attended, as was meet, at Rembert's chapel. I gave them a sermon on 1 Chron. xxviii, 9.

Wednesday, 14. We came away to M'Collom's ferry. I had finished my writing on *Monday* and *Tuesday*. On our way we dined at Woodham, and lodged with Jeremiah Heath. On *Thursday* we crossed Pee Dee, and came to Colonel Bathie's.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Friday* brought us through Lumberton, in North Carolina, lodging with Peter Gautier. We found ourselves obliged to ride on the Lord's day, through the cold, to Wilmington, crossing two rivers in a snow and hail storm. I have ridden four hundred and twenty miles in ten days and a half—cold, sick, and faint: it was as much as I could well bear up under.

Monday, 19. Busy making extracts from letters, and planning for conferences. *Tuesday* occupied as yesterday; in the evening I preached. I feel that God is here. On *Wednesday* brother Kendrick preached. *Thursday*, reading and writing; Joshua Wells preached.

Friday, 23. I preached in the tabernacle, upon Matt. xi, 28-30. It was a time of some quickening. On *Saturday*, reading Wesley's Sermons, first volume; those who feel disposed to complain of the brevity of his Notes, should recollect the wonderful amount and variety of his literary labours, polemical and practical, besides *the care of all the Churches* in three kingdoms.

Sabbath, 25. A *high day* on Mount Zion. At the rising of the sun, John Charles began the worship of the day; he chose for his subject Rom. viii, 1. At eleven o'clock I held forth on Heb. iii, 12-15. I spoke again at three o'clock on Isaiah lv, 6, 7. Stith Mead preached at six o'clock in the evening. O that by any means we may save some! On *Monday* and *Tuesday* still reading Wesley's Sermons: I have completed thirty nearly. On Tuesday evening I preached, and it was a serious time.

Wednesday, 28. We took our flight from Wilmington: what I felt and suffered there, from preachers and people, is known to God. At Nixon's, Topsail, I preached on 2 Pet. iii, 14. On *Thursday* I rode forty miles to the Richlands, and preached at Lot Ballard's. *Friday evening* found us at Perry's. *Saturday* brought us to Newbern: we had an awful storm of rain.

February 1. I preached on *Sunday* at eleven o'clock.

Wednesday, 4. We have used great diligence in our conference labours, and have been faithful to the pulpit. I preached to-day on 1 Cor. ii, 5. On the *Sabbath* I preached to the whites, on John iii, 16; and to the Africans, on Eph. vi, 5-8. Much might be said; I will only observe that we have sixty-seven preachers, and have added three thousand one hundred and fifty-nine to this conference bounds; we have, since our sitting here, known that there are twenty whites converted, and as many blacks: these blessings on our labours pay all expenses, reward all toils in the midst of suffering and excessively cold weather.

Monday, 9. I gave them my last discourse on Psalms xxxiv, 15, 16; and next day came away to the widow Williams's. On *Wednesday* at Pinner's. The Roanoke had broken away with its ice. *Thursday* brought us to Murfreesborough: I preached upon 1 John iii, 10, 11. It was the day after the celebration of Washington's funeral: many of the *respectables* had come to town on this occasion, and still remained; these attended. I lodged at Doctor Key's.

VIRGINIA.—*Friday*, 13. We came to Suffolk. I had sent on a messenger, and found a congregation, to whom I spoke

a few words, on 1 Pet. iii, 10-12. We felt a present God. Brother Yerbury: *as dying and behold he lives*, spiritually. I have time to make but few observations. We have had rain for three days past; bad roads for two hundred miles. Since I left Philadelphia I calculate having travelled two thousand four hundred and forty miles. At Norfolk I preached for them, and at Portsmouth. On *Monday* we came away to General Wells's, Isle of Wight county; and next day called upon Willy Blunt on our way to Birdsong's. *Wednesday* brought us through a *proper* storm to Petersburg: the streets were not easily passable. We lodged on *Thursday night* in Richmond at the house of the widow Tucker: the roads hither had well-nigh mired us. On *Friday* we lodged at William Smith's: these are friends to camp-meetings, and gracious souls. A long ride of forty-two miles brought us to Fredericksburg on *Saturday;* we got a little fodder for our horses, and took a cut of dry bread on the cold ground ourselves. My mind enjoys great peace; and yet there are subjects that might disturb it: but I pass them over; I am not fond of hurting the feelings of people.

Sabbath, 22. I preached in the church; and then came away to Aquia Town, sixteen miles, and lodged at Mr. Bailey's. On *Monday* I went over to Sandford's on Poick: next day the rain followed us to Alexandria: at night I gave them a discourse on Rev. xiv, 12, 13.

MARYLAND.—*Wednesday*, 25. We crossed over into Maryland at Georgetown. Surely the roads are bad! My mind is in great peace. I had to preach a kind of funeral discourse, on the death of Bishop Whatcoat, on *Thursday:* and on *Friday* I came away to Bladensburg. Here I baptized a child, and prayed with the afflicted, and resumed my march eastward through mud and mire, arriving in the night in Baltimore.

Saturday, 28. Snow. I rested and wrote.

Sabbath, March 1. Light-street chapel; I preached upon Heb. xii. 2. At the African church my subject was Col. ii, 6.

Saturday, 7. Our conference commenced its sitting on *Monday*, and rose this evening. There were a hundred and

one members upon the list; eighteen of these were additions made. We sat six hours a day, and did much work in great peace. In the multiplicity of things that necessarily came before me, much must be left in shades; there were few complaints about stations. The increase within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference, is two thousand eight hundred and seventeen members. We had a great deal of faithful preaching. On the *Sabbath* I preached at the Point; and at Light-street I gave them my last discourse. I was in affliction and unwell, but always in peace; God is all in all.

Tuesday, 10. I left Baltimore for Perry Hall. I spent one night with the elders of the house and my old friends Jesse Hollingsworth, and Daniel Hitt, the faithful companion of my travels for three thousand miles. On *Wednesday* we left our kind friends, and came to Bennett's. Next day I preached in brother Howell's house, and came to North East. *Friday* brought us through rain and snow to Georgetown Cross-Roads: here we called a meeting in the evening; my subject was 2 Corinthians xii, 9. On *Saturday* we came in to Chestertown; it was damp and cold.

Sabbath, 15. Hail, blessed day! The Sun of Righteousness within us, and the material sun once more gladdens the earth with his beams! Although we have taken five days to come from Baltimore to this place, a distance of one hundred miles, the stage drivers can tell that we have been pretty busy. At Chester I find that unpleasing prejudices have been excited by the publication of a pamphlet on *succession in the Church;* the author is one Kewley, who went from us. In the morning I preached upon Psalm xxx, 17: "Come, ye children," &c. 1. *Who* are to be taught. 2. *What* they are to be taught. 3. Who are the teachers. 4. The happy consequences of being taught aright, and receiving and practising the instructions given. I spoke again in the afternoon, on Rev. vi, 13, 14. My mind is in perfect peace.

Monday, 16. Came to Centreville, and I preached. After dining with Thomas Wright, the brother of the present governor of Maryland, we came to Easton, and lodged with Mr.

Lockerman. On *Tuesday* Daniel Hitt preached; I only exhorted. We met Joseph Everett, who conducted us to William Frazier's to dine. On *Wednesday* we came to Thomas Foster's. I was unwell, and Daniel Hitt preached. We rode on to Cambridge; Daniel Hitt preached in the evening.

Thursday, 19. I took the pulpit at eleven o'clock; it was court-time, it was cold, and the notice was short. My subject was 2 Cor. vi, 7: "The word of truth"—the grand doctrines of the Gospel, with special and general application. "The power of God"—in operation upon the souls of the people in numbers and degrees. "Armour of righteousness"—such as described in Ephesians, *helmet of salvation*, and so on. But more fully explanatory of the general subject in its analogy to the justifying and sanctifying operations of grace, and practical righteousness as it respects our relation to God and his Church. We returned to Thomas Foster's.

Friday, 20. At Bethel, Brown's chapel, Daniel Hitt preached, I only exhorted. We dined at father Davis's, and lodged at his son William's. The weather is excessively cold, and disagreeably windy. On *Saturday* I preached at Deep Creek, and ordained two local preachers to the office of deacon. The day was unpleasant, and the house open. We dined with Deacon Baker, and then drove to George Parker's, within four miles of Salisbury, for the night. I suffered so much in the last two days, that I could not keep my mind constantly engaged in prayer; this was my grief, but my patience bore me up.

Sabbath, 22. At Salisbury I preached upon Ephes. iv, 1. The Episcopalians have had their day. Our appointment had not been made, nevertheless we preached; Daniel Hitt at eleven o'clock, and at night, and I at three o'clock in the afternoon; and we had people to hear us.

VIRGINIA.—*Monday*, 23. We came to dear William Downing's, Accomack: I came in late and unwell.

Tuesday, 24. When I should have gone to preach, I went to bed ill with a bilious colic and fever. We came to Snow Hill on *Wednesday;* my chill and sickness continued, and

Daniel Hitt preached. We kept on to Poplartown, and stopped at C. Hazzard's: still unwell.

DELAWARE.—*Thursday*, 26. We called to see brother Davis: he seemed to be dying by inches in a close room. We stopped at Mr. Clayton's, Dogsbury, in Delaware: from hence we fled with speed to Lewistown, stopped and took coffee. I preached on 1 Thessalonians ii, 11, 12; we had a crowded house and a gracious time.

Friday, 27. At Milford Bishop Whatcoat preached his last sermon, and as I preached here upon 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8, it came as a matter of course to make some observations on his character, labours, piety, and death.

Saturday, 28. I preached in Dover, and the numbers present were so great, that I stood up outside to speak; the wind was cold, and I uncovered. I preached the same day at Smyrna, at four o'clock. I hear many things of the weal and woe of the work of God.

Monday, 30. I gave them a sermon in Wilmington.

Tuesday, 31. Yesterday's excessive cold is explaining itself in a snow storm.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Wednesday, April* 1. We arrived in Philadelphia.

Friday, 10. Our conference commenced its session on *Thursday* the 2d, and finished to-day. We progressed and finished in great peace. The impeachment, trial, and examination of R. Lyon took up most of a whole day: the affair was managed with prudence and impartiality, and, after a patient investigation of the case, it was determined not to give him the charge of a circuit this year. The preachers took their stations very willingly; for aught I know. The excessive labour of the last two days drove me to my bed during the recess of the sitting. Seven deacons and four elders were ordained. I may mention that a short reply was given to Doctor Coke's long letter. On the *Sabbath*, at St. George's, I preached on Rev. ii, 10. The subject of Bishop Whatcoat was incorporated into my discourse at the Tabernacle: my text was Rev. xiv, 13. There was preaching in our houses as usual on conference occasions.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Saturday*, 11. I came into Jersey, and lodged with Daniel Bates.

Sabbath, 12. I stood up once more at Bethel, and spoke on Rev. xxii, 14, 15. God hath been in this society—in the last year forty converts were added at one quarterly meeting: the people cease to oppose. We hope there have been three hundred souls converted in one year in this neighbourhood. John Duffield is buried to-day: he had fallen away, but was restored at the last quarterly meeting, and intended to have rejoined the society—we hope he has joined the Church triumphant.

Monday, 13. A great storm of rain located us to the house at William Dilkes's.

Tuesday, 14. Rode to Salem, and preached; I was still very unwell. At Pittsgrove on *Wednesday* I was unable to preach: I rode home with father Early. The widow Airs, one of the first Methodists in the place, has died in peace.

Thursday, 16. I gave an exhortation, and we then came on to Daniel Bates's. At brother Azail Coates's, on *Friday*, I was fit for bed only: Daniel Hitt preached at Lumberton.

Saturday, 18. At New Mills I gave a kind of funeral for Bishop Whatcoat. From Baltimore to this place I count having made six hundred and thirty miles. Sick or well, I have my daily labours to perform. I am hindered from that solitary, close, meditative, communion with God I wish to enjoy. I move under great debility. I found old grandfather Budd *worshipping, leaning upon the top of his staff —halting, yet wrestling* like Jacob. Ah! we remember when *Israel was a child;* but now, *how goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles*, (camp-meetings,) *O Israel!* Since October, 1771, I have visited Jersey, but never have I seen such prospects: to God the Lord be all the glory!

Sabbath, 19. In the Baptist chapel, Mount Holly, I spoke on Rom. x, 26. I preached at Burlington at six o'clock.

Monday, 20. I gave them a sermon at Trenton; and once more at Hopewell I stood up in my Master's name. We had one hundred souls, but we want more fire: the time will surely come to favour them.

Wednesday, 22. We came to Redding: I spoke to an insensible people upon Acts ii, 21. I may weary myself in vain to heap up spiritual riches, if others will not gather them, and take care of them.

Thursday, 23. At Asburytown I gave them a faithful talk upon Heb. ii, 3, 4. There are about forty houses in or near this village, of all descriptions. In Philip Cummins's kitchen I spoke to a few souls on *Friday:* my hearers were serious whilst I commented on Luke xi, 9-13. Rough roads, damp weather, and daily preaching, has brought me low: wherever I come, being a stranger, people expect me to speak. O that I could see as great a prospect in East as in West Jersey! *Come, thou south wind, and blow upon this garden!*

Saturday, 25. We came to Andrew Freeman's: our route brought us by the Drowned Lands upon Pequest Creek; this, doubtless, has once been a lake. I preached at Freeman's, and we had a feeling season. About twenty years ago, I once preached at Log-Jail church: I spoke once more on the *Sabbath;* my subject was Rev. iii, 20, and I felt some enlargement. Daniel Hitt preached after me, and closed the meeting. We have preached, I suppose, to three thousand people in the Jerseys; and had we had good weather, it is quite probable we should have had six thousand.

NEW-YORK.—*Monday*, 27. We rode forty miles to lodge near Warwick.

Tuesday, 28. We came to Ellis's at Windsor.

Wednesday, 29. As we pursued our journey the rain came on whilst at Major Ostrander's, and we halted. At New-Paltz, on *Friday*, we found there was no passage to be had across the river, so we drove six miles down to a new bridge; we dined, and came on to Kingston, or Esopus; here we also were disappointed, so we turned aside to Cornelius Cole's, at Hurley. On *Friday* we made forty miles over desperate roads, and lodged at a tavern, seven miles short of Coeyman's Patent, where the conference was to sit.

Saturday, *May* 2. We met such of the members of the conference as were present.

Sabbath, 3. I preached once more on the subject of the death of our dear departed brother Whatcoat.

Saturday, 9. We concluded our labours. The preachers took their stations with the simple-heartedness of little children. I find two thousand and one added to the bounds of this conference. Eighteen preachers and three missionaries. We had much labour, and great peace; and although, from the badness of the weather, we came home every evening through damps and mud, I had more rest than I should have had, had we convened in a city. We had preaching every noon.

Sabbath, 10. I preached at Albany on John iii, 17. I dined with one English family and lodged with another.

Monday, 11. We set out on the turnpike road to brother Carpenter's, dined, and lodged at Cambridge.

VERMONT.—*Tuesday*, 12, brought us through Salem; we dined, talked, and prayed at Ruput's: possibly God may save the tavern-keeper. We lodged at Branch's: here we also prayed, but there was a tavern bar: we left, and came to Mr. Hireton's; here the landlady wept and talked, but my faith for the poor woman was not strong. We came to Carpenter's, at Chittenden, and hearing that Z. Andrews's was a home for preachers, we turned aside to tarry for a night.

Thursday, 14. We boldly engaged the Green Mountain, of which we had heard awful accounts. I match it with rude Clinch, or rough Alleghany. We found snow in the gap. A tree was lying across the path; in leading the carriage over, it upset, but sustained little damage. Having dined at Pittsfield, we took fresh courage and proceeded on. When we came to White's River, we were obliged to lead the horses as they dragged the carriage up the heights, over rocks, logs, and cavings-in of the earth; arrived at the Narrows we found that the bank had given way and slidden down; I proposed to work the carriage along over by hand, whilst Daniel Hitt led the horses; he preferred my leading them, so on we went, but I was weak, and not enough attentive, perhaps, and the mare ran me upon a

rock; up went the wheel, hanging balanced over a precipice of fifty feet—rocks, trees, and the river between us; I felt lame by the mare's treading on my foot; we unhitched the beast and righted the carriage, after unloading the baggage, and so got over the danger and difficulty. But never in my life have I been in such apparent danger. O Lord, thou hast saved man and beast! We gladly stopped in Royaltown at brother Ayres's. I have been happy under great temptations and hard labour. In every house, tavern and private, I have prayed and talked; this is part of my mission. I have two hundred miles before me for the next week—and can I accomplish this labour? what is impossible with me is possible with God.

Friday, 15. We came to Cox's, and next day I preached at Bernard, and had an open season. I ordained five deacons, namely, Carpenter, Currier, Peck, Sterling, and Perkins. On the *Sabbath day* I preached in the woods: my text was 1 Tim. ii, 15. It hailed, and in the afternoon snowed. We had three discourses, in and out of the house, and held a love-feast. The work revives in this town.

Monday, 18. We came down White's River, and crossed the Connecticut at Lyman's bridge. We have made forty miles to-day.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Tuesday*, 19. We crossed the mountains and came into New-Hampshire at Andover, and continued on, dining and praying at Salisbury, to Concord, forty miles: we lodged at Mr. Ambrose's tavern: our host was polite and attentive. We came on *Wednesday* eighteen miles to dinner at Mr. Harvey's, Northwood; then through Durham and Dover, into Berwick, the first town in the district, where we put up for the night. On *Thursday morning*, we came sixteen miles to breakfast, but I had taken medicine. We kept on through Kennebunk, Saco, and Scarborough, into Portland: I was unwell, had travelled hard, rising at four o'clock every morning, yet I had to preach here at eight o'clock in the evening. God is here: brother Bacheller's labours have been blessed. I lodged with Major Illsley, still our great friend.

Friday, 22. We took up our journey through Falmouth to New-Yarmouth, and stopped at our brother Jabez Bradburg's: we had six hours' rain. It is an awful backward spring, and there is a great scarcity of hay. The wet weather prevents ploughing and seeding. Cold! cold!

Saturday, 23. We lodged with Mr. Dearborn, in Monmouth. We count having made two hundred and thirty miles this week, over *hard* roads in many senses: my work is for God—my reward from him: may I be made perfect through Christian and ministerial trials and sufferings!

Sunday, 24. I preached in Monmouth, on Isa. xxxv, 3-6. At Major Cobb's, where I lodged in Gray, I left my glasses when starting on *Tuesday morning*. On *Tuesday* I preached at Scarborough at five o'clock in the evening, upon Heb. iii, 12-14. We sent forward the preachers to call a meeting in the town of Berwick, in the District of Maine; on *Wednesday* I preached to them, and the people were attentive:—this is the beginning of Methodism in this place.

Thursday, 28. We dined at Epping, New-Hampshire, and came on within six miles of Haverhill. To travel forty miles a day, and be under the necessity of going into *dram* and sin-infected taverns: it is such a journey that teaches us the value of hospitality in the South, and the excellency of Methodism everywhere: how laborious has it been; and expensive; and, it may be, unsuccessful! But my work and my judgment is with the Lord.

Saturday, 30. At Waltham, I gave them a sermon on 1 Cor. x, 12, 13; several preachers were present. It rained on the *Sabbath*. My Bible and plans for conference stations occupied my mind, and became the devotions of the day.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Monday, June* 1. Came to Boston. On *Tuesday* we opened our conference, ninety-two preachers being on the list.

Saturday, 6. Our conference rose. There were eight hundred dollars paid; and we were nearly three thousand insolvent. It kept us busy to preach five times a day, ordain fifty-nine to office, and inquire and examine into

characters, graces, and gifts, and appoint the numerous stations. I preached on *Wednesday*, and an ordination sermon on *Thursday*, and on *Saturday evening* came away to the town of Lynn. And must I walk through the seven conferences, and travel six thousand miles in ten months?

Sunday, 7. I preached in Lynn, administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and came to Waltham. At Westbury I preached on *Monday*, on Luke xix, 10. I lodged at brother Nicholas's. In spite of heat and lameness, we were favoured to reach Wilbraham on *Tuesday*. To Westfield on *Wednesday*, crossing the bridge at Springfield. I am in peace; I dare not murmur, though in pain. I had an interview with a Baptist minister: he started at prayer—he called it talk to any sinner: the answer is, they cannot pray.

CONNECTICUT.—*Thursday*, 11. We crossed the mountain to Pittsfield, thirty-seven miles: we had a violent wind, excessive cold, and I was very lame. Methodism prevails in this quarter: in two societies, two hundred members have been added. A camp-meeting is appointed to be held on *Monday* next. On *Saturday* we made a great ride of forty miles to Watertown, in New-York State. I was lame on the *Sabbath*, but I must preach: my subject was John iii, 19.

NEW-YORK.—*Monday*, 15. Faint, sick, and lame. I made twenty miles to Schenectady, and was entertained at Isaac Johnson's: he is a disciple of W. Hickson's, gained by preaching in the streets of Brooklyn, Long Island. I rejoiced to hear that Robert Dillon preached in the market-house at Troy. On *Tuesday* it rained, and I rested. Wednesday brought us over Yankee Hill to Frank's. We came to Ellwood's on *Thursday*, crossing Schoharie Creek. O fruitful banks of lovely Mohawk! On *Friday* we rode ten miles out of our way, and made a long journey of forty-five miles: we came in at nine o'clock at night to Elijah Davis's. We have travelled one hundred miles up the Mohawk. My feet are much swelled, and I am on crutches; but I have been supported amongst strangers. O that we had two Low Dutch missionaries for the parts of Jersey and York west of the Hudson!

Sunday, 21. After E. White had preached in the meeting-house, I went into a beautiful grove, where I spoke to about fifteen hundred people, on Colossians i, 28, 29. I ordained three deacons, namely, Stebbens, Parker, and Trueman, and rode to Westmoreland. I retired to B. Hannah's, my feet highly inflamed and painful.

Monday, 22. At B. Holmes's, in Vernon, I preached on Rom. x, 13. Next day I rode to Silas Bliss's, in Cazenovia. On *Wednesday*, on 1 John v, 14, 15; the Lord is with the people. Ten years have I been absent from this kind family; and O! the kindness of all the brethren: I cannot express it, nor my gratitude for the favours shown. I came home to Ebenezer White's. I spoke at brother Nichols's, in Manlius, on *Thursday;* my text was chosen from John xxi, 15-17; it was an open time. I ordained E. White an elder.

Friday, 26. We came fourteen miles to Onondaga court-house: truly we saw gapers enough: my text was John xiii, 17. After taking a cup of tea, we rode to Skaneateles Lake, about sixteen miles in length, and three in breadth, at its widest part. Six more miles brought us to Awaskee Lake, about the same size: the outlet of Aurelius River is here. We have had a day's work of forty miles. I am still lame on both feet. Our lodging at Brutus was with B. Upshire. I preached on *Saturday,* in the widow Carpenter's barn: in the afternoon I rode fifteen miles to David Eddy's, in Scipio: here we were quite at home.

Sunday, 28. I held forth to about five hundred souls, in Eddy's barn: my subject was Heb. ii, 15, 16: the people were very attentive, but not much affected. Bathing my feet may have done good: they begin to mend. On *Monday* we rode to Milton Methodist meeting-house, where I preached to about two hundred souls, on Gal. v, 7, 8. I was faint yet animated, in speaking. We dined with David Hamilton, and came back to Cayuga Lake: this sheet of water is about forty miles long, and four miles wide; it feeds the St. Lawrence. At Samuel Wayburn's I preached on *Tuesday*, and on *Wednesday* we came by Milton to

Bailey's, where we also had meeting: my subject here was 1 Peter iv, 17; it was a most insensible congregation of about one hundred souls. Daily preaching and daily affliction keep me very low. I feel with sorrow the spiritual death of the people; it brings on great heaviness of body and mind.

Thursday, July 2. We dined at Geneva, on Seneca Lake: the lake is about forty miles in length, and from one to five miles wide. Our entertainer, Mr. Hagley, was exceedingly kind. We rode on to Daniel Dorsey's, late of Liberty, Frederick county, Maryland, now an inhabitant of Lyonstown. This is a great land for wheat, rye, and grass; and the lakes, with their navigation of vessels and boats, and moving scenes, make the prospects beautiful.

Saturday, 4. We were greatly crowded in a small house in Lyonstown: my subject was Matt. xvii, 5. After meeting and dinner, we rode on to the sulphur springs, near Canandaigua, and lodged at the widow Ferguson's.

Sunday, 5. I preached to about one thousand souls assembled in White's barn: my subject was 2 Tim. iv, 2: "Preach the word."

I. The primitive qualification, the call and commission to "preach the word"—the Gospel.

II. The right use of the Gospel, to convince, to reclaim the backslidden and disorderly.

III. "Exhort" all characters, "with longsuffering and doctrine." Hear ye him; observe the dignity, eloquence, and power of the speaker. "Doctrine," hear him on this point; hear him all men, of all grades and characters. My congregation was an unfeeling one. Now that my mind is in a great measure lightened of its load of thought and labour for the conferences, I feel uncommon light and energy in preaching: I am not prolix; neither am I tame; I am rapid, and nothing freezes from my lips. I suppose we shall preach to more than ten thousand souls in this district.

Monday, 6. In R. Wrote's barn, fifteen miles from Canandaigua, I preached to about four hundred unyielding souls, on Acts iii, 22, 23.

Tuesday, 7. We passed the lake, sixteen miles long, and one mile wide. At James Stokes's, Ninth Town, I preached in the woods to a more attentive people, on Heb. x, 38, 39.

Wednesday, 8. I preached in the Friends' settlement with some power.

Thursday, 9. At Cresse's. We set out, dining at Dow's, and came to Catrine, at the head of Seneca Lake, thirty miles; the swamps, sloughs, ruts, and stumps made it awful moving. We lodged at Baldwin's tavern.

Friday, 10. We directed our route through Newtown, upon the East Branch of the Susquehanna, to Showmang; rested awhile at Jacob Cresse's, and then passed the narrows of the river, continuing on by Shepherd's mill to Taylor's tavern; it was ten o'clock, and I was fearful of driving farther in the dark.

Saturday, 11. Brought us to the camp-meeting on Squire Light's ground: we found it had been in operation two days; God is in the camp and with us. I preached on the camp-ground, from Matt. xviii, 2: some sots were a little disorderly, but the greater part of the congregation were very attentive; weak as I was, I did not spare myself, my subject, or my hearers. It may be, I spoke to one thousand people. Since the last *Sabbath* we have travelled one hundren and twenty miles; and with good roads and even ground we might have made three hundred miles in the same time. The heights of the Susquehanna are stupendous; the bottom lands very fertile; but this river runs through a country of unpleasing aspect, morally and physically—rude, irregular, uncultivated is the ground; wild, ignorant, and wicked are the people: they have not been wearied by my labours; except the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and by what I may once have done in a visit to Wyoming, they are strangers to them. I am now on my first journey of toil and suffering through Genesee and Tioga.

Sunday, 12. My subject was 2 Cor. v, 20: my congregation may have doubled in numbers to-day; and there were no troublesome drunkards. I feel as if God would own this meeting now, and continue to own it many days, in various

families and places. I ordained five worthy men local preachers, namely, Daniel Wilcox, John B. Hudson, Samuel Emmit, John M'Caine, and Nathaniel Lewis, to the office of deacon: had I not made this visit, these men might have waited a long time, or taken a long ride to find me. In the afternoon, (*Sabbath*) there was an uproar amongst the people. Some intoxicated young men seated themselves by the women, and refused to move until compelled; they fought those men who came to take them away, and when the presiding elder interfered they struck at him, and one of the guards also, who was helping by order of the constables. There were magistrates (such as they were) to cry peace. The Owego gentry fled away cackling falsehood like wild geese. One Kemp, chief bully, arrested A. Owen, on *Monday morning*, for the *Sabbath breaking*, drunkenness, and fighting of this Kemp and his crew. The presiding elder was charged with having struck Kemp, and then running away; nor was the poor bishop spared—he too had been fighting: it was well for him that he was not on the ground at the time—I was quiet in my room.

Monday, 13. We rode to Tioga, and brother Shippee gave us our dinner. A ride of sixteen miles brought us to Mineer's, where we lodged. Tioga Point, at the junction of Shumang and the river, is a pleasant spot.

Tuesday, 14, we came six miles to Judge Gore's: here I preached upon John vii, 17. When we set out on *Wednesday* we found we were obliged to take the carriage over a precipice by hand. The road to the ferry was rough; and behold, the boat was gone, and the bank caved and washed away; a lock upon the wheel, and the assistance of a strap, enabled us to pass the sulky down by hand. Major Gaylor, at Whalusing, lodged us well and freely.

Thursday, 16. We came eleven miles to breakfast at Sturdivant's; and eleven miles more brought us to Hunt's ferry: after dining at Frosbury's, free and kind, we went on to Newton Smith's, ten miles farther; I ordained my host a deacon in his own house.

Friday, 17. To Sutton's ten miles: the house neat as a palace; and we were entertained like kings, by a king and queen; it was no small consolation to lie down on a clean floor after all we had suffered from dirt and all its consequences. Once more I am at Wyoming. We have wearied through and clambered over one hundred miles of the rough roads of wild Susquehanna. O, the precipitous banks, wedging narrows, rocks, sideling hills, obstructed paths, and fords scarcely fordable, roots, stumps, and gullies!

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Saturday*, 18. I must take medicine; the preachers wish me to remain in my lodging.

Sunday, 19. I went to the woods and preached and ordained Thomas and Christian Bowman, deacons. Before I got through my discourse the rain came on, and I made a brief finish: the people were attentive. In the afternoon the preachers and many of the people went to a barn; there were showers of rain and thunder whilst service was performing. My first visit to Wyoming was in great toil and to little purpose; I am afraid I shall have no better success now.

Monday, 20. We set out upon a turnpike-road; but O, dreadful! I came sliding down a dug-road precipice, dark and deep, but safe. About nine o'clock we made Mr. Mawin's tavern: and here were drink, and smoke, and wagoners—*but we closed with prayer*. We came along, early on *Tuesday*, through the Wind Gap, seventeen miles to Haller's, and breakfasted. I took a look at the Moravian town of Nazareth; it may contain forty houses built in the German taste and style: the brethren's house is a large building of, possibly, one hundred and forty feet in length, and fifty feet in width, with a Dutchified tower like a cupola, in the centre —the whole edifice has the exterior appearance of a college. The land in the vicinity was not so fertile, nor the grounds as highly improved, as I expected to have found them. Seventeen miles farther brought us to far-famed Bethlehem, which I had long wished to see. The stream that runs west of the town is pretty and useful, as it works a machine which raises the water one hundred and fifty feet into

two reservoirs, for the use of the inhabitants. We found ourselves at the grand tavern at the north end, the property of the brethren: the house is large, but a plain building: the entertainment good at a dollar a night for man and horse. On the second step of the high grounds on the main street, which begins on the hill above, stand the church buildings: on the east and west are rooms appropriate to the institution, and certainly the west end has a grand appearance. On the same street below stands the brethren's house, one hundred feet front, five stories high, very plain, and much German taste discoverable everywhere; add to this the majestic Lehigh, and you have the most striking features of this celebrated place. But, ah! religion—Reader, I am a Methodist. I asked the young man who managed the tavern, if they ever permitted any minister to preach amongst the brethren; he could not answer —he was a servant, and knew not how to answer. Next day came the master of the ceremonies, the *cicerone* of the establishment, who shows the wonders of the place; I asked him—I was told that on that night there was private worship in the church—the minister must perform *himselbst*. Daniel Hitt and two gentlemen from York, who had given money for the sights shown here for money, went to the church meeting. And what did they see and hear? A man read in German they knew not what, sung and played upon the *four thousand dollar* organ: sermon or prayer they heard not. I doubt much if there is any prayer here, public or private, except the stated prayers of the minister on the Sabbath day. But the brethren have a school for boys at Nazareth, and one for girls at Bethlehem; and they have a store and a tavern; the society have worldly wealth and worldly wisdom: it is no wonder that men of the world, who would not have their children spoiled by religion, send them to so decent a place.

Wednesday, 22. We crossed the Lehigh to Allentown, beautifully situated—superior in this respect, perhaps, to Bethlehem. We breakfasted at the end of twelve miles, and came on to Kuteztown. On *Thursday* morning we bent our

course through Reading; the views of meadows and fields were grand—beautiful. Reading may have two hundred houses, one street in a style of grandeur approaching to that of Philadelphia, as it respects the houses; the rest have much of the German feature. Through Adamstown, where we breakfasted, we came on over rocks and hills to New-Holland; here, as at Reading, there are fine new churches for the German Lutherans and the German Calvinists: these are the citadels of formality—fortifications erected against the apostolic itinerancy of a more evangelical ministry. Ah! Philadelphia, and ye, her dependencies, the villages of the State of Pennsylvania, when will prejudice, formality, and bigotry, cease to deform your religious profession, and the ostentatious display of the lesser morals give place to evangelical piety?

At Soudersburg we rested one day. I wrote three letters.

Saturday, 25. We came through Lancaster to Columbia. On the *Sabbath day* I preached in a lot near the river: we may have had seven hundred people; my subject was 2 Cor. v, 14. The missionaries, Boehm and Hunter, were present. On *Monday* I came to Little York. Here I met with Nelson Reed. This week I am occupied in writing about thirty letters; yet, not unmindful of the word of God and prayer. It is but too manifest that the success of our labours, more especially at camp-meetings, has roused a spirit of persecution against us—riots, fines, stripes, perhaps prisons and death, if we do not give up our camp-meetings: we shall never abandon them, but shall subdue our enemies by *overcoming evil with good.* What hath God wrought in America! In thirty-six years we find one hundred and forty-four thousand five hundred and ninety in number: in England, after seventy-seven years, they count one hundred and fifty thousand nine hundred and seventy-four: they may have thirty millions of souls in the three kingdoms to labour amongst; and we not more, perhaps, than five millions. Our travelling preachers, five hundred and thirty-six, at present; the rest, local and official, about fourteen hundred;

but all these are poor men, and unlearned—without books, money, or influence. Not unto us, not unto us!—O, Lord, take thou the glory!

Saturday, August 1. Constant application whilst here. Reading the Bible and writing about sixty pages of letters found me employment. On the *Sabbath* I preached at eleven o'clock at our chapel in York: I spoke on Coloss. i, 27, 28—short and temperate. We might have about six hundred hearers. In the afternoon I spoke on Coloss. iii, 12, 13: I spoke longer than in the morning. We have the *form* of the *power of goodness*, for we shout, and we stamp, and jump, and are very happy—who but we!—but we are contentious, and mingle and mix, by off-hand marriages, believers with unbelievers, and other things we do: but, for once, I have delivered my own soul. I think it begins to be time for another visitation at York.

I have my paradise at brother Pentz's; but I have much labour, and some temptations. I now fare sumptuously every day; but, O, what is before me?—three thousand five hundred miles before I reach the Georgetown Conference.

Tuesday, 4. I took my leave of my kind friends at Wierly Pentz's, and rode to dinner to George Nailor's: that night we passed under the roof of the widow Hollopeter. On *Wednesday* I preached at Stickles school-house: the room was full, and I spoke for an hour on 1 Peter iv, 10, 11. We came that evening to Lewisburg. O my God, help me in soul and body, through my approaching labours and sufferings! *Thursday* brought us through an obscure town to brother Weaver's; our host and his wife are Germans—in their first love.

Friday, 7. At Carlisle. *Saturday*, occupied in reading Burder's Village Sermons, &c.

Sabbath, 9. I preached upon Gal. v, 7-9; in the afternoon on 2 Cor. iv, 1, 2: my body faint; my spirit fervent. On *Monday*, at Shippinsburg, I preached upon 2 Peter iii, 17, 18, and ordained John Davis a deacon: it was very warm, but we had an open season. We lodged with brother Scott, one of my hearers thirty years ago, in Chester county, now

warm in the cause of God. After a heavy rain had passed away on *Monday*, on *Tuesday* we began our mountain toil: we crossed three, dined with the *junior*, and lodged with the *senior* Ramsay: no people need be kinder than were these.

Wednesday, 12. We set out again, and the rain attended us into Bedford. We lodged at the stage-house: Mr. Graham, my host, had known me in my early visits—I had preached at his father's: the son was kind as a king could be, and charged us not a cent for our entertainment: in a hundred public houses, possibly, that I have thus stopped at in the year, I have received no such favours. We reached Berlin on *Thursday*, and found friend Johnson and his wife kind indeed.

Friday, 14. We dined and prayed at the Twenty-Mile house, and were obliged to stop at an ordinary twelve miles farther—drunken people; but they behaved as well as they could: any port in a storm. On *Saturday* we came on eight miles to breakfast at Anthony Baning's: from thence we rode through Connellsville to Union. We put up with the widow Kenthorn, intending to be at the camp-meeting. And now I have ridden since I left Baltimore in March, two thousand five hundred miles; and have had, as usual, many a jolt over rocks, and rocks again, on the American Alps, and dangers and difficulties, and a head bruised by the iron rods of my carriage. I have been enabled to suffer patiently pains and sickness for the good of souls.

Sabbath, 16. I ordained, on the camp-ground, Dobbins, Fell, and Wakefield, to the office of deacons. I preached on 2 Cor. v, 11: "Knowing the terror of the Lord." I made two general heads: 1. The Gospel is a general, gracious, persuasive, characteristic ministry; in which the ministers thereof are manifest to God, and to the consciences of their hearers in their characters, their sins, their sayings, ways, &c. 2. The Gospel was armed with terror to the disobedient, impenitent, and to apostates from it. *Knowing the terror of the Lord*—Knowing how God is to be feared—when insulted by disobedience, the Trinity is roused into indignation; every attribute, and all the perfection of

Deity is arranged on the side of vengeance and vindictive wrath. There was not a sufficiency of seats for the congregation; but they behaved as well as could be expected; there was nothing vicious seen—no plan of opposition was discoverable. On *Monday* I went to camp again, and spoke upon Matt. v, 46, 47. What the followers of Christ professed more than others; and what God had done for them more than others, as Christians and ministers; that therefore God, the Father, Son, and Spirit, requires more from them than from others. By application—to a variety of cases;—what do ye more than others?

Tuesday, 18. We found our horses had been taken or had strayed away. I read Hervey on the Tombs, and wrote the Station Book.

Wednesday, 19. We set out and came to the Old Fort; crossed the Monongahela, and lodged with Dr. Wheeler: he and his lady are Londoners; and O, how kind they were! How did the salvation of the souls of these kind friends rest upon me! The doctor's mother had been in band society with Mr. Wesley. From six in the morning to seven in the evening of *Thursday*, we made about forty miles, over some rough roads and desperate hills: we wished to redeem time, that we might refit at John Beck's, near West Liberty; so we ate not on the route, though we fed the horses twice. I had had pain of a rheumatic kind for some days.

Virginia.—*Friday*, 21. Marked letters to transcribe, read, took medicine, and nursed myself. On *Saturday* I preached in Beck's new house, on Philip. ii, 12, 13. On the *Sabbath* I preached in an excellent stone meeting-house, at Short Creek, to about one thousand souls, from 2 Cor. iii, 7, 8. We crossed over into the State of Ohio on *Monday:* and I gave them a sermon in the court-house at St. Clairsville.

Ohio.—By hard labour we reached Frankfort on *Tuesday;* thence we made Spears's on *Wednesday:* on *Thursday* came to Densenbury's; on *Friday* to Teal's: in four days and a half we have travelled one hundred and thirty miles—mud, gullies, stumps, and hills. I was sick with an inflammatory

sore throat; my trials were great, nature failed, but grace supported. Every family shall know me by prayer. *Saturday* I devoted to rest. I have hastily marked above two hundred hymns, taken from the congregational hymn book, to add to a new American edition, which, I hope, will be as good as any extant.

Sabbath, 30. At the stand on the camp-ground near Hockhocking I spoke on Heb. iv, 1: "Let us therefore fear." There were about eight hundred hearers, and it was a time of feeling and solemnity to professors. *Monday* was diligently taken up with my pen, and prayer with my friends: the hymns for a new collection occupied my mind much. My poor mare is worn down, and my carriage is wrecked somewhat, and must be repaired. On *Thursday* we came to New-Lancaster: I preached in a school-house on Luke xix, 10. We afterward came on to Mr. Vanmeter's, and just escaped an awful storm of thunder, hail, and rain.

Friday, September 4. We came away to Chilicothe: O, the mud and the trees in the path! Reading closely on *Saturday*. In our neat, new house I preached on the *Sabbath morning* to about five hundred hearers, on 1 Peter iv, 17, 18; I spoke about an hour. There are some pleasing and some unpleasing accounts here; some little trouble in the society, but great prospects all around in the country. The sitting of conference will be of God for good to souls: we have been praying the whole year for this. By letters from brothers Mead and Bruce I learn that prospects brighten in old Virginia: they have had blessed meetings.

Monday and *Tuesday*, closely reading. On *Wednesday* we rode to Deer Creek. *Thursday, Friday*, and *Saturday* selecting hymns and reading Marshall's Life of Washington, nearly three thousand pages in four volumes: only as *a Life of Washington* can I give it the preference to Gordon's History of the Revolutionary War.

Sabbath, 13. At the Deer Creek camp-ground I gave them a discourse on 2 Cor. vi, 1. In the evening we returned to Chilicothe.

On *Monday*, we opened our conference in great peace and

love, and continued sitting, day by day, until *Friday noon.* A delegation of seven members was chosen to the General Conference. There were thirteen preachers added, and we found an addition of two thousand two hundred members to the society in these bounds; seven deacons were elected and ordained, and ten elders; two preachers only located; sixty-six preachers were stationed.

Finding my work done, and my carriage sold, I ventured once more to take horse, with a determination to visit the frontier settlements on the Great Miami River. We came away, leaving fifty or sixty preachers at the camp-meeting near the seat of conference, and got to brother Waugh's for the night.

Saturday, we reached Hinkstone's to dine, and thence, by riding late, got into Cesarsville, and stopped with Peter Pelham: we have made sixty-five miles from Chilicothe. A great rumour is abroad of an expected Indian war; and many fled for fear; but the report was idle wind. The whole matter was, that about a thousand Indians had assembled upon the frontiers for social, and it may be, religious and moral purposes. General Worthington and Colonel M'Carthy magnanimously offered to take a *talk* and a belt of wampum from the governor to the congregated savages: the ambassadors found peace; and brought in four chiefs as hostages, with assurances that no ill was designed to the whites. It is said there is a prophet risen up among the Indians.

At Frederick Bonner's I preached upon Heb. iv, 1, 2: it was an open season.

Monday, 21. I rested at John Sale's. Busy writing. On *Tuesday* we started away and came to Samuel Hitt's; dined, prayed, talked, and came away to Lebanon: we found the court in session. We lodged at Jeremiah Lawson's. There is now a great talk about the Shakers; they are said to consist of two hundred people: three Presbyterian ministers have joined them; *a heavy declension!*

Wednesday, 23. We bent our course down Little Miami: there are many fine situations for mills on this stream, and

the land appears to be, generally, very fertile. We found a lodging with Andrew M'Grew, lately from Baltimore county, Maryland. I preached on *Thursday* at Philip Gatch's, on Heb. iv, 2. On *Friday* we stopped in Cincinnati, and dined with Mr. Farris: Solomon and Oliver Langdon had come on, and were of the company.

Saturday, 26. Rested, read, and wrote. I am young again, and boast of being able to ride six thousand miles on horse-back in ten months; my round will embrace the United States, the Territory, and Canada; but O, childhood, youth, and old age, ye are all vanity! My companions and myself are busy compiling the new hymn book. Our brethren here have built a *proper* little stone house for worship, forty feet by thirty.

Sabbath, 27. I preached at eleven o'clock: many could not get seats. I met the society. I also ordained W. M'Neachan and William Whitaker to the office of deacon. Notwithstanding opposition from more than one quarter, our last camp-meeting was successful; the fruit is immediate; and where it is not, it will yet be seen: we live by faith in a prayer-hearing, soul-converting, soul-sanctifying, soul-restoring, soul-comforting God.

Kentucky.—*Monday*, 28. Our morning's ride brought us, hungry and weary, into Kentucky: after refreshing at the widow Stevens's, we pushed on to Grant's Lick, and lodged at John Daniel's. In the morning we came away across the forks, and over the hills of Licking, twenty-eight miles, to sister Ritchie's, a widow indeed. Our evening's ride was dark and rough, along an unknown path to Cynthiana: we stopped at J. Jacques's. I judge we made fifty miles to-day.

Whilst resting on *Thursday* and *Wednesday*, I read Atmore's Memoirs, of about five hundred pages; and I wrote a memoir of George Dougharty. All my occupations, however toilsome, are pleasant when I enjoy God in pure and perfect love.

Friday, *October* 2. Attended the camp-meeting at Mount Gerizim. On *Saturday* I spoke on 2 Tim. ii, 19. On *Sunday* my text was Isaiah xlv, 23. Possibly we had two thou-

sand souls to hear us: there were fifteen tents, and twenty wagons. We had a *Sabbath* love-feast and sacrament; and doubtless there were precious souls converted, (report says about thirty,) and sanctified. I conversed with Valentine Cook on the subject of a mission; he held back; Ah! how hardly shall they who have families growing up, enter into and keep in the travelling connexion! I came from the camp-ground every night to Samuel Brodwell's. My host has put my name upon one of his sons: Lord, put thy new name upon the lad, that he may bear it for generations to come, and to be born!

Monday, 5. We set out, and stopped at Martin Hitt's, took dinner and continued on a dark ride through the woods, to William Burke's, thirty miles. On *Tuesday* we held a hasty meeting at Irvine's, Madison county. *Wednesday* we reached Williams's; *Thursday*, Freeman's; *Friday*, Dorton's; and on *Saturday* came to Peter Huffacre's, Powel's Valley.

Sabbath, 11. I preached on Luke iv, 18. O, when shall this wilderness rejoice? I have perfect peace, but great toil. Since the conference we have travelled three hundred and sixty miles. There is a serious want of water, generally, in the western lands.

Monday, 12. We had a heavy ride to Holston, forty miles. We stopped with Martin Stubblefield.

Tennessee.—On *Tuesday* we rested; and it may be allowed, considering our six days' ride through heat, great heat and drought. At night I preached from 1 Thess. iv, 3; and weary and faint as I was, I felt strongly disposed to sing and shout away as loud as the youngest. I have been, and am happy in God.

Friday, 16. We reached Wamping's. I suffered much to-day; but an hour's warm bath for my feet relieved me considerably. On *Saturday* we rode to Killon's.

North Carolina.—*Sabbath*, 18. At Buncombe court-house I spoke from 2 Kings vii, 13-15. The people were all attention. I spent a night under the roof of my very dear brother in Christ, George Newton, a Presbyterian minister,

an Israelite indeed. On *Monday* we made Fletcher's; next day dined at Terry's, and lodged at Edwards's. Saluda ferry brought us up on *Wednesday evening*.

Sabbath, 25. For three days past I have been busy in seeking appropriate portions of Scripture for the new hymns designed to enlarge our common hymn book. Our journey hither from Chilicothe has brought us through five States. Report says there is an awful affliction in Charleston—the mortal fever! I preached to-day at Salem on 2 Chron. vi, 29-31; we had a serious time. My mind is kept in great peace: surely, God is love!

At Elijah Moore's on *Monday* I preached on Luke xi, 9, 10: my labour I think is not entirely in vain. On *Tuesday* at Jeremiah Robinson's, we had but twelve souls to hear us: the people are too busy with their fine crops of corn. My body fails, but I have great peace of mind.

Georgia.—On *Wednesday* Daniel Hitt preached at John Oliver's: our host has a son-in-law converted at camp-meeting. Our preachers have passed by this town, but the Lord will not pass by Petersburg, but will visit precious souls here.

Thursday, to Tait's: here I spoke to a few persons on Rev. iii, 4, 5; and God was with us of a truth. On *Friday* I preached at James Halston's on 1 John i, 6, 7: it was not in vain: both colours filled the house. On *Saturday* we rode to Coldwater.

Sabbath day, *November* 1. I preached on 1 John ii, 17: I had help.

It is wonderful to see how flush the streams are, and excellent the crops, considering the want of rain for three months past. In the sandy lands the waters do not fail in a drought as they do elsewhere. My soul is happy in God continually. It has been reported to me that at the two camp-meetings held, the one in Elbert county, the other in Franklin county, about one hundred souls professed converting grace.

Monday, 2. We came to James Marks's.

Tuesday, 3. Both Daniel Hitt and myself preached.

Wednesday, 4. We were diligently occupied with our projected hymn book. I make it a rule where I stop to pray after every meal.

Thursday, 5. I felt the tears and sorrows of the family when parting. We crossed Webb's ferry into Oglethorpe county, passing through Lexington to James Freeman's; a ride of thirty miles, through wind and rain. James Halston told me that his cousin, Colonel Halston, had unfortunately beaten and killed a pious soldier during the war of the revolution: the Colonel settled in Georgia, and whilst everything seemed to prosper round him, he was one night shot in his bed by one of his slaves; the child which lay in his arms was unhurt.

Friday, 6. We were engaged with our collection of hymns. I preached at Henry Pope's at night: it was a time of power and liberty.

Saturday, 7. We came to General John Stewart's.

Sabbath, 8. Daniel Hitt and myself both preached: we felt the state of the people. O! what necessity is there to urge the doctrine of sanctification in this State!—it is a doctrine almost forgotten here.

Monday, 9. I preached at John Crutchfield's, on 1 Peter i, 4. O, the *precious promises!* We did not speak without a present God. Next day Daniel Hitt preached at B. Bush's. Liberty: there has been a good and gracious work in this society.

Thursday, 12. I was taken ill with an influenza.

Monday, 23. I have been one week sick at Sparta. This evening I arrived, a sick, weak old man, at Mr. Bush's. I took another emetic.

Wednesday, 25. We rode to W. Bomer's. I found it good to stay here and take some more medicine. My complaint is a pleurisy, and deep affection of the breast.

Monday, 30. It was as much as I could this day do to reach Tindall's.

Tuesday, December 1. We came into Augusta.

Wednesday, 2. I rode up to Martin Hitt's, on Stephen's Creek.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Thursday*, 3. We reached Spann's. I judge we have travelled nine hundred miles since the Western Conference. Judge William Stith died at Milledgeville, suddenly, and, I believe, safely called home in peace. The mortality has been very general and very great in these parts. We had a blessed rain in Georgia. The weather and indisposition hold me at Spann's. My soul is happy in God in sickness and in health.

Sabbath, 6. I preached.

Monday, 7. We started away to Fridge's, thirty-six miles. As it was a day of general parade on *Tuesday* at Columbia, I returned to General Hutchinson's. Next day we reached Camden. *Thursday* I preached in Camden. I spent *Friday* at Rembert Hall, reading and writing.

Sabbath, 13. I preached at Rembert's chapel. Mr. Rembert was thrown out of his sulky; but there was no mischief done, except that some old bruises were wakened up. My subject to-day was Matt. xxiv, 45. The *good servant*—in spiritual wisdom, in fidelity, his diligence to perform his duties. The *wicked servant*—backslidden, false, and falsely secure. His *Lord delayeth his coming*—therefore he maltreats his fellow-servants who are better than himself. He is sensual; his portion is hell.

Sabbath, 20. At Rembert's chapel, I spoke, on Deut. v, 29. O that God would visit these people! Last week I have occasionally ridden out for exercise; but I am pretty busy with writing, family duty, and reading. My mind is wholly devoted to God and his work.

Monday, 21. It rained. On *Tuesday* we went to Bradford's. *Wednesday* evening we lodged at Simpson's tavern. On *Thursday* at Monk's Corner. *Friday*, Christmas-day, brought us to Charleston. *Saturday* was devoted to reading and receiving visits.

Sabbath, 27. I preached at the old church, on Matt. vii, 21. At Bethel, on Deut. x, 12.

Friday, *January* 1, 1808. Our conference began. We

sat six hours a day, had great harmony, and little or no trouble in stationing the preachers. Preaching every noon to the conference and others. In my sermon on *Sabbath day*, at the old church, I took some notice of the life and labours of Bennett Kendrick and George Dougharty. The increase of members in the bounds of this and the Western Conference, for this year, is three thousand seven hundred members; preachers twenty-three.

Wednesday, 6. We rode back to Rembert Hall. Busy writing letters. In the midst of restless days and nights of pain, my mind enjoys great peace. On *Saturday* I rode to Camden.

Sabbath, 10. I preached from 1 Cor. i, 30. I had some openings of mind, but there was little unction in preaching or sacrament. Busy writing letters. On *Monday* after the rain we went up to John Horton's, at the Hanging Rock. We reached Pressley's by chance on *Tuesday*.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Wednesday*, 13. We reached Mecklenburg, and stayed with our friend Mecham Wilson, a Presbyterian minister, where we were comfortably and kindly accommodated. On *Thursday* we found the main branch of Rocky River unfordable. We stopped at Squire M'Curdy's. *Friday* brought us through Concord to Savage's. Yesterday was very damp and cold; to-day there is ice, probably an inch thick. On *Saturday* we set out over the frozen roads, and stopped at the end of ten miles to breakfast with the Rev. John Brown, a Presbyterian minister in Salisbury: thence we came away to John Hitt's. I have preached to his father and mother, who have now fallen asleep: the grandson, Jacob, son of John, feeleth as if he had a call to preach. In this journey, on the one side I may put down cold, hunger, rain, floods, frost, bad roads, and a lame horse; on the other, prayer, patience, peace, love: the balance is greatly in my favour.

Sabbath, 17. At Hitt's, I gave them a sermon, from Heb. iv, 9. Next day we pushed away, thirty miles, to Charles Clayton's. My spirit is greatly grieved with the ungodly children of this family, particularly one who has fallen from

grace. On *Tuesday*, I preached at Joshua Clayton's, on Heb. iii, 7, 8. Joshua Clayton has no children to grieve me. The loving old souls in this house are early Methodists from Maryland. I ordained E. Breyer and Robert Field. We went over to father Doule's, on *Wednesday*. My ride over hard roads, on my poor, lame mare, was a trial to me. We crossed the Yadkin, at Clement's bridge—well-constructed and well-secured. In three hours' notice at Daub's we had a large congregation, to whom I spoke a few words on Rom. xii, 2. We came through Haverstown, (having my lame mare shod,) to Germantown. Both these villages are small; the first may have thirty families in it, the other about half the number. We lodged at Mr. Ennally's, where we have a small society; the grandfather left us, but the grandson is a preacher in the Connexion. On *Friday* we rode through the rain ten miles to breakfast at Brooks's. Amidst all my little difficulties my soul is very happy in the Lord. The prospects in the highland circuits are very good. On *Saturday* we were water-bound by the Mayo branches. We called a congregation at night. We set out on *Sabbath morning*, and had a most severe ride, crossing the first, second, and third branches of the Mayo river. At brother Travis's, in Henry county, we had a congregation at a short warning. I ordained Thomas Piner a deacon. We crossed Smith's river on *Monday morning*, at Reed's ford, bending our course down upon Snow Creek. We stopped with one Herman Cook, a rich man and a kind man.

VIRGINIA.—*Tuesday*, 26, brought us over Pig river, and forward to Anthony's ford—fearful to the sight. We stopped at Staunton. I endure considerable pain: my beast starts and stumbles. The perpetual changes of weather, and the company sometimes forced upon one on the road is disagreeable; but it is much worse in the cabins crowded with men, women, and children—no place to retire for reading, writing, or meditation: the woods are too cold for solitude at this season. We are weather-bound; I employ my time in reading, writing, praying, and planning. I ordained

two deacons. On *Thursday* we set out for Murphy's, on Goose Creek. We visited brothers Leftrich and Wheat, and then made a toilsome march over Little and Big Otter, about thirty miles, to Price's. We arrived late, and it was cold. On *Saturday* we reached Lynchburg.

Sunday, 31. I preached at Lynchburg to about six hundred hearers. I feel paid for all my toil. On *Tuesday* our conference opened. We progressed with great speed, and in good order preaching each day. I ordained nine elders, nine deacons of the travelling order, and as many local deacons.

Sunday, February 7. I preached on 2 Cor. xiii, 5. I was blessed in my soul. The rainy weather and miry roads kept our congregations small and manageable, except on the *Sabbath day* The people of the town honoured us—they were attentive to hear, and were very kind.

My company came away on *Tuesday*, to Colonel Meredith's, New-Glasgow. *Wednesday*, to Key's. *Thursday*, we dined at the widow Key's; and lodged at B. Gillom's. I ordained Nathan Anderson a deacon. On *Friday* we rode twenty-four miles through mire, and a heavy cold rain, crossing the Rapid Dan, to John Stocksdale's. Our host made us comfortable after our toil. By deep wading, and plunging through mud, we reached Lott Fry's. I ordained him a deacon. It was the day appointed for preaching. I spoke, and had five preachers and two others to hear me. What will become of the children of this household? I cannot predict much good for either their souls or bodies. I could not willingly rest here on the *Sabbath*, so I came away to John Kobler's, and arrived just as sermon had ended. I ordained D. M'Masters a deacon. *Monday*, brought us to Beshaw's. Next day we got in to father Hitt's. O, the rocks, rivers, mud, frost, hills, cold, and hunger! Possibly, we have ridden seven hundred miles from Charleston in twenty-two days.

Tuesday, 23. For some days we have rested under the roof of Herman Hitt: he is now eighty-six. He has lived to see four generations. He is the head of eighteen families.

Three of his sons are preachers, Martin, Daniel, and Samuel, and his grandson William also. I am occupied in reading and writing. I preached at the new house in Rectortown: the wind blew, and it was cold; but we had an open season. I preached to-day to a full house at Mount's. On *Wednesday* we visited the widow Rozsell, and her afflicted children. I called on brother Donaw—weak, but faithful. There is a blessed work of God in the east end of Loudon county. *Wednesday*, I preached at Leesburg. On *Thursday* we came to Doctor Wright's, and thence went on to William Watters's. Here I rested, and read and wrote on *Friday*. We arrived in Alexandria on *Saturday*.

Sunday, 28. I preached on 1 Thess. v, 16-18. It was an open time; I was helped and honoured of God before the people.

Wednesday, March 2. Our conference began. We laboured diligently, and in great peace. On the *Sabbath* I preached, and ordained deacons: souls have been converted since we are here.

MARYLAND.—*Wednesday*, 9. Our conference ended; and I came away to Annapolis. We came into the city about six in the evening; have travelled all day without fire, food, or water. Since the twentieth of this month (1807) we have travelled five thousand miles according to my computation. I rested on *Thursday*, and preached; and next day went to Baltimore: it was excessively cold, but we did not stop on the road. At seven o'clock I preached at Old Town. *Saturday* was a day of rest.

Sunday, 13. I preached at Fell's Point in the forenoon; and at Light-street in the afternoon. I hear, see, and feel many serious things; but I must take care of my own soul: my care is to love, to suffer, and to please God.

Monday, 14. I took a view of our new house; large, and well constructed. I preached to the African congregation. On *Tuesday* we moved off to Bennett's. *Wednesday noon* found us at Howell's; at night we were in Delaware, at Keagy's. O my soul, rest in God! I am sometimes led to

think the whole world will rise up against the pretensions of England to the dominion of the seas. Will Buonaparte conquer the world? He may: but will he govern it, and reign universal emperor over sea and land? No, no, no. Here I rest.

PENNSYLVANIA.—I preached in passing through Wilmington on *Friday*, and on *Saturday* we got into Philadelphia. I preached at St. George's twice; at the Academy, at Ebenezer, and at Bethel, African. We sat from *Sabbath* to *Sabbath* in conference; our business was conducted in great peace, but I did not please everybody by the appointments of the stations.

Monday, 28. We set out for the Jerseys, through which we passed swifty to New-York: we arrived on *Wednesday:* Jersey and York are blest with revivals of religion.

NEW-YORK.—*Wednesday*, *April* 6. Our conference for New-York began in Amenia. On the *Sabbath* I preached in the town meeting-house, and ordained seven elders. It was a time of solemnity, and we had nearly fifteen hundred people to hear. This conference is pleasant to me: I am near my work, I am not disturbed by company, and we make good progress with our business.

CONNECTICUT.—*Wednesday*, 13. We rose. I stationed eighty-eight preachers. We came away to Goshen, twenty miles, and lodged with Mr. Munson, a respectable brother. On *Thursday* we made it thirty-five miles to East Hartford: we lodged with Squire Pitkins. Next day brought us to New-London. It was *Good Friday*, and had been appointed a State fast day: I took only a cup of coffee, and a small bit of bread. At father Lattimore's we were kindly received, and comfortably fixed. My two last days' rides were severe; my flesh is not brass, nor my bones iron; but I was in peace and communion with the Father and the Son. On *Saturday* we had a great storm. Confinement in doors gave me an opportunity of preparing papers for the conference.

Sunday, 17. Easter Sunday. I preached in the Baptist meeting-house, the Baptists occupied ours; theirs was the larger building, and we had it crowded. Conference sat un-

til *Friday;* we wrought in haste, in great order, and in peace, through a great deal of business. There were seventeen deacons, travelling and local, ordained; and nine elders ordained in the Congregational church, before fifteen hundred or two thousand witnesses. I know not where large congregations are so orderly as in the eastern States. There was a work of God going on during the sitting of the conference. The General Conference hastened our breaking up, the delegates thereto requesting leave to go. There were deficiencies in money matters, but no complaints.

Monday, 25. We came in haste through Milford, Stratford, Bridgeport, and Fairfield, to Stamford, forty-two miles. On *Tuesday*, a thirty-eight miles' ride brought us into New-York: we had very heavy showers on the way. I feel my shoulders eased a little, now that I have met the seven conferences. I have lived to minute five hundred and fifty-two preachers in this country. The increase this short year is seven thousand five hundred in round numbers.

NEW-YORK.—*Wednesday*, 27. I preached at the African church, and ordained D. Coker and W. Miller.

Thursday, 28. We set out, and reached a place ten miles beyond Brunswick, in New-Jersey. On *Friday* we reached Hancock's. *Saturday* brought us through Burlington to Philadelphia, where we dined, and stopped. At Kensington I preached a *Sabbath* sermon. At the African Zoar I also preached.

MARYLAND.—*Monday*, *May* 2. We set out and reached Keagy's, forty-two miles. On *Tuesday* we arrived at Perry Hall: truly we came to the house of mourning; the master is possibly dying. Mr. Gough is dead: I saw and touched his dying body. When the corpse was moved to be taken into the country for interment, many of the members of the General Conference walked in procession after it to the end of the town. Harry Dorsey Gough professed more than thirty years ago to be convicted and sanctified: that he did depart from God is well known; but it is equally certain that he was visibly restored: as I was the means of his first turn-

ing to God, so was I also of his return and restoration: certain prejudices he had taken up against myself and others, these I removed. In his last hours, which were painfully afflictive, he was much given up to God. Mr. Gough had inherited a large estate from a relation in England, and having the means, he indulged his taste for gardening, and the expensive embellishment of his country-seat, Perry Hall, which was always hospitably open to visitors, particularly those who feared God. Although a man of plain understanding, Mr. Gough was a man much respected and beloved: as a husband, a father, and a master, he was well worthy of imitation: his charities were as numerous as proper objects to a Christian were likely to make them; and the souls and bodies of the poor were administered to in the manner of a Christian who remembered the precepts, and followed the example of his Divine Master.

Friday, 6. Our General Conference opened in peace. On *Saturday* one hundred and twenty-nine members took their seats. The new church in Eutaw-street was opened on the *Sabbath day*, and I gave a discourse on the occasion from 2 Cor. iii, 12. On the 26th the conference rose. We have done very little except making the rule for representation hereafter, one member to the General Conference for every six members of the annual conferences; and the electing dear brother M'Kendree assistant bishop: the burden is now borne by two pair of shoulders instead of one; the care is cast upon two hearts and heads.

Friday, 27. Heavy rain and awful thunder. On *Saturday* I visited Samuel Owings of S——. I baptized G. Howard's three pretty children. At the request of some preachers in England, and the desire of the General Conference, I sat to Mr. Bruff, who took my likeness in crayons.

Sabbath, 29. I preached at Old Town, and visited the house of mourning. In the afternoon I gave the Africans a talk. I visited a grandson of mother Tribulet: her house, in my first and early visits to Baltimore, was my home. The young man's mother, Mary, married one Killen; she died in peace and joy, and I hope the young man will be brought home to heaven

and to God. On *Tuesday* I rode up to Daniel Elticott's and preached: it was an open season. At St. James's chapel Doctor Warfield heard me, who had heard me thirty-six years ago. Ah! I should not regret riding many miles to be the means of converting this dear man to God. I returned to Baltimore. On *Friday* I preached at Gatch's chapel.

Sabbath, June 5. Harry Dorsey Gough's funeral sermon was preached; there might be two thousand people to hear. George Roberts spoke first on "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself:" my subject was Acts xiv, 22. I spoke long, and was obliged to speak loud that all might hear: my subject was very much a portraiture of Mr. Gough's religious experience and character.

Monday, 6. Bless the day! I escape from a month's location to the pleasant fields. Never were my friends more attentive, kind, and affectionate: but ah! the death of religion; in this I die. I preached at Cole's meeting-house: feeble as I was, the people waited and heard with patience, and I delivered my own soul. At Reister's Town I gave them a discourse on Romans xii, 1, 2; it was a time of freedom. After dining at Christopher Carnan's I came away to James M'Cannon's, Richland. On *Wednesday* I preached at the stone chapel. I went, next day, to see the wife of William Durbin in her affliction of body and mind: thirty-six years ago I visited this house: I have seen three generations. We dined with Ann Willis and her aged mother Honour Willis: I prayed with them, and embraced the six children, and blessed them in the name of the Lord.

Friday, 10. At Alexander Warfield's on Sam's creek. I am wholly for God. Our fields promise abundant crops; our stores and barns will be filled with the fruits and productions of field and tree while they are starving in Europe. O, sin! O, ingratitude! I spent *Saturday* with Joshua Jones.

Sabbath, 12. At Linganore chapel my subject was Ephes. v, 15, 16. In the afternoon at Liberty new chapel I gave them a short discourse: I was feeble but fervent. I am kept at work by my friends; but they do what they can, Metho-

dists and others, to pay me in affection, in attentions, in honour; Lord, keep me humble and holy! I went to Stephen Shelmerdine's on *Monday*, preached at Frederick on *Tuesday*, and returned to this afflicted family. On *Wednesday*, at brother Martin's, in Frederick, I met with my old acquaintance of York, Pennsylvania, the Rev. Mr. Waggner: he is now fifty-eight; it is many years since our first interview; and this may be our last.

Our meeting ended in prayer; and when going, I gave him a book of our discipline, and recommended to his attention the Portrait of St. Paul by Fletcher: O that all ministers would read it, and labour to impress it upon their hearts, and show a likeness in their lives and labours! After the rain we pressed on to Samuel Philips's. On *Thursday* my companion, Boehm, went to Middletown: I stayed at home, and read. *Friday*, rain. I preached on Rev. iii, 20: brother Boehm also spoke in German. *Saturday* we rode to Hagerstown. Our German brethren of Otterbine's have shouldered us out, but have failed to establish themselves.

Sabbath, 19. I preached on Rom. i, 16. Henry Boehm spoke in the afternoon and at night. Death without; but there are some lively souls in the society. I feel the effect of riding in the heat; but I have great peace. On *Monday* I preached at St. Leger Neale's, and on *Tuesday* at Prather's. The heat and rough roads have brought on a bilious headache. I begin to fail. *Wednesday evening* brought us to Richard Dowler's, at the mouth of Licking. I preached at Hancock on *Thursday*:—the people were very attentive. Alas! no man careth for these people. We were driven by a storm into Squire Yates's; I talked, prayed, dined, and left a book:—Lord, give us this family! At Clark's tavern, on Friday, where I gave a book, and prayed, I did not know that my host was a Romanist—it was all one to me. We lodged with Lenox Martin. On *Saturday* we came to J. Jacob's. Ah! *because he saith the old wine is better.* King James used to call for his old shoes—*they fit me best.*

Sabbath, 26. We had about four hundred souls at the chapel in Old Town. I spoke on Romans xii, 1, 2: brother Boehm concluded and met the society—it was an open season: hot as it was, we sung and prayed away the day. On our way to Aquila Brown's, Evitt's Creek, on *Monday*, we were glad now and then, to stop and shelter ourselves under the trees from the extreme heat. I gave advice for the body and soul of the wife of my kind host. At the Lutheran church, Cumberland, on *Tuesday*, we had a full house; my subject was 2 Pet. iii, 17, 18. I was very pointed on sinners and backslidden souls. I was expected to dine at only three several houses. Only let me declare myself, and work is soon found for me; a serious adult of forty years, and three children to baptize—one for Bell, one for Scott, and one for Brown. Brown was a Deist; he is now a brother: many think Bishop Whatcoat's prayers were heard for him. We have Georgia heat. I preached in the chapel at Cresaps-Town on *Wednesday*. We breakfasted at four o'clock on *Thursday*, that we might climb the Alleghany.

Friday, July 1. Moved at four o'clock, after breakfasting: at five in the evening we landed at Jacob Murphy's; our twenty-two hours' ride has brought us seventy miles. I have suffered much—I am pained and sore, and poor Jane stumbled so often! But my limbs and my soul are safe: Glory! Glory! We rested on *Saturday*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, 3. I preached at Union-Town, on James v, 19, 20. We started away for the widow Henthorn's, where we spent a solitary *fourth of July* in reading, and draughting conference plans as far as Baltimore. My mind is wholly devoted to God. On *Tuesday* I read Thomas a Kempis, and copied off a list of preachers for the western and south-western conferences. Brother Boehm preached to the people in English and German: he also preached at Middletown on *Thursday:* I spoke for about half an hour at the widow Stephens's on *Friday;* my subject was 1 Cor. vi, 19, 20. On *Saturday* I read a part of the seventh volume of Wesley's Sermons. Confinement is excessively irksome, but the rain for four days past is tremendous, and I feel my

old rheumatic affections. Edward Drumgoold, from old Virginia, is just on his return from a visit westward: he thinks he has seen *an end of all perfection:* and he has been preaching at the camp-meetings beyond the Ohio: he thinks forty souls were converted.

Sabbath, 10. At Connellsville I preached in our new house, sixty by forty feet. Brother Boehm spoke in German. The inflammation of my throat I laid aside as well as I could, and spoke on. Page Doughady and Boehm each added a few words; and so we dedicated the walls of the house of God; the roof was not yet on. On *Monday* I went to Colonel Mason's, and was kindly received in his splendid, useful, good house. I was constrained to put a blister to my ear. At William Ball's new house I spoke on *Wednesday*, to about two hundred people. We were satisfied to stop at the widow Woodfield's at the crossings of Monongahela. One of my feet was inflamed, my blister was running, and the heat was excessive. Brother Boehm preached. I had a conversation with Asa Shinn, respecting a removal to Baltimore. On *Friday* I preached at Taylor's chapel. I visited Doctor Wheeler—risen from a dangerous fall from his horse, and from apparent death. Rested on *Saturday:* I am lame, and sensibly feel the great heat.

Sabbath, 17. With the aid of two crutches I hobbled into meeting at Brownsville, and preached on John iii, 17. I am sorely lame. I dined with Mr. Hogg; a kind, polite English family. On *Monday* I had an awfully severe ride to Chalfant's; and then on to John Brightwell's. I am fairly arrested in my course; my knees and feet are so disabled that I am lifted to bed. I can neither ride, stand, nor walk.

Sabbath, 24. I feel revived this morning; but O, what an awful night of pain! The people gathered in the house, and I taught them from Acts xxvi, 18. I have a clean house, an excellent nurse as any in the country, and kindly attentive people. How am I honoured! Thornton Flemming paid me a visit, and with him came Mrs. Hebert, and a daughter of Edward Bailey, of Amherst, Virginia; these dear souls came sixty miles to see me. I suppose I must get a four-wheeled

carriage. *Wednesday* was a serious day, but prepare to move we must—pain and death are nothing when opposed to duty. On *Thursday* we set off to Washington. We had two hours' rain, but this was not as bad as pain of body. Mr. M'Fadon was as loving and kind as need be. We found a home at John Beck's on *Friday*. *Saturday*, rested.

Sabbath, 31. At Bethel chapel, Short Creek, I gave them a sermon. I spoke in great weakness.

Monday, *August* 1. I preached in the court-house at Wheeling. I have great pain. At Colonel Zane's, where I lodged, the aged people were kind indeed. At Newellsville I gave them a discourse. We first stopped at Galbert's on *Wednesday*, and then went on to Moore's: we had a great heat, and I was almost overdone. On *Thursday* we came to Will's Creek to dine, and then rode on. There is a great want of water. I rested well last night, but my case is pretty serious: I am so disabled, that the riding, and the long hills especially, almost make me cry out.

Ohio.—*Sabbath*, 7. On *Saturday* we visited the camp-ground, and returned to Daniel Stevens's. Wyre and Layton, two young preachers, died lately upon their circuits. I preached to-day at Bush Creek, upon 1 Tim. iii, 14-17. I ordained James Watts an elder. It was a solemn time. Some wagoners attempted to sell whisky on the camp-ground: we stopped our preaching—the people soon knew how deeply we felt the insult, and they were driven away. Henry Boehm spoke in German. We had about a thousand people to hear. The house where I stayed was much crowded, which ill suited me in my afflicted state. I paid a visit to John Manly, on *Monday;* stayed there to rest and refit. We moved to the widow Taylor's on *Tuesday;* and on *Wednesday* came into Chilicothe. On *Thursday* I preached in the chapel; it was quite comfortable to know that people dropped the scythe and laid by the plane to come to the house of God. Chilicothe has been cursed with apostate Methodist preachers: but if I am not deceived, God will yet do great things here. I was invited to pass a night under the hospitable roof of General Thomas Worthington at

Mount Prospect Hall. Within sight of this beautiful mansion lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin; it was as much as I could do to forbear weeping as I mused over her speaking grave—how mutely eloquent! Ah! the world knows little of my sorrows—little knows how dear to me are my many friends, and how deeply I feel their loss—but they all die in the Lord, and this shall comfort me. I delivered my soul here; may this dear family feel an answer to Mary Tiffin's prayers!

On *Friday* we went to the camp-ground at Deer Creek. *Saturday*, rested—damp, rain. The work of God went on night and day, nevertheless. There were twenty-three travelling and local preachers on the ground: perhaps tents and wagons one hundred and twenty-five; and about two thousand people: forty souls professed converting grace. We rested on *Monday*, and on *Tuesday* came up Short Creek. We found the family of Mr. Wood, at the New Purchase, as kind as need be. The prairies have once been, I suppose, lakes of water; they furnish grand and beautiful views still. O, the flies, the heat! We dined at brother Cutler's on *Wednesday* and came on, through Xenia, to Frederick Bonner's, Little Miami; thirty-two miles. I have more than once put the wrong foot foremost in my journeys to the west: the spring will not do because of wet, and deep, and dismal roads: the summer's extreme heat, and the small and the green flies make disagreeable travelling. I make a decree, but not of the Medes and Persians, never, in future, to cross the mountains before the first of September, nor leave Carlisle before the first of October. On *Thursday* I rested. *Friday* at John Sale's. *Saturday*, rested.

Sabbath, 21. At Xenia court-house I preached from Colossians i, 28; we had about five hundred souls to hear; it was a searching season. On *Tuesday* left Peter Pelham's, and came to Samuel Hitt's.

Wednesday, 24. I preached at the widow Smith's. On *Thursday* we passed Lebanon, journeying down the Little Miami, calling at Clark's to escape the rain. It cleared away,

and we came in haste by Walsmith's mill, to M'Grue's. Camp-meeting commenced at Philip Gatchell's on *Friday*: here I saw many whom I had not seen for years—how delightful to see our old friends after a separation, and to find them still on the Lord's side! I spoke twice: then much faithful preaching, and we believe much good done: fifty souls professed converting grace. I talk more than is truly spiritual. I rejoice to think there will be perhaps four or five hundred camp-meetings this year; may this year outdo all former years in the conversion of precious souls to God! Work, Lord, for thine own honour and glory!

Thursday, September 1. I preached at the chapel, Little Miami. We had a full house at a short notice. I was grieved to see an unfeeling man take away a poor widow's horse for debt: but brother Gatchell soon relieved me—he paid the debt, and restored the horse to the distressed woman to be hers for life.

Friday, 2. Great work in Spain—the old king resigning to his son, and his son outwitted by Buonaparte. The old king is persuaded by the enemy of both to make Murat, duke of Berg, his viceroy. This, I hear, is the news. Ah! the poor Spaniards will have blood to drink. The first victims will be the priests; and the *House of Mercy*, the Inquisition, what will become of it? Is Europe prepared for free governments and freedom in religion? Buonaparte will establish himself for one year; and then he goes, goes, goes. We cried to God yesterday for rain; to-day we have it in abundance. After one o'clock we came away from M'Grue's to Cincinnati. The waters of the rivers have failed more than I ever knew them before. I read a book to-day, and wrote two letters. I advised the society here to invite the Western yearly conference to hold its session in Cincinnati.

Sabbath, 4. I preached at ten o'clock, in great bodily weakness; the heat was great, and the house was crowded; but I felt sensible of Divine aid. Brother Boehm spoke after me in German. At three o'clock I preached again at brother

Lakin's: brother Boehm also spoke at six o'clock in the evening, in English: thus we improved the day. My temptations are hidden, but great. I have need of great strength, for I am greatly responsible. Lord, help me! On *Monday* we had plentiful rain. I rested. I advised the brethren to enlarge the house to eighty feet. On *Tuesday* we took our flight; it was not pleasant travelling. We stopped and dined at Murphy's, and so avoided the rain. At Judge Simms's new improvement, we crossed the Great Miami. We saw the paroquet here as upon Santee River. After crossing White River, we came to Lawrenceburg, the first town in the Indian territory. In this wild there may be twenty thousand souls already. I feel for them. Elijah Sparks received us gladly. We dined with J. Wilson, and stopped at Dickinson's. After beating the shore of the Ohio for two hours, we crossed in a crazy flat, at the mouth of Kentucky river.

KENTUCKY.—On *Thursday* we lodged at the widow Masterton's. I sighed over the heaps of dust raised upon the bodies of her husband and children. Nathan Wyre, a promising youth upon trial on the circuit, has been called away; he died with consumption. Ah! what blessed numbers have gone home triumphantly within the last forty years! Surely we may praise the dead, for they died in the Lord. *Friday* brought us through Williamsport, Gallàtin, Henry, and Shelby. We brought up with my old friend, Billy Adams, grandson of William, son of Simon. We have ridden about one hundred miles in three days. Our fare has been rough, but sister Lakin, and the preachers who accompanied us, bore the fatigues of the ride very well. I feel for the people of this territory; but we must suffer with them, if we expect to feel for them as we ought: and here are the disadvantages of a local episcopacy—that it cannot be interested for its charge as it should be, because it sees not, suffers not with, and therefore feels not for, the people. On *Saturday*, at Edward Talbot's.

Sunday, 11. At the brick chapel, I spoke on, 1 Cor. xv, 58; a more attentive congregation I have not seen. But, ah me! to pant for breath, and unable to walk, kneel, or

stand up straight to preach, makes public speaking serious work to me. Brothers Lakin and Boehm spoke after me. We were about four hours in the house. I see, I feel what is wrong in preachers and people, but I cannot make it right. I saw some dear old friends from Virginia and Maryland. We rested on *Monday* at Edward Talbot's. On *Tuesday* we passed Shelby, and came to Philip Taylor's; the swelling in my feet had returned—I was weary and willing to rest. We called a meeting on *Wednesday*, and I gave them a sermon from 2 Cor. v, 2. Gabriel Mayo received, and kindly entertained us after crossing Salt River. On *Thursday* we hasted away to Joseph Ferguson's, Nelson county. I met Benedict Swoap by accident. I knew him at first glance; but he would not have recollected me: it was pleasing to meet after so long an absence; but, ah! how time, and toil, and suffering have worn us down!—one of us, at least. I preached at Ferguson's on *Friday*. We had a warm, heavy ride to Colonel Thomas's, Haden Creek, Washington county.

Sunday, 18. At the new chapel, I spoke, on 1 John iii, 1-4; it was a time of seriousness. I could not stand—I sat to preach. My kind brethren, M'Kendree and Thompson, came miles to see me. On *Monday* I parted from sister Lakin, wife of Benjamin; so far from being a troublesome companion, she was very useful to me as a nurse and servant for Christ's sake. We crossed the Rolling Fork of Salt River, passed Merder's hill, dined at M'Murry's, and then hasted on to Georgetown, crossed Green River by fording, and stopped at Noah Lasley's. We have made forty miles to-day. My lame feet were in a poultice; it was unusually warm, but I enjoyed great peace in my soul. I preached at Lasley's. On *Tuesday* we had a full house at sudden warning. Here I saw William Price and family—great joy, as if we were risen from the dead. I preached at Robert Price's. Adam's Creek, upon Coloss. i, 7. David Rice stepped in whilst I was speaking, and when I had closed, withdrew without speaking to me. On *Thursday* we came to Glasgow, where I visited brother Crusenbury, and Henry and

Edward Cowell. *Friday evening* brought us up at brother Porter's, from Maryland, now of Warren county. On *Saturday* we came in upon the camp with Bishop M'Kendree. On *Sunday* we had preaching as usual, and a gracious rain —in mercy, if not in answer to prayer. We came no farther than Woodard's, twenty-two miles, on *Monday*. On *Tuesday* we passed through Nashville. This town has greatly improved in eight years. There are several valuable houses built, an elegant court-house, and a college. We put in at Green Hill's, Williamson county. We have important business here to engage our attention; seven districts there are, and a call for eighty preachers.

Tennessee.—*Saturday, October* 1. I began conference. I preached twice on the *Sabbath day*, and again on *Tuesday*. Our conference was a camp-meeting, where the preachers ate and slept in tents. We sat six hours a day, stationed eighty-three preachers, and all was peace. On *Friday* the sacrament was administered, and we hope there were souls converted, and strengthened, and sanctified. We made a regulation respecting slavery: it was, that no member of society, or preacher, should sell or buy a slave unjustly, inhumanly, or covetously; the case, on complaint, to be examined for a member by the quarterly meeting; and for a preacher an appeal to an annual conference. Where the guilt was proved the offender to be expelled. The families of the Hills, Sewalls, and Cannon, were greatly and affectionately attentive to us.

Saturday, 8. We came rapidly to Stone River, and thence to Crane's. At the meeting-house I preached on the *Sabbath day*, from 2 Pet. iv, 17. I called upon Hardy Hunt. We rose at four o'clock on *Monday*, and started away for Henry Tooley's. The heat is great; we may give it five months' continuance this year. The increase of the Western Conference for the year will be two thousand five hundred. On *Tuesday* we rested and refitted, preparing ourselves to breast the wilderness. The rain caught us on *Wednesday*, and fell on us with little intermission, until we got to our home at Shaw's, in Carthage. On *Thursday* evening I came in very

unwell to Johnson's. We had not above fifty travellers in company! At Haily's, next night, we were not so crowded, and did better. There is order observed under this roof. We breakfasted at S. W. Point on *Saturday*, and then hastened on to Winton's; since we left the conference ground, we have made two hundred miles. My sufferings have been great. I had the piles, and pains of body, and sultry weather, crowded houses and rough roads, and bad men for company; but my mind enjoyed great peace, notwithstanding my starting, stumbling horse, that ever and anon would run away with me. I preached on the *Sabbath day* at Winton's chapel, a crowd within and without; the wind prevented our taking the woods. There is a special revival of religion in the society here. After preaching we crossed Holston, and rode ten miles to meet the people at John Saffle's. We started in the rain on *Monday* to Marysville, called upon Mark Moore, and continued to Esquire Black's, and lodged.

Tuesday, 18. Came to Mitchell Peter's, on Pigeon River, *Wednesday*, rain. *Thursday*, rain; we crossed the river twice. I preached at the chapel, on Matt. v, 8. On *Friday*, James Riggin came twenty miles, breasting the rains, and plunging through the swollen streams, to see me; he wept over me and bade farewell: but shall we not meet where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes? We started away on *Saturday*, wade or swim, foul or fair, across the east forks of Little and Great Pigeon: the waters were full enough.

Sunday, 22. At Ohavers a camp-meeting had been appointed by the preachers and people. Bishop M'Kendree and brother Boehm spoke, as well as brother Blackman and myself. Brother Bowman spoke at night, and some souls were affected. On *Monday* I spoke again; there was a flood of speaking to about three hundred souls, some of whom joined society. It was very cold on the ground. Our party came away to George Wells's. On *Tuesday* we rode twenty miles to the Warm Springs; and next day reached Buncombe, thirty-two miles. The right way to improve a short day is to stop only to feed the horses, and let the riders,

meanwhile, take a bite of what they may have been provident enough to put into their pockets. It has been serious October to me. I have laboured and suffered; but I have lived near to God.

North Carolina.—*Saturday*, 29. We have rested for three days past. We fell in with Jesse Richardson: he could not bear to see the field of Buncombe deserted by militia men, who fire a shot and fly, and wheel and fire, and run again: he is a veteran who has learned to "endure hardness like a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." On the *Sunday* I preached in Buncombe court-house, upon 1 Thess. i, 7-10. I lodged with a chief man, a Mr. Irwin. Henry Boehm went to Pigeon Creek to preach to the Dutch. On *Monday* I went to David Jay's; I thought I was unknown, but the woman of the house, the mother of seven children, quickly told me I had joined her in matrimony to her present husband. Here we met with Daniel Asbury; great news from Georgia, South and North Carolina! Thirty, or forty, or fifty souls converted at camp-meetings; but in old Virginia the work is still greater, and brother Bruce's labours have been blessed in an extraordinary manner.

Tuesday, *Wednesday*, and *Thursday*, *November* 1, 2, 3, I rested, read, and preached but once. On *Friday* we descended the heights of Cooper's Gap, to our friend David Dickey's; fasting, and the labour of lowering ourselves down from the mountain top, have made us feeble. Bishop M'Kendree preached upon, "Cast not away your confidence." On the *Sabbath* brother Boehm spoke in the morning at eight o'clock; I preached from Matt. xvii, 5; exhortations followed, and brother Boehm ended our Sabbath labours by preaching at night, when there was a considerable move. We came away on *Monday* by Rutherford court-house to G. Moore's. At Moore's chapel on *Tuesday* I preached from Colossians ii, 6. Henry Boehm spoke at night: verily we had a shout! Bishop M'Kendree preached at Lucas's chapel upon Little Broad, and we lodged at Lucas's. A ride of forty miles brought us next day to William's, in Lincoln. I preached on *Friday*. My mind hath great peace, but my body

is weak. The prospects are reviving and cheering in the South Carolina Conference, and they will grow better every year. On *Saturday* I preached. I ordained Samuel Smith and Enoch Spinks. The *Sabbath day* was windy and cold; I had taken an emetic, and kept the house.

Monday, 14. Rode thirty-three miles, hungry, cold, and sick, to Harrison's, Mecklenburg county. I came, unwell and taking medicine, to Robert Hancock's, Waxaw's: I suffer, but it is the will of God. Eighteen hundred miles since leaving Baltimore. I have ordained Robert Hancock a local deacon. We came rapidly to Hanging Rock on *Wednesday*, and next day reached Camden, and lodged with Samuel Matthews.

South Carolina.—*Sabbath*, 20. I preached in the tabernacle in Camden in the morning, and brother Boehm in the afternoon, and Bishop M'Kendree at night. Letters from the presiding elders announce great times in camp-meetings.

Monday, 21. This day I renew my covenant with God; to do nothing I doubt is not lawful, and at all times, and in all places to live as if it were my last hour—may God help me so to do! On *Wednesday* I went to the encampment, four miles from the city. Bishop M'Kendree preached. It was very unpleasant weather. I took cold sitting in the stand. *Thursday*, dwelling under curtains: I took an emetic: wrote two letters to elders Soule and Beale, Province of Maine. I am still at Rembert Hall. I visited, and preached upon the camp-ground; we had an exceeding strong wind, but the people were very attentive. The superintendency had a hut with a chimney in it: there were forty tents and cabins: Bishop M'Kendree was three days and nights on the ground, and there was a powerful work amongst white saints and sinners, and the poor, oppressed, neglected Africans.

Sabbath, 27. At Rembert chapel my subject was Rev. vii, 14-17. Brothers Smith and Boehm followed with energetic exhortations. I felt dejected in mind, and my soul was humbled. I suffer much from ill health, too close application to business, and from having preached in the open air.

I filled an appointment made for Bishop M'Kendree at Rembert's. On *Monday* I rode forty-five miles to Mr. Keel's; we crossed Murray's next day, and stopped in the evening at the widow Kennedy's. *Wednesday* we had a heavy ride, and I felt it from top to bottom. Great news!—Baltimore taken fire—Bohemia has a great work—camp-meetings have done this: glory to the great I AM!

Sunday, December 4. At Cumberland church we had a sacramental day. I preached at Bethel in the afternoon. We have a great change and a gracious prospect here in Charleston, and in the neighbourhood among both descriptions of people: by our coloured missionaries the Lord is doing wonders among the Africans.

Monday, 5. I am closely employed in reading and writing letters and receiving company: our house is a house of prayer ten or twelve times a day. I read Mr. Wesley's Journal: Ah! how little it makes me feel—the faithfulness—the diligence of this great man of God!—I cannot meet the classes like him, but I have a daily throng of white and black who apply for spiritual instruction.

Sabbath, 11. I preached in Cumberland-street: it was a serious parting time. At Bethel I also gave them a talk in the afternoon: this was a heavy day—I felt the weight of souls. Some may think it no great matter to build two churches, buy three lots, pay fifteen hundred dollars of bank debt, and raise a growing society: this has been done in this Sodom in less than twenty-four years:—O Lord, take thou the glory! We dined in the woods on *Monday*, and made it thirty-two miles to Perry's. On *Tuesday* we crossed Edisto, dining at Coger's, and came into Benjamin Risher's. Next day, at the Green-Ponds chapel, Bishop M'Kendree, brother Boehm, and myself, all spoke. We lodged at Lewis's, niece to one who had first received the Methodist preachers. Next day we called on B. M'Lellan, a preacher, and lodged with Benjamin Tarrant:—O that it was with him as in years past!—once, how holy and innocent! We reached Benjamin Weatherby's on *Friday evening*. Cold, very cold weather. We came into Augusta on

Saturday evening; we dined in the woods. One disorderly man has given great trouble, and awful Osborn Randall has shot a man!

GEORGIA.—*Sabbath*, 18. I preached in Augusta chapel. My flesh sinks under labour. We are riding in a poor thirty-dollar chaise, in partnership, two bishops of us, but it must be confessed it tallies well with the weight of our purses: what bishops! well: but we hear great news, and we have great times, and each western, southern, and the Virginia Conference will have one thousand souls truly converted to God; and is not this an equivalent for a light purse? and are we not well paid for starving and toil?—yes; glory be to God! We came away to Wysing's on *Monday*, and next day toiled through a very heavy rain to the widow Fountain's. We remained *Thursday* and *Friday* in Sparta, and went on *Saturday* to brother Bush's.

Sabbath, 25. *Christmas day.* I preached on John iii, 17. We opened our conference on *Monday*. We had great labour which we went through in great peace. Between sixty and seventy men were present, all of one spirit. We appointed three missionaries—one for Tombigbee, one to Ashley and Savannah, and the country between, and one to labour between Santee and Cooper Rivers. Increase within the bounds of this conference, three thousand and eighty-eight. Preaching and exhortations, and singing, and prayer —we had all these without intermission on the camp-ground, and we have reasons to believe that many souls will be converted. The number of travelling and local preachers present are about three hundred. There are people here with their tents who have come one hundred and fifty miles. The prospects of doing good are glorious. We have already added two new circuits, and gained six preachers. There may have been from two to three thousand persons assembled. I preached once: we had finished our conference concerns the evening before.

January 1, 1809. We came away on *Monday morning* in haste. We stopped to dine with our friend Doughty in Powelton: this is a stronghold of the Baptists; neverthe-

less, we have a house to preach in, and a society. We went as far as W. Bonner's to lodge. On *Tuesday* we dined at pleasant Tindall's, and reached Augusta about six o'clock. A cold rain, and freezing ride brought us on *Wednesday* to Speir's: next day, Arthur's, near Granby: there was an appointment here for a local preacher, and I filled it for him. I ought to record that the good old folks where I lodged gave up their rooms to me. A hard ride on *Friday*, between the hours of eight and five, brought us into Camden. I scarcely have time to make these few brief journalizing remarks.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Sabbath*, 8. I preached in our enlarged meeting-house in Camden: it was a feeling season—in anticipation of great things here. We came away on *Monday morning* through clouds and a cold rain, twenty-six miles, to brother Woodham's, on Lynch's Creek. I ordained Stephen Thompson a deacon. In crossing Cashaway ferry on *Tuesday*, it was a mercy we were not thrown into the water, like poor Hilliard Judge. We were kindly and comfortably lodged by Esquire Nevil: my mind most deeply felt for the salvation of this amiable family.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Wednesday*, 11, was cloudy and very cold; but we took horse and made it thirty-three miles to Lumberton, and stopped at the widow Thompson's: I am most at home when I am housed with the widow and the orphan. We reached Fayetteville on *Thursday*. My limbs, my patience, and my faith, have been put to severe trial.

I preached in the morning on the *Sabbath*, and Bishop M'Kendree and brother Boehm after. Since *Friday morning* I have been occupied in writing, forming plans, and occasionally reading. I baptized a daughter for Mr. Newby. Eli Perry came fifty-six miles for deacon's orders: I advised him to tell his father, a backslidden Baptist preacher, that he (Eli) would set apart once a month a day of fasting and prayer for his father's restoration.

We set out on *Monday* the solitary path on the north side of Cape Fear, to the widow Andrew's, forty-five miles: we were in the night, and I was very much disordered. *Tues-*

day brought us to Wilmington, forty-five miles; again in the night, and by pain extreme. I was compelled to preach on *Wednesday* at eleven o'clock. I gave them a sermon also on *Thursday*. My body is in better health, and my mind enjoys great sweetness and peace. We had morning preaching on *Friday* at five o'clock, to about two hundred souls. We came away afterward, and a ride of twenty miles brought us to the widow Nixon's: the dear old man, her husband, died in Georgia—died in prayer. I gave those present an exhortation and my evening prayers. *Saturday* brought us to New-River; and next day, the *Sabbath*, I preached in our enlarged chapel, on 1 Tim. ii, 3, 4. It was unusually warm, and so great a wind at night that it frequently waked me. We were most kindly and comfortably entertained at *Gaius* Rowe's: God is worshipped in this house: O! what a change is here!—the poor Africans, once oppressed, have now great privileges allowed them. We came to Adonijah Perry's on *Monday:* may he follow his father, who followed Christ! Newbern brought us up on *Tuesday*. I preached on *Wednesday*, and it was an open season: God will visit Newbern again. A cold ride brought us to Washington—a disagreeable place to me; but there are souls here, and God can convert and save them. We have a neatly finished house, in which I preached on *Friday* in great heaviness of body—it is a day of abstinence. I spent my *Saturday* at Williams's—a secluded house, and social family.

Sabbath, 29. I preached at Williams's chapel on Habakkuk iii, 2. I felt myself in the spirit of the work. In the evening we had snow and hail. We set out on *Monday* and had a very disagreeable ride through deep swamps and snow. At Williamston I preached to a few people. A ride of thirty-two miles brought us to Tarborough on *Tuesday*.

Wednesday, February 1. Opened the Virginia Conference. We had eighty-four preachers present, sixty of them the most pleasing, promising young men; seventeen preachers were admitted; in all the conference there are but three married men. The high taste of these southern folks will

not permit their families to be degraded by an alliance with a Methodist travelling preacher; and thus, involuntary celibacy is imposed upon us: all the better; anxiety about worldly possessions does not stop our course, and we are saved from pollution of negro slavery and oppression.

Bishop M'Kendree preached an ordination sermon on *Friday*. On the *Sabbath* I gave them a discourse on *humiliation before God*. Bishop M'Kendree ordained eight elders, and I thirteen deacons. I suppose we have had two thousand souls to hear us in the two churches, and our friends are very attentive to entertain us in their houses, abundantly better than we deserve. Our increase in members, unless we allow for a great waste by death, and loss by removals, is not very encouraging; the *west* and *south* have given more than three thousand each, whereas here it is not three hundred. We are defrauded of great numbers by the pains that are taken to keep the blacks from us; their masters are afraid of the influence of our principles. Would not an *amelioration* in the condition and treatment of slaves have produced more practical good to the poor Africans, than any attempt at their *emancipation?* The state of society, unhappily, does not admit of this: besides, the blacks are deprived of the means of instruction; who will take the pains to lead them into the way of salvation, and watch over them that they may not stray, but the Methodists? Well; now their masters will not let them come to hear us. What is the personal liberty of the African which he may abuse, to the salvation of his soul; how may it be compared?

We adjourned on *Wednesday*, to hold our next session in Petersburg, in Virginia. A general contentment appeared in the preachers with regard to stations. I came away instantly, and had a rapid ride of twenty-eight miles to Mr. Lisiomes, near Edward's ferry, upon Roanoke. We next day crossed the river, and breakfasted at Pinner's. We lodged with Jesse Battle; forty-three miles to-day. *Friday* brought us to Isaac Lumford's. We reached Norfolk on *Saturday*, by ten o'clock.

VIRGINIA.—*Sabbath*, 12. I preached on Psalm xxxvii, 3, 4, and felt liberty and life. Met the society; and preached at Portsmouth. Preached on *Monday*, at the Western Branch; and at night again at Suffolk. I found Richard Yerberry greatly afflicted with the gout; his hands and feet had burst; but he was resigned and patient. On *Tuesday* we came away to General Wells's: his brother Willis Wells, an early Methodist and local preacher, died last year; he died in great peace. He had been led away by the misrepresentations of O'Kelly, but he came back into our bosom. I expected to have found religion more lively in this district; but we are on our lees. I grieved to find that some of the preachers went about visiting instead of being at their work; the spirit of the world, and still worse, *politics;* O, death, death! O Lord God, keep thy ministers faithful! I preached at William Blunt's to a few people who had come through a dark night at a short warning. We had, after meeting, hail and rain. I rode next day, very cold, to Birdsong's, in Sussex, thirty miles in six hours: I have need of patience and courage for the roads and weather. It was exceedingly cold on *Thursday;* nevertheless we reached Petersburg, about forty miles. We lodged at Edward Lee's; Joseph Handing is no more. He joined us in Norfolk in 1772: he was a man of labour and sorrow; meek and benevolent. I had hoped to find religion more prosperous, but I find, except a few places in the district, there is great languor and indifference observable: we hope for better times. We have added fifty probationers in the three conferences—western, southern, and that of Virginia; and have located twenty. Many of these are the most elegant young men I have seen, in features, body, and mind; they are manly yet meek. I preached in Petersburg on *Friday*. After meeting I rode home with John Ryall Bradley, now warm in his first love: he was strangely brought to God. He was alone on a *Sabbath day* and was reading, what he indeed seldom read, his *prayer-book;* suddenly he was powerfully struck with keen conviction; he began to pray without book, and with all his might: what followed came

of course. At his conversion he had a stud of race-horses to part with. We reached Richmond on *Saturday*, and I preached next day in the city; and at Manchester in the afternoon: there is a change here for the better.

Monday, 20. We rode twenty-four miles to brother Cross's; twenty-four miles of heavy roads. I preached at night to a respectable congregation on 1 Thess. v, 14. The young men prayed, and there was life and feeling. C. Hines is likely to be an instrument of great good in Hanover circuit. On *Tuesday* we had an uncommonly large congregation for a two hours' notice: bishop M'Kendree preached to them. A forty-five miles' ride, without food for man or beast, brought us in, after being twice lost in the woods, to brother M'Gruder's. We reached Frederick Gilliam's, beyond the Green Mountain, on *Thursday*. We seldom lodge at a house without the company of preachers: we are pleased to see them; but would be better pleased to know they were on their circuits, faithfully at work. On *Friday* we passed Charlotteville, within sight of fair Monticello, the seat of Thomas Jefferson. We rested at Daniel Mauppin's: his father and mother are gone to rest. We crossed the ridge at Brown's Gap, and came to Port Republic.

Sabbath, 26. I preached upon Acts ii, 21. We found it dangerous riding through snow to Harrisonburg on *Monday*.

Thursday, *March* 2. Our conference opened. *Friday*, *fast day*, we wrought with order and industry, and did much in a little time. There were travelling and local deacons ordained, and we had preaching three times a day.

Sabbath, 5. In the morning we had a general band-meeting. I preached; we had German preaching also; and a sermon at night. On *Wednesday* we closed our labours in great peace. We came away on *Thursday morning*, and had a heavy, cold ride of thirty-six miles to Woodstock. We took a by-road on *Friday* to Stephensburg. We called a congregation, who came through frost and snow and mud; and I gave them a talk from 1 Thess. v, 16, 17. There were some unhappy contentions in the society here, but I did not know it, although from my preaching, some of the congre-

gation might well suppose I did; God maketh the mind and the mouth of man. We reached Winchester on *Saturday*, and on the *Sabbath* I gave them a discourse on Habakkuk iii, 2: it was a season of freedom. An awful storm of snow overtook us on our way to Thomas Key's, where we were made comfortable for the night. We crossed Harper's ferry on *Tuesday*, and came to Joseph Perkins's; my friend and neighbour has gone to rest. Next day we had deep roads to Fredericktown. I had scarcely sat down when I heard the bells ring; it was an invitation to the people to come and hear me preach; well, go I must. About three hundred people had collected in the German Presbyterian church; they were devoutly attentive. Next day we reached Mr. Helms's, near Patapsco bridge; a number of workmen were deeply attentive whilst I officiated in the family evening devotions. We reached Baltimore on *Thursday*. *Friday* and *Saturday* received letters and visitors. My soul is greatly humbled in this city; I tremble for the ark, and fear my own soul will suffer loss.

MARYLAND.—*Sabbath*, 19. At Light-street my subject was 2 Chron. xv, 2. In the evening I preached again upon Hosea vi, 1. On *Monday* we went to the camp-meeting near Perry Hall; and I preached in the chapel upon Philippians ii, 12-15. As I rode by the graves of the elders of the Gough family, the image of my dear departed Harry Gough was very present to me. We stopped in our way at B. Bennett's; his prodigal son has enlisted, and gone as a sergeant to New-Orleans: the mention of this place kindled strong desires in my mind to send another missionary to that quarter; I wrote to John M'Lure, presiding elder of the Mississippi district, on the subject. *Tuesday* was cold. We crossed the wide Susquehanna with a gentle breeze. There was no appointment for us, and it was as well thus. On *Wednesday* I preached at John Carnan's, Back Creek; my subject was 1 John iii, 1, 2. I preached at Smyrna on *Thursday*. We went to the State of Delaware on *Friday*, but there had been no notice given: we, however, gathered a few, to whom we gave a word of exhortation, and went on to Choptank. I

preached on *Saturday* from Luke xii, 40. It is still excessively cold, and we suffer much. After sermon we rode twenty-six miles to Milford.

Sunday, 26. At Milford, my subject was Ezek. ix. 4; very open and alarming time to saints and sinners. On *Monday*, at Barratt's chapel, I preached and baptized some children. I had powerful feelings of sympathy for the children and grandchildren of that holy man in life and death, Philip Barratt. We felt the wind, on our way to Dover, like the piercing of a sword. My dear friends, Governor Basset and his lady, came nearly forty miles to meet me. I preached in Dover, and baptized James Molison, advanced in life. I have suffered incredibly by the cold in the last hundred and thirty miles: souls and their Saviour can reward me, and nothing else! Lord, remember Francis Asbury in all his labours and afflictions! *Friday* I preached at Keagy's. Brother M'Kendree and father Boehm met me once more, and we greatly rejoiced in God together. In Wilmington I preached on *Thursday*. On *Friday* I spoke at the Bethel chapel, a beautiful new house, about seven miles from Wilmington; brother M'Kendree in the evening. I preached at Matson's chapel; this is a house of much the same kind as the former. I sat down to teach the people, and we had an open season.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Saturday*, *April* 1. I forestalled a meeting at Derby; but few attended. I dropped them a few hints on the shortness of time. I suffer by the unusual heat, and by soreness from riding. We came safe into the city of Philadelphia. I found letters from Savannah, Tombigbee, Mississippi, Ohio, and also from the eastward.

Sabbath, 2. At St. George's, my subject was Haggai i, 7. I was fervent. We had a sacrament, and the Lord was present of a truth. On *Monday* we opened our conference in great peace and good order. I preached on *Wednesday*, and it was recollected that I had preached on the same subject, in the same place, in 1771. *Friday* we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Both elders and deacons were ordained. There was some little difficulty with respect to our

money concerns; and some of the members had been rather warm partizans as politicians. This is always wrong for them, let them take which side they please. There was general satisfaction given as to the stations—about eighty-four in the whole. The Philadelphia Conference has subjected itself to a demand for twelve preachers who have no stations; six are married, and there is a widows' maintenance to be added, an expense of two thousand dollars.

Sabbath, 9. I preached at Kingston chapel, on Habakkuk iii, 2. Here I ordained Jacob Tapsco, and James Champion —both Africans. I gave the congregation at the Academy church an exhortation in the evening. With difficulty we got out of the city of Philadelphia, and ran some risk in crossing the river into Jersey. I preached at two o'clock at Carpenter's bridge. We lodged with father Early, twenty-four miles from the city. Here I take a little rest. I am not conscious of indulging or feeling wrong tempers in the mighty work at which I daily labour; but I never wish to meet the conference in the city of Philadelphia again. But possibly my time is short!

NEW-JERSEY.—On *Wednesday* I preached at Union chapel; it is a neat building, two stories high, forty by thirty-six feet, built on the plan I furnished them. I spent a night with J. Abbott, a local preacher. Snow on *Thursday;* I preached at Pittsgrove. Lodged under the roof of Joseph Newkirk. Here I found the children and grandchildren of Susanna Ayars, who first received the Lord's prophets in this town. There was no proper notice of our appointment at Broadneck chapel on *Friday*, so that we had but few people. I lodged at Heyward's. I rode to Chohansee on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 16. At the chapel, I spoke on Philippians iii, 8: "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss," &c. 1. The object of the apostle's knowledge, *Christ Jesus my Lord.* 2. The nature and degrees of this knowledge in the apostle's own experience. 3. The excellency of this knowledge—a saving knowledge; a life-giving and sanctifying knowledge; it is the spiritual and experimental knowledge of repent-

ance, faith, regeneration, and sanctification, producing a holy life, a triumphant death, a joyful resurrection, and a crown of eternal glory. I had certainly part of a gay congregation. How good is not for me to say; they were serious and attentive. I met the society. Brother Boehm preached in the afternoon. I must needs hold forth again in the evening. I preached, as it was desired, and we had an open season. A heavy ride brought us on *Monday* to Port Elizabeth. I preached on 2 Cor. xiii, 5; it was a searching season. This is a new town, and we have a large house built here: the Baptists are building a grand house. We lodged at Benjamin Fisler's. At Tuckahoe chapel my subject on *Tuesday* was Ephesians iii, 8: I sat down and taught with pleasure. I dined with N. Swain: Richard has gone to his rest and reward. The people told me that my time of absence on this path was twenty-five years. I feel the heat and labour, and painful weary nights appointed to me; but God, even my God is with me! I hear of several spots where the work of the Lord is reviving powerfully. At May's Landing, Great Egg Harbour, there was power in the word, whilst I lectured on Heb. xii, 25. We hasted away to Blackman's, to be there at three o'clock, but we lost our way in the woods, and after riding fifteen miles instead of eight, we arrived at five o'clock. *Tuesday evening* closed rather uncomfortably upon us at a tavern. My spirits were low and my body very feeble. The work of God revives in the society here. Learner Blackman has been raised up from small appearances—possibly, to very considerable consequences. At Absecum, on *Thursday*, I gave them a discourse. We dined in haste at brother Peacock's, and came on to George Peterson's, Pleasant Mills. At the Forks, on Friday, I preached in our elegant chapel, on John xii, 38; it was an open time. Whom should I see but dear aged Jesse Chew and wife! I went home with friendly William Richards: dear Sarah, his former wife, so often my kind and attentive hostess—I only saw the marble that covered her dust! Some demur was sent by a certain preacher about his station; these things give me more pain than all

the labour of the conferences. On *Saturday* I called to see Rebekah Sevior on a sick bed, praising God; she is a true daughter of Sarah Richardson. I rode on to Tuckerton—very damp and cold.

Sunday, 23. At Tuckerton my subject was 2 Cor. iv, 2. In the afternoon I preached again. On *Monday* I preached at Watertown. I stayed awhile with Samuel Brown, and then came to Thomas Chamberlain's: I was compelled by uncomfortable feelings to go to rest at six o'clock. At David Woodmassie's, on *Tuesday*, I preached on 2 Tim. ii, 15. On *Wednesday*, after a rain, I set out for Polemus chapel, where I preached. My friends were exceedingly kind, and I was very sick. I rose unwell on *Thursday*, and took medicine, and set out for Squam River. My host here, Derrick Longstreet, has been married twenty-four years: his wife once had twins, and she has made him the father of sixteen children, all of whom are alive and well. I had a noble congregation here of women and children; the men were generally gone from the neighbourhood, either to the waters or to work. I was seriously unwell. On *Friday*, at Newman's, on Shark River, I had women not a few: I suited my subject to my hearers, and preached from Luke x, 41, 42. Ah! how many Marthas are there, and how few Marys! In the afternoon I spoke again at P. White's. We have meeting twice a day, and sometimes at night; and the prospects are pleasing. The weather is severely cold. I have read Simpson lately—his *Plea for Religion*, how strong! If Simpson is right, the old Church of England has the mark of the *Beast* in her hands at least. Great news! The British Orders in Council are withdrawn, and the American embargo and non-intercourse are forthwith to cease. I fear much that these expected *good times* will injure us:—the prosperity of fools will destroy; therefore affliction may be best, and God may send it, for this is a favoured land: Lord, save us from ruin as a people! I rested on *Saturday*.

Sunday, 30. At Long Branch my subject was Acts iii, 26; it was given me to speak strong words—words of God, and

from God. At three o'clock I preached in the Episcopal Church at Shrewsbury. I came home with John Throckmorton.

Monday, May 1. No appointment at Mount Pleasant: we came to James Throckmorton's; and thence through Brunswick to Staten Island: we dined at Drake's; and supped at Elder Totten's. I have had great peace of mind; and have been greatly in the spirit of preaching, of faith, and of prayer. God has visited, and will yet powerfully visit Jersey; probably in the last five years, five hundred souls have been converted: Glory to the great I AM! He will bare the arm of his power, and save millions in the world.

NEW-YORK.—I preached on *Wednesday* at the tabernacle on Staten Island: my subject was 1 Peter iii, 15, 16: it was a feeling season: my mind was greatly enlarged. Lodged at Gilbert Totten's. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists—all upon the stretch to be greatest upon the Island. The Methodists have a stationed preacher; and they have a camp-meeting in contemplation. On *Thursday* I preached at the old meeting-house: there was some tenderness manifested. On *Friday* I preached in our meeting-house at North End. I found brother Cushon in a languid state: I sought to administer consolation to his mind and body. Behold, the Low Dutch have built a church, and the Episcopalians one at the North End near them: there are three local preachers of our order, and a presiding elder; if good be not done, the people must be hardened. I found my old friend Morrell solitary—his wife is called home. My attention was strongly excited by the steamboat: this is a great invention. Brother M'Kendree preached at Elizabethtown; and I after him at six o'clock in the evening. We have a beautiful house here, two stories high, elegantly finished, forty-five by forty feet, and well filled. On *Monday*, I came to York, where I found letters bringing good news from the south and the west.

On the tenth our conference began, and continued until the fifteenth; about one hundred and twenty preachers present: we had great peace, and good order. We had an or-

dination of elders at John-street church on the *Sabbath day*. We had a great deal of faithful preaching. As I wish not to relate the trials met with, I will let everything but what is printed rest in shades: there were some critical cases, but nothing appeared against any member to justify expulsion. There were one hundred and fifteen preachers stationed; and there were few complaints. If I have slumbered five hours per night, it is as much as I have done in the matter of sleep. On *Saturday* I rode, through excessively warm weather, twenty miles, to J. Sherwood's. I retire to sacred solitude, and great and delightful communion with God; but want of sleep comes upon me like an armed man. Hail, holy day! On the *Sabbath* I preached at Sherwood's chapel; afterward at New-Rochelle chapel: we had an open season in both congregations. The Quakers are offended because their errors in sentiment and practice are spoken against. But they have a *higher dispensation*. And will this authorize the violation of a positive law of the land, which forbids unnecessary labour on the *Sabbath day?* Will it justify the putting asunder what God has so solemnly joined together, *to wit*, the ordinances of God and the influences of his Holy Spirit? So thought not the eunuch, when Philip, sent by the Holy Ghost, *preached unto him Jesus*. The celebration of the Lord's supper is idolatry, say the Quakers: so thought not Paul, when exhorting the Church of Corinth to the worthy commemoration of our Lord's death and passion, he says, "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." A *higher dispensation!* And had not God already revealed his will before the appearance of George Fox? But hush! the *respectable society of people called Quakers; respectable!* Ah! there is death in that word; "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." I fear what is properly *the reproach of Christ* has long been wiped away from this *respectable people:* O Lord, save thy now despised Methodist children from the praises of the people of the world!

On *Monday* I dined with Bryan B. Banks, and then moved on, through heavy thunder-showers, to Norwalk. I had

wished them to build a house here, but Mr. G——n had told the Methodists they were poor, (poor may they ever be!) and it would ruin them. I gave the good folks a discourse on Rom. xvi, 24.

CONNECTICUT.—On *Tuesday* I came to Peck's, Stratford, a faithful friend, and thence on to father Jocelin's, New-Haven, weary, and sleepy, and glad to rest. I dined with W. Griffin in Guildford: here is a lot to build a house of worship on, and God will work here. In the afternoon I preached at Jeremiah Miner's, in Killingworth; thence crossing the Connecticut River, came into New-London. I have had great temptations, and great consolations. The weather has been extremely warm, and my clothes are too heavy. My horse twice attempted to run away with my chair, so I was obliged to quit it. I must needs preach in New-London; I gave them a discourse on 1 John ii, 6. The house was soon filled, and many went away who could not get in: surely the society, and preachers too, have been blind to their own interests, or they would have occupied every foot of ground; but we have never taken advantage of circumstances as they offered in this place, and have lost by our negligence. We crossed Narraganset Bay on *Friday*, and came into Newport. Grand house; steeple, pews; by lottery: the end is to sanctify the means; Ah! what pliability to evil!

Sabbath, 28. I preached twice; in the forenoon on Col. ii, 1, 2; 1 John iii, 3-5, in the afternoon: I spoke with difficulty and with little order in my discourses. From New-York thus far we have had dust and rough roads, and I have been much tried and greatly blessed. We have ridden two hundred miles in six days.

Last night we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. This morning (*Monday*) I visited Captain Beall, at Fort Wolcott. I preached to the soldiers on Isaiah lvii, 6, 7; baptized some children; visited the school; prayed with the sick in the hospital; exhorted the poor sinners to turn to God; but I might have said and done more. I saw discipline, order, correctness; it was grand and pleasing.

What changes I pass through! How hardly shall they who travel much keep a constant eye on duty, the cross, holiness, and God!

On *Tuesday* we came to the pleasant town of Bristol. The Methodists here have a house with pews, and a preacher who has not half enough to do: poor work! I gave them a discourse on 1 Cor. xv, 58. I have as much as I can bear in body and mind. I see what has been doing for nine years past to make Presbyterian Methodists. At Warren I lodged with Samuel Childs; his wife is a Shunamite. We had freedom in our meeting here: I preached on Heb. ii, 3.

Thursday, June 1. I had a feeling season at Somerset chapel whilst speaking from 1 Peter iv, 2. Brother Brayton's was my home. Levi Walker has not laboured in vain; but it seemed as if there had been three preachers to do one man's work. There are here two hundred and ninety-one members. We reached Easton, and I was indeed tired; the carriage horse was too wild for me to drive, and the saddle horse started and jolted very much.

MASSACHUSETTS.—We reached Boston on *Saturday:* our route hither from New-York has cost us eight dollars for turnpike-gates, ferries, bridges, &c.; we called at but one tavern. The family who opened the door for us here is gone; but the house is in the possession of the stationed preachers and their wives.

I preached at the old chapel on *Sabbath morning*, and administered the sacrament. In the afternoon I gave them a discourse in the new chapel; it was an open time of much feeling, and deep attention was paid to the speaker. Had I not spoken sitting, pain and weariness would have prevented my finishing. May the Lord water his own word! I hear of a considerable revival in several places, and that the Lord is bringing out some children to do the work of men; "out of the mouths of babes"—so let it be!

On *Monday* we had a great show; the governor came to town. I reached wretched Waltham dripping wet. I found the four generations in health, and I got (O, how sweet!) a comfortable night's sleep, the first I have had

for many nights. How good is rest to soul and body, after hard labour for the good of the souls and bodies of our fellow-men!

Awaking on *Tuesday morning*, I recollected that in the solemn hour of midnight it was strongly impressed upon my mind that I must go by Lynn: this was from God. I preached to a family congregation.

On *Wednesday* I passed through Menotony, Medford, and Malden to Lynn. In the evening I preached. There have been awful times here for two years past; the preachers are a burden—they do not preach evangelically, do not visit families, neglect the classes. I have my load; but leaning to one side: one story is good until another is heard. Our hard going horses brought us through the dust to Marblehead on *Thursday*. I held forth on John viii, 31, 32. Poor Bachelor is in ill health, and shortly to be bound to a wife: so we go. We rode onwards through a goodly prospect of fine buildings and fine meeting-houses. At Beverly my host did not quite understand praying in the daytime. At Joseph Weak's in the evening at Greenland. From this unpromising place, and other surrounding towns, God has raised up a society. On *Saturday* I found a happy, simple-hearted society at brother Gardener's. The labours of George Pickering and brother Stevens have raised up, under God, a promising society here.

Sabbath, 11. Henry Boehm spoke at six o'clock, myself at ten o'clock, H. Boehm again at two o'clock, when the holy sacrament was administered. I gave another discourse in the evening. We had crowded audiences. We returned for the night to Gardener's.

We passed through Berwick on *Monday morning*, and continuing on, stopped and supped with one Wells. We were here two years ago; we then prayed earnestly for, and with this kind family. It was not a forlorn hope it seems: the young woman who waited on us was brought out last August. We rode on through Kennebunk to Saco. Lodging in a tavern, we were opposed, but persisted in having prayer night and morning. Asa Heath gave us our breakfast, and

we pushed on to New-Gloucester, making about eighty-four miles in the last two days. On *Thursday* we opened our conference, and sat closely at work.

Sunday, 18. I preached to about three thousand deeply attentive people, from Isaiah xliv, 23; it was an open season. We have eighty-two men to do the work, forty of whom compose the conference. I have to lament my want of information respecting both the preachers and the circuits. We have ordained twenty-one deacons and seven elders. We have located eleven elders, re-admitted one, and added seventeen preachers upon trial. There is a small increase here, and fair prospects for the future. I am kept in peace.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—On *Tuesday* we came away through New-Gloucester to Bradbury's. We rested a few minutes at Dennett's, Standish Corner, and rode onwards to Samuel Bachelor's upon Saco; making forty miles for our day's journey. The rain overtook us at Brownfield on *Thursday*, but we continued on, and were most kindly entertained at Samuel Foss's, in Conway. On *Friday* I forded Saco: the rest of the company were in a boat. We came through Bartlett to Judge Hall's, and were kindly received. We hasted on to Rosebrook's, supped and went other six miles. O! the rocks, roots, pole-bridges and mosquitoes. We fell asleep about ten o'clock, and sprung up at four o'clock, and were away, without breakfast, towards Bethel; we stopped here awhile. Winding down along a river bank, we came to the bridge and crossed the Connecticut into Vermont, stopping at the widow Sias's, in Johnsbury. On *Saturday morning* we came away over awful roads, and made about forty weary miles to Danville.

VERMONT.—*Sunday*, 25. In the court-house I preached from John vii, 17. I could only speak sitting. From New-York to Danville, we compute our ride to have been seven hundred miles: we passed many a fertile hill, and saw many fruitful vales, through which flowed noble rivers. We refit, expecting to fill an appointment for *Tuesday*. At Danville meeting-house on *Tuesday*, I attended with two of our

preachers: I took a pew near the pulpit, and taught from thence, from Heb. iii, 12-14. The court was in session—the congregations were large nevertheless. I received a polite invitation to preach to the court, but I had no strength and no time for this. We took a bite at the widow Sias's, and came on to Cabot. Near Jok Pond, a heavy storm of rain and thunder overtook us, and drove us into shelter. I lodged with Mr. Dana. On *Wednesday* our route brought us through Marshfield, Plainfield, (exploring to the head of Onion River as we went) to David Parson's, near Montpelier. I preached in the evening. In passing through Montpelier on *Thursday*, we remarked their fine State-house, worthy of the seat of government of Vermont; to this, the hotel is an appropriate appendage. Our way lay through Middlesex, Waterbury, Richmond, on to Williston, where, about mid-day, a storm overtook us. On *Friday* I preached at Fuller's, on Lake Champlain, from Titus iii, 7, 8. Here I ordained Joseph Sampson, a native of Canada, and sent him a missionary to his countrymen. The day of small things will be great; but the day is not yet come; rather, it is still afar off: patience, my soul! Do I not feel for the lost sheep? Yea, verily.

Sunday, July 2. We had this day a crowded audience at Bridport. I sleep this night under the roof of Luther Chamberlain, near Ticonderoga Fort. On *Monday* I spoke in Hampton church, on Galatians vi, 7-9.

NEW-YORK.—On *Tuesday* we kept along down Burgoyne's road to Fort Edward. At four o'clock I preached in Doctor Lawrence's store, to about five hundred attentive hearers. It has been serious times for some days past; I feel the effect of riding thirty or forty miles a day, fasting long, and expected to preach every evening. I spoke on Romans viii, 1, at M'Cready's barn. It was an open season, but the flesh suffered. *Thursday* brought us to father Hart's, on Saratoga Lake, to dinner. After refreshing, we went out under a plentiful rain, and mounting our beasts, directed our course away to General Clark's. Here I preached in the bar-room, and had life and liberty. We have made nine

hundred miles since we left New-York, as we compute. There will be an increase of eleven thousand this year. On *Friday* I rest and fast. On *Saturday* I visited Ballston Springs buildings—approximating in elegance to those of Bath in England. The water has a taste of beer, of lemon juice, and of salt of tartar. A ride of about forty miles brought us to Kingsbury in the evening.

Sunday, 9. We took the wood for the shade, and I spoke to about a thousand people, from Matt. xvii, 5: all were attention, and some felt the word. Brother Boehm closed a meeting of three hours' continuance. There were twelve travelling and local preachers present. There is a contention between soul and body. I wish to fast as when young, and when fast day comes, the body has a journey of forty miles to make, perhaps, and do its part of preaching: but Christ is strength in my weakness. At the end of a thirty-miles' ride on *Monday*, I preached in Favill's barn. The young man here is pious, but without great gifts. Great men had passed them in the way to Canada. They were disappointed who hoped to have a meeting-house, and congregations, and eminent teachers. Complaints are no new things to us, and I told them we expected such treatment. We tarried a minute at Morale's, Fallstown, and pushed up the turnpike to Caleb Willis's, Deerfield, where I preached. It was an open time. We passed Utica at the head of the Mohawk. This is a flourishing place, and we shall soon have a meeting-house here. Our route brought us through Hartford to Westmoreland, where, at four o'clock, I held forth from John vi, 66, 67. We had a number of travelling and local preachers present. My body is afflicted, and sore with heat, long rides, and labour. I preached in Silas Bliss's barn, in Zanovia, on *Thursday:* we had a profitable meeting. My bed was on the floor at night—it was cooler thus, and I accommodated my friend. Next day I again held forth in a barn in the village of Pompey. Here brother M'Kendree left me to serve alone. The evening brought us up at Paddock's, in Manlius. I lay along the floor, in my clothes. There was a lady in the corner, and brother

Boehm in bed, *like a gentleman.* The female could not possibly occasion reproach, and so I was persuaded; but I wished I was somewhere else: my fear was not commendable. I rode to Doctor Holland's, Onondaga, on *Saturday*, and preached in the court-house.

Sunday, 16. Spoke in the court-house at eleven o'clock: we had a full house. Contrary to my usual practice I directed my course away, and brought up at friend Young's, at Auburn. No food or rest to-day. The rain and *Monday morning* finds us at our friend Young's. The New-York and New-England Presbyterians are labouring to monopolize this country by building meeting-houses and other establishments. They will flourish awhile, but a despised and dispersed people will possess the land. O, the terrors of a camp-meeting to those *men of pay and show!* In the evening we mounted our beasts in the rain, and came six miles, dripping wet, to Asa Cumming's cabin, twelve feet square. On *Tuesday morning* we were well soaked before we reached David Eddy's. We dried, dined, prayed, and again got in motion and reached Milton, making thirty miles for the day's journey. Lodged at Baker's. We learn there is a revival in this place. We called upon James Egbert on *Wednesday:* he is a child of faith and prayer; I had used his father's house. We had an awful time on *Thursday* in the woods, amongst rocks and trees, living and dead, and prostrate, and barring our way. When we thought the bitterness of death was past, behold the back-water had covered the causeway. A kind soul, one Hathaway, directed us over the point of a hill, and so we got safe along and came to Ludowick Light's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Friday*, 21. We were comfortable while resting at Doctor Hopkins's. Arrived at the ferry bank, no boat appeared, so I came back and called a meeting. Since we left Baltimore in April, we have made, we compute, two thousand miles. Such roads, such rains, and such lodgings! Why should I wish to stay in this land? I have no possessions or babes to bind me to the soil; what are called the comforts of life I rarely enjoy; the wish to live an hour

such a life as this would be strange to so suffering, so toil-worn a wretch. But God is with me, and souls are my reward: I may yet rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. I might fill pages with this last week's wonders. We are eighty miles behind our Sabbath appointment. I called at a certain house —it would not do—I was compelled to turn out again to the pelting of the wind and rain. Though old, I have eyes. The hand of God will come upon them: as for the young lady, shame and contempt will fall on her; mark the event. I preached on *Friday* at Tioga Point. We were at Judge Gore's by eight o'clock on *Saturday morning*. We took thence through the Narrows, and a late and rough ride brought us to a tavern lodging.

Sunday, 23. We must needs ride to-day. Our route lay through Walnut Bottom, but we missed our way and the preaching of George Lane. A twenty-four miles' ride brought us to breakfast at Otis's. Brother Boehm upset the sulky and broke the shaft. Night closed upon us at Osterout's tavern. Passing along on *Monday*, we stopped to dine with Squire Sutton. We lodged under the roof of the widow Dennison. On *Tuesday morning* we found the ferry at Wilkesbarre only just passable. Mervine gave us shelter for the night. We have ridden thirty-eight miles to-day, and sore trials have we passed through. On *Wednesday* we rode through the beautiful villages of Nazareth and Bethlehem, and put up for the night at Allentown. Here are gambling sinners. We made a rapid ride of forty-two miles on *Thursday*. On *Friday* a thirty miles' ride brought us to Martin Boehm's. Delightful rest! but it may not be. *Saturday morning* put us into motion for Lancaster, where we tarried a few minutes, as also at Columbia, and continued on to York, where I preached at six o'clock in the evening.

Sunday, 30. I spoke on "Let your light so shine." I have at least twenty letters to answer, and but one day. *Monday*, company and business enough; and little time to refit. On *Tuesday* at eight o'clock at night I preached in Carlisle. Twice on the road hither we alighted, stopped, talked, ate, and prayed.

Wednesday, August 2. At Shippensburg. I have been simple enough to put plasters too powerful to my knees—they are in blisters; so here is a bishop who can neither stand to preach nor kneel to pray. My body is very feeble, but my soul enjoys perfect love and perfect peace. *Thursday* brought me and my sufferings safe over three mountains to friend Thompson's. I preached at Littleton's, on Heb. iv, 12; we had few hearers, but it was a liberal season. Lodged at the old place, Ramsay's; it is James Hunter's house and home. We must attend to camp-meetings, they make our harvest times; the prospects just now are discouraging. On *Saturday* we rode rapidly to Bedford. The hand of God was manifested to-day in saving man and horse from wreck; the danger appeared exceeding great. I had Boehm and Hunter for my escort. Lodged at Stephenson's. I calculate the distance we have travelled since January 9 to this day, from Georgia to Bedford, Pennsylvania, at three thousand miles. We are generally amongst the poor; too frequently it is a tavern or starvation; many a time and oft the preachers crowd us; and sometimes we are wedged among the people so that we can neither write nor think.

Sunday, 6. I spoke to a very decent congregation on Acts iv, 12. 1. By original and actual transgression, sinners altogether born in sin; lost, as to strength, and wisdom, and righteousness. 2. The character of Christ, the only Saviour; in Deity, in his humanity, suffering, resurrection, ascension, and meditation. 3. The Gospel method of salvation. 4. The work of the ministry. I spoke in the court-house by necessity, not choice. There was but one indecorous thing observed; a presiding elder put his feet upon the banister of my pulpit whilst I was preaching; it was like thorns in my flesh until they were taken down. Our host is a kind Yorkshire man. On *Monday* we took the path to Berlin, and had a cool ride. Notice had been given of our coming, and the German Presbyterian priesthood caused the bell to be rung. Brother Boehm preached to them in high Dutch. My rude, rough ride made me more fit for bed than meeting. We encountered a

mountain rain on *Tuesday*, which held us thirty miles, and sent us dripping for shelter to a German friend's house. We called a meeting, and our exercises were in German. We gave away religious tracts, German and English. We have disposed of many thousands of these: it is our duty to do good in every possible way.

I preached in Anthony Banning's house on *Wednesday*. I bore a faithful testimony to the truth whilst speaking at Murphy's on Rom. xii, 12. I was unwell and chilly, having received damage by the rain. We learn that a camp-meeting will be held at Dr. Wheeler's in expectation of the two superintendents. *Friday*, a day of abstinence: we are halting and refitting at Mrs. Stephens's. On *Saturday* we rode to the old fort. We dined with a Mr. Hogg, a family lately from England, and as kind as the Methodists. Rode to camp, twenty miles: we had eight local preachers, seventy-three tents, perhaps three thousand people. The religious exercises great and constant.

Sabbath, 13. I held forth on 2 Cor. vi, 20. I spoke but once; Bishop M'Kendree four times. I took occasion to be very plain, giving my hearers to understand that frames and feelings would not supply the neglect of family and closet worship, and the duties we owe to each other in society. We began our sacramental feast, but the people broke out into prayer and singing. We came away shortly after. The profligates would not come within our holy limits, but they drank plentifully of strong drink without. It appears that the bishops will hold a camp-meeting in every district; we are encouraged so to do: great power was manifested here, and much good was done. I will not say how I felt, nor how near heaven. 2 Sam. xi, 11. This passage came strongly to my mind; I must take the field.

We came away to Brightwell's on *Wednesday*, and I gave them a talk, on Heb. iv, 2. Mary Brightwell, my beloved nurse last year, required my attentions in turn: her sufferings from a bilious colic caused us to rise at midnight; she grew better after solemn prayer on her behalf. My subject

at Fell's meeting-house, on *Thursday*, at eleven o'clock, was Titus ii, 12, and at Philip Smith's, in the evening, Heb. ii, 7. Want of rest last night, and hard labour to-day, has tried flesh and spirit. I would not dine when invited, fearful of disappointing the congregation at four o'clock; and it was well I did not, for the cross-bar of the sulky broke, and the mending and the rest of the journey just left me time enough and none to spare: the Lord will always direct those who look up with humble dependence. We reached John Wrenshall's, in Pittsburg, on *Friday* evening. The Rev. Mr. Steel offered, unsolicited, in the name of the Presbyterian eldership, their large, elegant house, for my Sunday's exercises. I preached at Thomas Cooper's on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 20. I accepted the offer made, and preached at three o'clock: it was an open time. Could we unite nations and languages, as well as spirits and tempers, we might do great things here. Will the Alleghany and Monongahela ever rise so high as to inundate the point of land on which the town stands—is such a thing impossible? A Baptist family by the name of Plummer received us on *Tuesday*. Young Plummer is sick, a child is sick, and the whole family feel awful. Who will pray with young Plummer when we are gone? the young man is certainly under convictions. Twelve miles brought us to Fawcett's on *Tuesday morning;* I gave them a sermon on Eph. viii, 9. The weather on *Wednesday* was exceeding warm; nevertheless we started for Washington. I spoke in our own house to a goodly congregation as to numbers. The Rev. Mr. Browne was present, and some seceders, as I was told; surely the millennium is approaching! I dined at Mr. M'Fadon's, and came on to Middletown. We crossed into Virginia, and preached at Brook county court-house on the evening of *Thursday*. Our lodging was the stationed preacher's, William Sandinin. My brethren were kind enough to make appointments for me, at least to publish in the public prints more than I had designed. I might murmur at this, and perhaps I do. Well, elders must be better and do more than other men; granted. I can truly say my life is like a daily

death. God is my refuge and my reward. I preached on *Saturday* at Beck's.

Sabbath, 27. At Short-Creek chapel my subject was 1 Thess. iv, 3. I contemplate two chapels; one of forty feet square, and the other of fifty feet; the first in Charleston, Alexander Wells to give the lot; and the other in Wheeling, the ground to be bestowed for its erection by Colonel Zane. Our appointment for *Monday* was in Wheeling court-house; I spoke with light, and life, and power. The following day (*Tuesday*) brother Boehm spoke at St. Clairsville.

OHIO.—*Wednesday*, 30. We found the roads disagreeable in the Wills-Creek bottoms. While tugging forward, *crack* went the breastband, and *crack* went the shaft; we were two hours in the night, and at last reached Spears's tavern. Next day (*Thursday*) we made eighteen miles to Springfield, where I preached by appointment; we had about four hundred people: I wanted my breakfast, I wanted strength, and I wanted sleep. Brother Boehm preached at Zanesville, named after Colonel Zane, who so kindly entertained us at Wheeling: he is an extraordinary man, and the history of his life strange. The first of the month I rode thirty-five miles to Edward Teel's. Brother Boehm preached *Saturday*.

Sunday, September 3. I preached at Teel's. On *Monday* I spoke in the elegant court-house in New-Lancaster. We dined with Mr. Tougue, and went forward, sixteen miles, to Laking's: I was weak and weary with riding on horseback, but I had great consolations in God, and a witness of holiness in my soul. We have our difficulties with the married preachers, their wives, and children; but whilst God is with us these difficulties may be well borne. I pray God that there may be twenty camp-meetings in a week, and wonderful seasons of the Lord in every direction. I preached on *Wednesday* at the widow Strode's house. Rest on *Thursday*. *Friday*. This is my covenant day. We came twenty miles to Jefferson, and lodged with Mr. Nevill. Doctor Tiffin received us kindly on *Saturday*. After dinner we rode on to Deer Creek, and housed with White Brown.

Sabbath, 10. I preached in my host's barn: my subject was 2 Cor. vi, 1, 2. Brother Lakin added an exhortation, and brother Boehm gave them a discourse. At a late camp-meeting I learn that seventy joined society: the prospects are great.

O what a charming view presents itself from Doctor Tiffin's house! but these long talks about land and politics suit me not; I take little interest in either subject: O Lord, give me souls, and keep me holy! Our route through the prairies, the weeds as high as our heads on horseback, showed us on *Monday* almost every desirable comfort but pure water. We stopped on the north branch of Paint Creek. At Jacob Cutler's, on *Tuesday*, we had an interview with M'Daniel, Flood, and Trader, official men. These and Hunt's settlements are greatly improved, and the Methodists have increased. Thirteen miles was the extent of our *Wednesday* ride; we stopped at Petham's. We remain *Thursday* and *Friday;* my study of divinity is Wesley's sermons—I read some of them to-day. As I cannot often meet Bishop M'Kendree, and meeting, we cannot be alone for talk, I wrote a letter of counsel to him. I preached on *Saturday*. I felt solemn whilst dining at Philip Davis's: this is an old Virginia family, and here are brethren and sisters whom I have known, some twenty, others above thirty years. Life is short. We set out for Mad River, and reached Andrew Read's; I gave them a discourse on John iii, 17. I spoke at William Hamar's on *Tuesday;* my subject was Isaiah xxxv, 3-5. There is a serious affliction in the family; I sympathize with them. Dayton is a growing town; we passed through it on *Wednesday*. I found the son of a Methodist from Gunpowder Neck, one Horner, and lodged with him. On *Thursday* we came down Little and Great Miami; the rich lands of these rivers are occupied by New Lights, Shakers, Methodists,—and sinners to be sure. I was glad to stop at Daniel Baker's. I slept about five hours last night: I had excessive labour, a crowd of company, and hogs, dogs, and other annoyances to weary me. I am thankful for a prospect of one night's quiet at John Harden's,

near Hamilton, Butler county; preached for them on *Friday;* we had a large and lively meeting. *Saturday* brought us to the descendant of a German. We came on to Milford, Little Miami. Here are folks from most of the eastern States, and of all professions: they have good land, and this rarely makes people any better.

Sabbath, 24. I spoke in the new chapel in Milford: brothers Lakin and Boehm also spoke. I feel the importance of the approaching conference. At brother Gatch's, on *Monday*, I filled up the day in planning, writing, and reading. We visited Andrew Maguire's family. Preached on *Wednesday;* the house was full, and the weather excessively warm: *faint yet pursuing.* My aid is absent amongst the Germans. I lodged at M'Carmut's. *Thursday* I stood up at Columbia, and gave them a talk on Matt. vii, 7-12: the heat was extreme. Fair Cincinnati brought us up. The house here is enlarged and the society has increased. Our brother West is sick and cannot come to the conference; many of our brethren will be absent. *Friday*, humiliation day. Muskingum district will have four camp-meetings. At Kauhaway there were one thousand people present; at St. Clairsville three thousand souls at least; at Rush Creek nearly as many. In Miami district seventeen camp-meetings in the year: in Scioto circuit four; Hockhocking two; Deer Creek two; Mad River three; White Water two; Cincinnati two; and White two.

Sabbath, October 1. Brother Blackman preached at nine o'clock, brother M'Kendree at twelve o'clock, and brother Burke at three o'clock: there were, it is judged, three thousand souls on the ground. I may add, that the list may be complete, seventeen camp-meetings for Indiana district. I thought it proper to render an account of all I had received, and all I had expended on the road: all *given* away came out of my own pocket. More of camp-meetings—I hear and see the great effects produced by them, and this year there will be more than ever.

Sabbath, 8. I preached in the morning; and in the even-

ing I also spoke again by way of exhortation. The conference closed its labours, and the members separated on *Monday*.

Kentucky.—My party came away to Carroll's. Next day we stopped with Captain John Sterne, from Stafford, old Virginia. At midnight I called up my fellow-travellers, and set out having an appointment at Mount Gerizim chapel. We arrived in time, and had an ordination, after which I gave an exhortation. Lodged at Whitaker's. Came in haste next day to Martin's meeting-house, where I discoursed on Psalm lxxxv, 1-9. We held a conciliatory conference with several of the local preachers, on the subject of the ordination of local elders. On *Friday* Bishop M'Kendree preached, and I also spoke, embracing various subjects in my exhortation. Lodged at Major Martin's. We moved early on *Saturday morning*, breakfasting at Hoskett's, and crossed the Kentucky by fording. Kind John Bennett's brought us up for the evening. We have stationed about eighty travelling preachers; rejected fourteen; located nine: there is an increase of two thousand three hundred and sixty-six members in this western conference. We have in Mississippi, fifteen travelling and eight local preachers; and three hundred and sixty members: if spared and so directed, I shall see that country and Canada before I die.

Sabbath, 15. I spoke in Bennett's chapel on John iii, 19. I spoke very plainly to a gay congregation. Captain Irwin took me home with him. Our way led through Richmond on *Monday*, and over the Long Hill: we pressed on to Dennis's—any port in a storm. A rough ride of fifteen miles, on *Tuesday morning*, brought us to Howard's: twenty years ago my kind host received me in Georgia. Another rough ride of twenty miles brought us, by moonshine, to Mr. Johnson's, where we were entertained like gentlemen. An early start on *Wednesday evening* gave us advantage of the day, and we came twenty miles to breakfast; we ate, and prayed, and went forward to Mr. White's, where we were comfortably lodged and entertained.

Tennessee.—Came away on *Thursday* across Powell's and

Clinch Rivers, and reached Cheek's for the night. My health has been, beyond expectation, good: I have travelled on horseback generally. I am continually in prayer; but a certain fiend assaults me without ceasing—this is for my humiliation. *Friday.* I chasten soul and body this day. Our expenses for the last five days have been five dollars thirty cents. We were favoured in two houses, or the sum would have been greater. We crossed Holston at Marshall's ford on *Saturday.* Squire Read has built a neat pine chapel in a short time. We lodged with him.

Sabbath, 22. I gave them a discourse on Rom. xii. 6-20. Pattison, Stier, and Boehm followed: there was also preaching at night. I spoke at Benjamin Vanpelt's chapel on *Monday.* At Warrensburg, next day, my subject was Rom. vi, 1-5. We dined with the elders of the house of Conway, and lodged with the only son, Thomas Conway. Preached at Ohaver's chapel on *Wednesday.* Dined, and came on to friend Ellis's. We suppose we have made three hundred and forty miles since we left Cincinnati. My mind and body have had no small exercise in bringing my stiff-jointed horse over the rocks, and rough and deep roads. I preached at Harrison chapel, on Gal. v, 7-10; the text is a sermon. We crossed the French Broad, and fed our horses at the gate of Mr. Wootenpile; he would accept no pay but prayer; as I had never called before, he may have thought me too proud to stop. Our way now lay over dreadful roads. I found old Mr. Barnett sick: the case was a desperate one, and I gave him a grain of tartar and a few composing drops, which procured him a sound sleep. The patient was very thankful, and would charge us nothing. Here are martyrs to whisky! I delivered my own soul. *Saturday* brought us to Killion's. Eight times within nine years have I crossed these Alps. If my journal is transcribed it will be as well to give the subject as the chapter and verse of the text I preached from. Nothing like a sermon can I record. Here now am I, and have been for twenty nights, crowded by people; and the whole family striving to get round me.

Sabbath, 29. At Buncombe I spoke on Luke xiv, 10. It

was a season of attention and feeling. We dined with Mr. Erwine, and lodged with James Patton: how rich, how plain, how humble, and how kind! There was a sudden change in the weather on *Monday;* we went as far as D. Jay's. *Tuesday*, we moved in haste to Mud Creek, Green River Cove, on the other side of Saluda. Lodged with kind and pleasant Thomas Edward. On the first of the month (*November*) we reached Staunton Ferry. We suppose we have ridden five hundred and ten miles since we left Cincinnati; what heights, what hills, what rocks! Lord, thou preservest man and beast! The disagreeable part of this western wandering is the necessity of stopping at night. Ah! how different are the taverns here from the houses of entertainment in the Atlantic States! And the keepers of these poisonous liquor shops—Is there one who fears God and encourages prayer? One or two; the rest are drunkards.

South Carolina.—We are at father Staunton's, on the Saluda. Our host is an Israelite indeed, and the wife worthy of such a husband. Here is a society of sixteen souls. I gave a discourse at Salem chapel. It is a cloudy day, well fitted for retreat. I wrote a very long letter to Doctor Coke. We have a quarterly meeting on *Friday*. On *Saturday*, I preached on Luke xviii, 1.

Sabbath, 5. I preached in the open air, because our cabin meeting-house was small and open. My subject led me out on the antiquity and truth of Holy Writ; the characters of Moses and Christ, calling the attention to the likeness, but superior excellence of Jesus, at the times of the presence and power of the Almighty, and the more perfect and abundant good produced by this latter manifestation. We had a sacramental feast. On *Monday* we came away, and attended to the mending of our travelling gear. There are no small numbers of the preachers about here married this last year. I have read with satisfaction *The Star in the East:* Lord, hasten the time when all shall know thee! O, Reedy River circuit—spiritually and temporally poor! *Tuesday*, Powell's—I preached. My friend has taken a new

wife, and built a new house. His former wife was kind to me; I saw where her remains and those of her daughter lay—they fell asleep in Jesus. We rode into Aberville, and stopped at George Connor's. Great news—great times in Georgia—rich and poor coming to Christ. At Connor's chapel I spoke, on *Thursday*, on Rom. xii, 1, 2. After sermon I ordained John Stone a local deacon. *Friday*, covenant day. In Edgefield the Baptists are carrying all before them; they are indebted to Methodist camp-meetings for this. I preached on opening the new chapel on Luke xix, 9; we had an open time. The Methodists have great success in Camden district; surely there must be some good done—all are on fire, and I feel the flame: God is with preachers and people.

Sunday, 12. I preached to about one thousand people, on Titus ii, 1. The quarterly meeting engaged our attention six hours every day. Our route on *Monday* lay over Bush Creek. This is, or was, a Quaker settlement: the *Friends* have gone to rich lands, unpolluted by slavery—they have formed a settlement in Ohio. I preached in Tranquil chapel on *Tuesday*—God has blessed Stephen Shell's family. Grandmother, who was waiting in great peace for her summons, was called away in August last. I must needs preach at Major's chapel: my subject was *the great salvation*. Lodged with Colonel H. Herndon. O how kind! *Thursday*, rode to Jeremiah Lucas's. I was in heaviness of mind, and suffered in the flesh. Brother Boehm preached in the chapel.

Sunday, 19. I preached to about one thousand souls, standing in the chapel door. The house could not contain the people on any day: some came to see, some to hear, and some felt. We have laboured for three days about six hours a day on our private business. We crossed Picolet, Theakiky, and Broad River, on our way to Josiah Smith's on *Monday*. On *Tuesday* I preached for them, and Boehm and Hill exhorted: it was a gracious season. *Wednesday* we came through York to William Gassaway's. There was heavy snow for about twelve hours. Brother Boehm

preached at the dwelling-house, and I gave them a sermon in the chapel. On *Friday* we took the road to Waxsaws, and with some difficulty, kept the path, and the horses their feet. In about nine hours we made our way, crossed Lenham's ferry, and came in to Robert Hancock's, stiff and chilled. O for patience and courage!

On *Saturday* we attended a congregation of thirty souls.

Sunday, 26. At the Waxaws chapel I preached to four hundred souls. An exhortation followed, and the sacrament. *Monday*, a cold ride to William Heath's, on Fishing Creek. I met a congregation on *Tuesday*, in a log cabin, scarcely fit for a stable. To my surprise, a number of United States' officers came up; I invited them in: these gentlemen are attached to an establishment at Rocky Mount; they behaved with all the propriety I expected of them. *Wednesday* brought us where a sermon was expected, and I gave them one. I made an acquaintance with a venerable pair—Mr. Buchanan and wife, Presbyterians, and happy in the experience of religion. A brick chapel is building at Winnsborough for the Methodists. We lodged at William Lewis's, but late emerging into light. On *Thursday*, we had a chilly ride of twenty-five miles to Mr. Watson's. It rained excessively on *Friday*, yet I visited James Jenkins, and baptized his child, Elizabeth Asbury Jenkins. We reached Camden on *Saturday*.

Sunday, December 3. I preached in the tabernacle to about five hundred people, and as we had two distinct congregations in the house, I dropped a word of advice to the poor Africans in presence of the whites. Brother Boehm preached in the evening. On *Monday* I was seriously afflicted in body. In much weakness of flesh, and solemnity of mind, I set out, on *Tuesday*, for Black River. There are great changes in the house where I stopped—my dear old Mary is dead, and there is another wife. On *Wednesday* I saw the third house on Black River—fifty by thirty-six feet. I spoke in an especial manner to Henry Young's negroes, who were called together for that purpose. At Samuel Rembert's on *Thursday*. My host proposes shortly

to remove to Georgia. We preached to a small meeting on *Friday*. Henry Boehm preached on *Saturday* at James Caper's.

Sunday, 10. We had a five hours' meeting. Tarpley and Hobbs prayed after I had preached: some had come to be prayed for. We made a cold, heavy ride of forty-five miles on *Monday*. We reached Kell's tavern in the night. The road was dreadfully ploughed up with wagons; the ferry was wide, and we had the swamp to pass, and dip, dive, and go—we laboured through it: this was our *Tuesday's* task. *Wednesday evening* brought us rest in Charleston. Where does the cotton go, that arrives in such quantities? To England and France, in spite of the non-intercourse. I am mainly ignorant of these things, and have no wish to be wiser. Our old church is enlarged, and our parsonage completely fitted up. I am busy writing, or occupied with my Bible and Ramsay's History.

Sunday, 17. I preached in Cumberland chapel: I concluded with a close application. Bishop M'Kendree came in on *Tuesday*. I received many letters with pleasing accounts from the north. Sarah Dickens once, now Sarah Baker, in Baltimore, has lost her child; and God has converted the mother: is not this another answer to prayer? Father Everitt has gone in glory to glory: God be glorified! Four hundred people attended our ministry on *Friday*. I have eighteen letters to answer, and more are no doubt on their way. We have prayed especially and earnestly for our conference: surely God will hear! It is all peace with preachers and people. On *Saturday* conference set to work in earnest, and in great order. Thomas Glenn's case is a serious one; he is suspended for imprudence, but not for gross immorality.

Sunday, 24. We had a gracious feast of love. I preached at Cumberland in the morning, and at Bethel in the evening. We laboured straight onward *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, and *Thursday: Friday* was set apart for ordination: it was desired that I should preach: it was a season of tears. We came out of Charleston on *Saturday*, and lodged for the

night at Mrs. Brian's quarter, with Thomas M'Kendree, who fed us richly. A *Sabbath's* journey brought us to a sick man's house. I prayed with our host, and administered some medicine which procured him ease.

Monday, January 1. The first day of the year 1810, we crossed Potato Ferry. Thomas Lasley was ill, and we stopped at Haydicken's, and gave him medicine: we were compelled to leave him at Blackmingo. Missing our way, we dropped upon Mr. John Graham; he was a Presbyterian, and showed us much kindness. On *Tuesday* we crossed Porter's ferry. I have been unspeakably happy in God to-day. The people of Charleston have been faithfully warned; and it will be seen not many days hence, how God was with the conference. We were kindly entertained on *Wednesday* by Moses Smith. What do the rich do for us but spoil us? Ashpole was deep enough on *Thursday;* we got over in safety, and stopped at Joseph Lee's. We have had a drop of rain now and then; but there has fallen much all around us. At Fayetteville on *Friday* I was very unwell; but I laboured through five letters.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Sabbath*, 7. I preached in our enlarged house in the morning, and Bishop M'Kendree in the evening. We came rapidly next day forty-five miles to the widow Anderson's. At Wilmington I spoke in the new chapel on *Wednesday:* I find the work of God is going on here. We are well in temporals, and a most correct account has been furnished us of all expenditures. I met the African elders, and gave command concerning the parsonage, the painting of the new fences, and the alteration and increase of the benches in the chapel. I recommended the purchase of a grave-yard, and gave a special charge concerning the poor: O, let me ever remember these! A general fast day for the African Churches was appointed. *Thursday* we rode forty-two miles to George Shepperd's. On *Friday* we stopped at Lot Ballard's, for refreshment and prayer, and fled away to Adonijah Penn's: we were an hour in the night. We reached Newbern on *Saturday evening.* I am in unceasing prayer. Erasmus Hill may possibly sell the Gospel for a

rich wife, as three or four others have done. Should I say here, And thou, Francis, take heed? Not of this sin.

Sabbath, 14. I preached in the morning: my mind enjoys great peace. Bishop M'Kendree spoke in the afternoon. Our prospects here are not very encouraging. On *Monday* we hasted away across Neuse, at Street's ferry, to Mr. Allen's: we dined and put off again, crossing Swift Creek, and came in after night to the widow Carman's. A hard ride next day, of about fifty miles, brought us to the widow Williams's in the night; rain in plenty. Rose at five o'clock to our day's work; and Joseph Peppins received us, and sheltered us for the night. *Thursday*, up again at five o'clock, and passed through Murfreesborough to Jesse Battle's. Are we riding for life? Nay; but we must not disappoint people; we are men of our words. I feel for others in bad travelling; but little for myself. Our horses are always well fed, and never fail: Lord! thou preservest man and beast, I may truly say. My soul is strong in faith, and constantly engaged in prayer. On *Friday* we crossed Knotty Pine at Manning's ferry; stopped a few minutes at Judith Baker's to talk and pray, and came in to D. Southall's, at Gates court-house. It is pleasant, but cold, cold! We proceeded with borrowed horses to Edenton. It is still excessively cold. Lodged with William Hankins.

Sabbath, 21. Snow storm. We had twelve women and six men at the new chapel, and about one hundred Africans. I preached in the evening at Hankins's to about forty women; my subject was a comment on our Lord's conversation with Martha. E. Jones, by providence, has built us a house, and laid the foundation for an African chapel. *Monday* brought cold, and ice, and snow; it was well the horses were rough. We came in safety to Gates. We had dangerous travelling on *Wednesday:* lodged with D. Duke. On our way to Norfolk we stopped at J. Lunsford's: came into Norfolk after night.

VIRGINIA.—*Thursday*, closely employed in writing letters. I called the official members together to consult upon the propriety of setting apart a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. *Friday*, fasting and humiliation. I gave a

brief discourse at the chapel on Joel ii, 12, 13. *Saturday*, read my Bible and Marshall's Life of Washington.

Sabbath, 28. I preached and met the society of both colours: I said many things, and some wept. I gave them a discourse at Portsmouth. Excessively cold on *Tuesday;* I preached at Cox's chapel. In future I will try to hold the meetings in private houses. At Suffolk in the evening; poor Suffolk! On *Thursday* I gave an evening discourse at General Wells's: the house was full. A cold ride brought us to William Blunt's on *Friday evening*. My host's wife and son are in affliction. My flesh complains of cold riding and the labour of preaching; may I be made perfect through sufferings! *Saturday* brought us through rain and snow, without eating or prayer, although we stopped twice, to William Birdsong's. O, how comfortable! and we can pray here.

Sabbath, February 4. The day is serene; and so is my soul. I preached at my host's, and at Wright Ellis's. Here were great times thirty years ago; many are fallen asleep, and the children forget God. I felt awful in enlarging amongst these people upon *the great salvation*. I called twice at Blackwater church; shivering, eating a morsel, and praying. Our people preach there with success, and an encouraging society is formed. Lord, increase our faith! On *Monday* we wrought our solitary way through the woods to Allen's bridge: the widow Pennington received us; her husband is dead: she is sick; her children irreligious: O, misery! O, mercy! We went on to James Roger's, where I gave them a discourse, and spoke as if a thousand had been present. We have passed like a mail through South and North Carolina. I solemnly sympathize with my dear brother Boehm; he has suffered greatly in his journey; an awful cough and fevers: Lord, what is life! Here is William Greaves almost gone at fifty-five; Robert Jones, a helpless man at seventy-two, sunk to second childhood: God is with him. A fasting, weary ride, brought us to Petersburg. Our conference began on *Thursday;* and rose on the following *Thursday*. We had, *Friday*, ordination, and preaching in abundance. I gave an answer to an important ques-

tion; it was, Whether the bishops had a right to form the eighth, or Genesee Conference? as also gave an answer to the Virginia Conference. At mid-day we started for Richmond, and arrived after six hours' ride, without stopping. We stopped on our route next day at Caroline court-house. A rapid ride through cold and snow brought us to Fredericksburg, forty miles.

Sabbath, 18. I preached to about one hundred souls; a day of feeble things. After meeting the society, I felt a freedom in my mind to travel onwards. We stopped at Suttle's, and our bill was three dollars, without wine or stronger drink. *Monday* came on to Dumfries; where we stopped to visit a sick man and administer the sacrament. Arrived in Alexandria, and housed for the night with brother Sandford. *Tuesday* I preached to a few souls. Came to the Federal City on *Wednesday*, and rested three days. Ah, what a world of bustle and show have we here! On *Friday* I preached, though taken with a great hoarseness. We rode on to our brother Kinkey's in Bladensburg. *Saturday* brought us to Baltimore. Fasting to keep down a hoarseness and sore throat.

MARYLAND.—*Sabbath*, 25. At Light-street my subject was James iv, 8-11. In the afternoon I spoke at the African house, on 1 Peter v, 5-7. I have had little rest for several nights. I visited Annapolis on *Monday*, and preached for them. The affection of the people is great, and my unworthiness is greater. No rest for *Tuesday*. We crossed, with wind and cold, South River ferry. I thought of taking down my wallet and eating my morsel of bread under the lee of some favouring tree, when, behold, Colonel Rawlins and Samuel M'Cubbin joined us; O, the case is altered! They can now receive a Methodist in their houses. Again in motion; we went, cut and go, through the bleak weather to brother Wood's: here was one of my earliest stands for preaching twenty-eight years ago. *Wednesday*, at the widow Tannehill's, I spoke to a full house. The work of God prospers in this quarter. I lodged once more with mine ancient friend Captain W. Weems. O, my jaws and teeth!

Thursday, March 1. In West Maryland, we have nine circuits, five stations, twenty-five preachers, one hundred chapels, eleven thousand six hundred and twenty-two members; and perhaps one hundred local preachers. I am kindly and comfortably entertained by Miss Eliza Skinner. A cold *Friday:* we had about four hundred souls at Gray's meeting; they were deeply serious whilst I expounded 1 Cor. xv, 58. Lodged at the widow Skinner's. I spoke on *Saturday* at Plumb Point to five hundred attentive hearers; after dining with Samuel Essex, we returned to William Weems's. I have a continual pain in my jaws, so that I chew with difficulty. Our labour is not in vain in these parts.

Sunday, 4. I held forth to about one thousand attentive souls in Weems's chapel on "the great salvation." I lodged with David Weems: his wife is in glory, his daughters in the Church, and his sons in the world. On *Monday* we rode fourteen miles through damps and thick woods to Samuel M'Cubbin's. I was done over. I blistered for a severe inflammation in the face. *Tuesday morning*, sick and suffering, I rode sixteen miles and filled an appointment at Bicknell's chapel. I hasted on to Baltimore on *Wednesday*. *Thursday*, very sick: I need bleeding and medicine. I was scarcely able to sit in conference on *Friday*. Day of fasting and humiliation to all the members. *Saturday*, busy.

Sunday, 11. Bishop M'Kendree preached. We had an ordination. I spoke by way of exhortation. *Saturday*, the conference went forward with order and despatch, and rose at ten o'clock this morning. I rode to Perry-Hall.

Sunday, 18. Rode ten miles to the new chapel in Middle River neck. *I would not ride in the coach.* Will my character never be understood? But gossips will talk. If we want plenty of good eating and new suits of clothes, let us come to Baltimore; but we want souls. A damp and misty *Monday;* but we set out for Henry Watters's. I parted at Deer Creek (Ah, where to meet again!) with aged father Boehm, and my ancient friend Watters. We found the wind fresh from the south in crossing the Susque-

hanna; but hard toil and a kind Providence brought us safely over, and we came into North-East hungry and faint. I was mortified for an hour with one who had been expelled from our society. On *Wednesday* I once more preached at North-East. Bishop M'Kendree exhorted. We hasted away fifteen miles to Bohemia. My soul enjoys great peace. *Thursday*, at Bohemia chapel, I spoke to a serious congregation; in the evening once more under the roof of Richard Bassett.

DELAWARE.—*Friday*, 23. I gave a discourse at Union chapel. On *Saturday* attended the preaching of brother Pickering at Friendship. I dined with Gideon Emory; his father received me thirty-three years ago.

Sunday, 25. At Smyrna my subject was 2 Chron. xxxii, 25, 26: it was an open time. G. Pickering spoke after me. We collected liberally for Boston chapel. I felt solemn while walking in the grave-yard: here moulder my friends of thirty years past. The Africans were serious and attentive in the afternoon whilst I was speaking to them. I wrote letters to the south. My soul is full of confidence in God. On *Monday* I preached at Dover chapel; and next day at Green's chapel. Most of my old friends in this quarter have fallen asleep; but their children are generally with me, and the three generations baptized. We hold in the peninsula, comprising the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland, and the State of Delaware, about one hundred houses of God; twenty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-five members; preachers, travelling and local, two hundred and thirty-eight. Dined with Philemon Green, and lodged with Andrew Barrett.

At Barrett's chapel, brother Pickering and myself preached. On *Thursday* we had a cold ride to visit two families. O, Milford, there is death in the pot! *Friday*, at Milton, I preached; and also at Lewistown on *Saturday*.

Sunday, *April* 1. I preached at Ebenezer. An awful storm prevented the attendance of many. I spoke to the Africans in the town; and gave an exhortation in the church, after brother Pickering's sermon; we hope our

labours for the day have not been in vain. Brother Pickering spoke again on *Monday;* I added an exhortation. There was a crowd at the Sound chapel on *Tuesday.* We lodged at Davis's. Brother Boehm preached at Martin's chapel: I added a few words. Lodged at Lester's. At Prideaux's chapel, on Sinipuxent, on *Thursday.* Who could well be kinder than the proprietor of this name who gave us the land! I was led to be very plain on *Friday* at Bowen's chapel: there is life here. Lodged at Samuel Porter's, the steward of the circuit; he is a solemn man in his appearance, as an official character ought to be. I have had, in my own spirit and flesh, trials and sufferings and also strong consolations. Paid a visit to William Quinton on *Saturday.*

Sunday, 8. At Snowhill the rain prevented more from attending than just filled the house. After preaching I met the society, white and coloured: the exercises of the day employed three hours. Lodged with B. Dewer: I spoke to a feeling people at Swan's Gut meeting-house. On *Monday* we went on to Hometown. Methodist preachers politicians! what a curse! This is a rude, cold spring, and I feel it sensibly: my jaws are still painful, and I cannot eat hard food. O for faith and patience! *Tuesday morning* I found Bishop M'Kendree had begun meeting. In the evening I preached on Romans viii, 1; it was a very solemn time—doubtless the last with some of us.

VIRGINIA.—*Wednesday,* 11. I preached at Newtown; we were crowded. This is a flourishing little place, and we have a beautiful little chapel. We came on, and once more visited Samuel Smith: I found him calm and happy in God after strong temptations. I preached at Curtis's chapel to a crowded and attentive house. There is a great change for the better in the morals and manners of all ranks of people in this end of the peninsula, and none pretend to deny that the Methodists have wrought it. I rode down to Francis Watters's, in Potato-Neck. They keep me busy: I must preach; I am senior; have been long absent; some never expected to hear me again; possibly, I may never come again: I am reminded that

such and such I dandled in my lap: rich, too, thirty years ago, would not let me approach them; now I must visit them and preach to them; and the Africans, dear, affectionate souls, bond and free, I must preach to them. O God, give us the poor! Preached at the chapel on *Friday:* lodged with S. Madox. On *Tuesday* I had the use of the Presbyterian meeting-house; it being court-time, we were crowded. After dining I faced a storm of wind in our route to Salisbury.

MARYLAND.—*Sabbath*, 15. At Salisbury I preached at Quantico chapel: we held an ordination after sacrament. I met the society, and afterward gave a long exhortation to the Africans. On *Monday* I preached at Ennall's chapel, dined at the widow Ennall's, rode on twelve miles to Cambridge, and lodged with Doctor White. *Tuesday* I gave them a discourse in Cambridge. Called upon G. Ward, and rode forward to Thomas Foster's pleasant cottage. On *Wednesday* I had a meeting at Washington chapel: it was a quiet, solemn, and feeling time. I met the society to my great comfort: they are faithful. On *Thursday* we opened the Philadelphia conference at Easton, and went with despatch and great harmony through our usual work. We had preaching as usual, and a camp-meeting in the neighbourhood: the stations were read off with much solemnity, and we parted in peace. What a grand and gracious time we have had! how kind and affectionate the people! There have been some serious changes of my making:—may I please the Lord, and all men to edification and consolation! We have added nine, located nine, and stationed seventy-four preachers. On *Saturday* we came away at five o'clock to Henry Downs's: my host and his wife are old acquaintances and friends; we met and parted with the feelings of such. I went on and dined with P. Harrington at Greensburg, another ancient friend: we reached Dover at the end of fifty miles' ride for the day. Bishop M'Kendree preached at night; I followed with a few observations on real discipleship and true friendship to the Lord Jesus. Moved to Keagy's on *Monday*. I preached at Salem chapel on *Tues-*

day, the first of the month: on *Wednesday* at the new chapel, and in the evening at the African chapel in Wilmington. After preaching at Bethel chapel, we had a ride through the rain to Mount chapel, and here ended our *Thursday's* labours—I hope they were not in vain; lodged at Aaron Mattson's. *Friday* unwell; the appointment was at four o'clock by information; brother Boehm attended at eleven o'clock, and he was right. At Chester church I preached the funeral of Mary Withy on *Saturday:* she was awakened to a deep inquiry respecting the salvation of her soul whilst I officiated in her house at family prayer: this was in the year 1772, on my first journey to Maryland. She had lived twelve years a wife, forty-four years a widow, and for the last thirty years kept one of the best houses of entertainment on the continent: in her household management she had Martha's anxieties, to which she added the spirit and humility of Mary. Her religious experiences had been chequered by doubts and happy confidence. She slept in Jesus. We came into Philadelphia late.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, *May* 6. Preached, and we had an open time. There are difficulties here; some displeased with their stations.

NEW-JERSEY.—I came on to Burlington on *Monday*, and preached for them. *Tuesday*, gave a discourse at Brunswick, in the court-house. *Wednesday*, spoke in the new chapel, Rahway. Lord, what am I?—save me from fainting under my burden! As we came out on *Thursday* a man overtook us, halted G. P., to tell him he ought to have preached against the iniquity of taking twelve per cent. interest on loans. T. M. and he may preach themselves gray before they will preach the people good. We are in New-York. *Friday*, great times here—two new houses within the year. I preached at old John-street: this is the thirty-ninth year I have officiated within the walls; this house must come down, and something larger and better occupy its place. *Saturday*, at the widow Sherwood's. I saw William Blagburne, a member of the British Conference twenty-five years, and well recommended by Doctor Coke and others.

NEW-YORK.—*Sabbath*, 13. At the White Plains we had a cold, cloudy day, I had Divine help whilst I commented on Heb. vi, 9, 10; I added a word of special exhortation to the Africans. At N. Purdy's I was greatly comforted in feeling the life in the members of the little society. The preachers have preserved order and discipline, but the fire has been kept up principally by others of less official importance. At Bedford chapel on *Monday;* after preaching we came on to Mr. Williams's: I baptized his child, Francis Asbury; may all such be the real children of God! *Tuesday*, a long, cold, hilly, rough ride, brought us by the widow Sandford's to Prince Howe's: we had a crowded congregation. *Wednesday* we passed a small, but excellent house for our people. I dined with brother Neice, Dover, and preached at Amenia. A heavy ride on *Thursday* brought us to E. King's, Egremont: brother Crawford preached, and I added a few warnings on the shortness and uncertainty of life.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Friday*, 18. Came through Great Barrington: chiefly of the Anglician Church here. Called at Mr. Steam's—kind and generous; thence by Lenox to Pittsfield. I have found it somewhat difficult to keep my mind in continual prayer whilst travelling these rude, rough, rocky roads. On *Saturday* I indulged in a little rest: wrote some letters.

Sabbath, 20. I opened our solemn assembly at half-past ten o'clock, on Phil. iii, 17-21; there was great heaviness in the congregation. Bishop M'Kendree spoke in the afternoon: his subject was well chosen and well improved. There was also a prayer-meeting, and in the Congregational house George Pickering preached. We sat in conference until *Saturday:* amongst the ordinations was that of Stephen Bamford, recommended from Nova-Scotia for elder's orders. We have stationed eighty-four preachers, sent two missionaries—one to Michigan, and one to Detroit. There was a considerable deficiency in our funds, which left the unmarried preachers a very small pittance.

Sabbath, 27. Daniel Hitt preached in the morning, and

Francis Asbury in the afternoon. We came away on *Tuesday*. On *Wednesday* we crossed the perpetual hills, and were willing to dine and rest a little. After refreshment we proceeded on over the beautiful Connecticut bridge, and gained Sunderland for the evening. Lodged at Mr. Leonard's. I resolved to send a missionary among these rude wilds: my feelings are strong towards the souls in the little towns on this route. We reached Northfield in twenty miles' riding, stopped at Mr. Houghton's, and reached Chester on *Thursday evening*. Dark, dark!

Friday, June 1. Fasted from six o'clock yesterday until this evening at six o'clock. I spent some time in prayer and exhortation at Elias Marble's. *Saturday*, close application to writing and reading.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Sunday*, 3. I officiated in the morning, and Henry Boehm in the evening: I think my words pierced the hearts of some like a sword. I neither spared myself nor my hearers. *Monday*, occupied in writing and reading. On *Wednesday* we opened our conference in the Presbyterian church. We had appointed a camp-meeting within three miles, where there was preaching three times a day. The ordinary business being gone through, I read off the stations on *Monday*, and closed, as usual, with solemn prayer. There was a work of God manifestly, and opposition rose powerfully: we regretted we could not stay two days more. Although amongst strangers, we were kindly entertained. And shall not our prayers be heard on behalf of these people? yea, verily; and Methodism shall raise Zion from the dust.

MASSACHUSETTS.—We came away, over bleak rocks and hills, through Fitzwilliam to Winchester: I preached in a new, neat Methodist chapel of our own building. Next day to Waltham; and the day after to Boston. My mind has enjoyed much of God, and great consolation: I only want every minute and moment to be in prayer, mental or vocal.

Sunday, 17. I spoke in the old chapel in the morning, with freedom; in the evening at the new chapel, with less liberty, but there was manifest power in the word. On

Monday I wrote five letters of supplication to our brethren in Baltimore, Georgetown, Alexandria, Norfolk, and Charleston, for a congregational collection for the use of the new chapel here. Set out, winding my way through the crooked streets of the city, and passed through country villages to Easton. A young brother has lately died here in great triumph. *Tuesday* at Somerset, I gave them a discourse—it was close preaching. On *Wednesday*, at Warren, my audience gave me a little of their attention. Our preachers get wives and a home, and run to their *dears* almost every night: how can they, by personal observation, know the state of the families it is part of their duty to watch over for good? We kept on our way to Rhode Island. O, the death, the formality in religion! Surely the zealous, noisy Methodists, cannot but do good here! At Bristol, on *Thursday*, the truth was manifested, whilst I spoke with power to the consciences of the people. The favourite preacher is removed hence; sinners and saints are displeased at this; my labours stand for nothing; I must take my share of reproach. We lodged at a friend's house, and sent our horses to a tavern. I thank them even for this—what are we? *Friday*, humbled ourselves. I preached at Zoar chapel: I spared not, and the truth was felt. Visited T. Barker, and lodged with friend Ayerts. We are on our lees here—no riding of circuits, local preaching, and stations filled in the towns. My soul is bowed down by the consideration of the state of the Church.

Sunday, 24. I have preached three times to-day. I officiated in the evening, because it was observed that at the stated hours people ought to attend their own places of worship, and because I knew there were not a few who were ashamed to be seen going to a Methodist meeting: eight o'clock screened them very well. I indulged a desire I felt to speak to the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Wolcott—there are faithful souls there. Colonel Beall had received orders, and was bidding farewell, to go and take a command in Maryland: I knew not which felt most, but I think the colonel; the soldiers loved him as a father: it

was, indeed, a painful parting. *Monday* we set out. *Tuesday evening* brought us to New-London. I called, on my way, to see Mr. Rogers: we refreshed body and soul by eating, talking, and prayer. I have seen Jesse Lee's History for the first time: it is better than I expected. He has not always presented me under the most favourable aspect: we are all liable to mistakes, and I am unmoved by his. I correct him in one fact. My compelled seclusion, in the beginning of the war, in the State of Delaware, was in no wise a season of inactivity; on the contrary, except about two months of retirement, from the direst necessity, it was the most active, the most useful, and most afflictive part of my life. If I spent a few dumb Sabbaths,—if I did not, for a short time, steal after dark, or through the gloom of the woods, as was my wont, from house to house to enforce that truth I (an only child) had left father and mother, and crossed the ocean to proclaim,—I shall not be blamed, I hope, when it is known that my patron, good and respectable Thomas White, who promised me security and secrecy, was himself taken into custody by the light-horse patrol: if such things happened to him, what might I expect, a fugitive, and an Englishman? In these very years we added eighteen hundred members to society, and laid a broad and deep foundation for the wonderful success Methodism has met with in that quarter. The children, and the children's children of those who witnessed my labours and my sufferings in that day of peril and affliction, now rise up by hundreds to bless me. Where are the witnesses themselves? Alas! there remain not five, perhaps, whom I could summon to attest the truth of this statement.

CONNECTICUT.—I gave them a sermon at New-London; and many attended at a short notice. We reached Colchester by twelve o'clock on *Wednesday*, and preached in the evening at Hebron. The congregation was small, because the people did not expect us to come through the rain: they will know us better by-and-by. On *Thursday* I preached at Eastbury in the woods, and had a gracious time. We passed through Hartford on *Saturday*, and continued on to Middle-

town. There was no appointment, as our coming was unknown. We hasted away on *Monday*—little sleep in an awful house. I preached at Burlington: it was what is called *close cutting*. There is some life here. Lodged with brother West, once a great Seventh-day Baptist. I gave them a sermon at Goshen on *Tuesday*. Preached next evening at Amenia: they want a house; I gave them a plan. *Friday*, preached at Row's chapel. A ride of twelve miles farther brought us to brother Garrettson's. The ride, since we left New-York, I presume to be six hundred miles. Our *ease in Zion* makes me feel awful: who shall reform the reformers? Ah, poor dead Methodists! I have seen preachers' children wearing gold—brought up in pride. Ah, mercy, mercy!

NEW-YORK.—*Sunday*, *July* 8. I preached in the chapel to a small congregation. *Monday*, crossed the North River, came through Esopus to John Crawford's, hungry enough.

We reached New-Durham. We prayed at Runyan's, and gave away books. The people came to hear me: spent with labour and sorrow, how could I preach? I hope the truth was felt. Lodged with father Hubbert. We bent our way up Catskill, and crossed the mountains to Middleburg. Some foolish boys were at cards; we were, however, respectfully treated. I prayed heartily for the family, and gave away some good books, and blessed the household in the name of the Holy Trinity: shall our blessing be lost? We directed our course towards the New-Sharon camp-meeting. I know not if the people might not starve in the mountains, were it not for the saw-mills and lumber. We came into the camp. On *Thursday*, I preached in the camp in the morning, and Henry Boehm at four o'clock in the afternoon, in German. I took occasion to direct a special exhortation to the members of the quarterly meeting. *Friday*, travelled forward to Cherry Valley, and rested at brother Farley's. Our sister complained that I could not often be seen—she wished to be a few minutes in my company at Trenton; but she was afraid I was crowded. I told her that all who wished to see me might be indulged in the back-settlements

—a cabin has not always two rooms. At Litchfield I visited the pious and aged Arnolds. Our ride of fifty miles, with abstinence, has made us faint. *Saturday*, through the Eaton of Chenango to Cazenovia—a ride of forty miles. I pray always: prayer is my life.

Sabbath, 15. I preached in Silas Blass's barn. *Wednesday*. I arrived this evening at Daniel Dorsey's. *Friday*. Our conference began to-day.

Sabbath, 22. Preached at the encampment. *Wednesday*. Conference ended—great order and despatch in business—stationed sixty-three preachers. Came away to Geneva. *Thursday*. Went around Seneca Lake. *Friday*. Bread and water. Came to Newton, and stopped at the widow Dunn's a few minutes for prayer, and continued on down to Tioga Point, and housed with Captain Clark. We have made forty-seven miles to-day. *Saturday*. We must needs come the Northumberland road; it is through an awful wilderness. We stopped at Eldred's; they are English, and disciples of Priestley. Alas! Read and prayed in the woods. I leave the rest to God. If the cry of *want of order* came from God, the appointment of the Genesee Conference was one of the most judicious acts of our episcopacy. We stationed sixty-three preachers, and cured some, till then, incurable cases. In the last three days and a half we have ridden one hundred and forty miles: what mountains, hills, rocks, roots, and ruts! Brother Boehm was thrown from the sulky, but, providentially, not a bone broken.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, 29. In the wilderness; but God is with us. Wretched lodging, and two dollars! Whilst busy in writing, John Brown came and took us to his cabin. We forded the swollen and rapid streams three times; the Loyalsock was the worst. We have spent the remainder of the day in reading, singing, and prayer. The rains had increased the streams, so that we kept our retreat on *Monday*. *Tuesday*. At the fordings we found drift logs obstructing the way: the stream was very full, and our toil through it great. Two active, bold men, with the aid of a

canoe, got us and the horses safe over. Thunder and rain, and an awful mountain, were now before us; but God brought us safe to Muddy Creek. Deep roads and swollen streams we had enough of on our route to Northumberland on *Wednesday*. After waiting two hours at Morehead's ferry, on *Thursday morning*, we got over the Susquehanna, and dined at Ferguson's; these are Methodists lately from Ireland. Lodged at Mr. Folke's. *Friday*, to Middletown. We here broke bread with Doctor Romer, a German, who has translated our Discipline for his countrymen. My friends came in haste and gladness to see me: we prayed and parted, for time was precious. At Lancaster I was unwell. Fifteen letters met me here, and they were to be answered, and I had but a day. I preached in father Boehm's chapel.

Sabbath, *August* 5. Preached in Lancaster morning and evening. After forty years' labour we have a neat little chapel of our own. *Monday*, away for Columbia, and preached there at twelve o'clock. Came on to Little York, and arrived at seven o'clock in the evening. *Tuesday morning*, rose at four o'clock, and after writing four letters, started away, calling on friends Naylor and Wall, stopping for the night at friend Weaver's. Reached Carlisle on *Wednesday;* preached in the evening. I drew a plan for a new chapel, seventy by forty-five, of one story: the cost about two thousand dollars. Shall I be able to answer the twenty letters that have met me here? A letter, which I saw, written by one of our preachers, says he has twenty-eight appointments to fill in twenty-five days, besides meeting one thousand seven hundred in classes; it was from Allen Green. *Thursday*. A very warm ride brought us to Shippensburg. Lodged with brother Reid. Preached in our improved chapel. *Friday*, came to Chambersburg. I preached in the court-house, though we have a neat little chapel; the word of truth shall not be lost. *Saturday* was awfully warm, and we had a heavy ride over three mountains.

Sabbath, 12. At Littleton chapel I preached; and we administered the sacrament; but as my aid was lame, the

labour fell on me: though wearied and sore with travelling, I enjoyed a gracious season. *Monday*. We encountered the steep, rugged path over Sidelong Hill; we had heat, rocks, dust, and then rain. Bloody Run is henceforth New Hope. I preached at Bomerdollar's tavern. The Lord has seven in this family who fear and worship him. This was a very wicked place; but O, what hath God wrought! *Tuesday*, we shod our horses, and came away to Bedford. Here it was wished I would stop and preach, but time did not permit. I dined with brother Stevens, and kept on, fourteen miles, to Metzkeffer's. Things in this house were not as they should be: brother Boehm prayed in German. We were well treated. *Wednesday*. We rode eleven miles for our breakfast at Wynn's stone tavern, on the top of the Alleghany; thence to Mrs. Moore's in Somerset. Hard roads, and I am not well. *Thursday*. Our road, in places, was very bad: dined at Indian Creek, and reached Connellsville in the evening. I enter my protest, as I have yearly for forty years, against this road. Lodged once more under the roof of my dear brother Banning, junior, and christened a child for him. We have ridden, since we left Ontario, five hundred and forty miles by computation. O, what a life is this! My aid is lame, and I am obliged to drive. People call me by my name as they pass me on the road, and I hand them a religious tract in German or English; or I call at a door for a glass of water, and leave a little pamphlet. How may I be useful? I am old, and feeble, and sick, and can do little. I am grieved to find that little, promising Bedford circuit is likely to be injured by one I was afraid would not do his duty; feeble in mind and body, small things are to be hoped from him. And the poor Germans! they are as sheep without a shepherd. Came to the widow Stevens's on *Friday*. *Saturday*, we reached Brownsville, and dined at Mr. Hogg's.

Sabbath, 19. I preached at the camp-ground morning and evening: the congregation might have amounted to three thousand souls. There were very wicked people there I learned, who desperately libelled brother M'Kendree and

the preachers, and committed other abominable offences. *Monday* I was called on to preach in the morning. I took occasion to give a solemn warning to certain sons of Belial, that they would be watched, and their names published: I felt much, but God was in the truth. I suffered a great deal from hard lodging, and want of fire in the damps of the morning. There were about one hundred tents, besides wagons. To-night a watch-night. We started away on *Tuesday*. Surely this camp-meeting will be remembered in time, and its fruits seen in eternity. On *Thursday* I dined with Benjamin Fell and family: the old pair, about seventy, are patiently waiting for the consolation of Israel. I preached at Philip Smith's at four o'clock, after beating about twenty miles over the hills. *Friday* brought us to Pittsburg. *Saturday*, O what a prize! Baxter's Reformed Pastor fell into my hands this morning.

Sunday, 26. Preached on the foundation of the new chapel to about five hundred souls. I spoke again at five o'clock to about twice as many. The society here is lively, and increasing in numbers. We rose at four o'clock on *Monday*, and started early. I called on Esquire Johnson; his wife is a daughter to my special friend, Barnabas Johnson: how affectionately was I received by old and young! I have seen three generations of this family. We hasted away to Washington; and had heat and hard toil for travelling companions. I gave the good citizens a discourse at five o'clock: the principal members were gone to Short Creek, but others filled their places. Can any one be kinder than my kind host M'Fadden? It is reported that at Short Creek fifty persons were applicants for membership. Three hundred and thirty-five communicants. There were at this camp-meeting about fifty tents and forty wagons. I have been reading Fox; his narrative concerning himself and others is truly wonderful. *Friday* we rode twenty-two miles to Barnesville. I preached in a private house. The Methodists and Friends have a kindly contest for supremacy here. *Saturday*, to James Sherrock's, a local preacher, an Englishman from Lancashire. We went to Leatherwood's Creek.

Sunday, September 2. Rested and preached in Queensbury chapel, to a full house convened at a short notice. I was very plain. The prospects are encouraging in Wills's Creek circuit. I can read and think as in years past. My health is good, and I am in perfect peace and love! O, the goodness of God to me! I have journalized very little of my life and exercises, and less of my sufferings; but the Lord knoweth. On *Monday* we had to beat the path to Jesse Waller's. Though feeble and faint, I preached and baptized some children. We had one room to lodge in, plenty of beds, and abundance of food for man and beast. *Tuesday*, we passed many a jolting place, rough with roots of trees and logs: we were willing to stop at Polk's and take a little food. From hence we were politely conducted to Peter Monroe's. Elder Boehm preached in the house of Mr. Reynolds. *Wednesday*. To my surprise, I was asked to baptize Joseph Asbury Reynolds. We continued on by the Salt Works to Marietta, where I lectured to a few people. *Thursday*, to Mogg's Creek. We tasted neither bread nor water, until we reached father Shumen's, twenty-three miles. We held meeting at night, and I gave them a discourse. *Friday*, to Waterford, and Samuel Miller's fertile soil; but he has, as yet, made little progress in improvement. Here is a family, the grandfather and grandmother of which died in the Lord; so the father and mother promise to do; and the children have begun to live to God: I preached for them and their neighbours. *Saturday*. I hear of a camp-meeting at Little Kenhaway, and must needs go there. After toiling through bad roads, and accidents at the ferry to detain us, we are here this *Saturday night* at nine o'clock, safe at the house of the brother of Wilson Lee. Lord, prepare me by thy grace for the patient endurance of hunger, heat, labour, the clownishness of ignorant piety, the impudence of the impious, unreasonable preachers, and more unreasonable heretics and heresy!

OHIO.—*Sunday*, 9. I preached at the camp twice. Souls were converted, and we hope much good was done. We ordained John Holmes an elder. *Monday*, came away. At

B. Wolf's, we gave them Dutch and English sermons. *Tuesday*, preached at the Point Wood's court-house, to a large congregation. We lodged at Mr. Browning's, on the other side of the river. On *Wednesday* I preached in a school-house on a bluff opposite Blennerhassett's island. Colonel Putnam, son of the renowned general of that name, invited me to the house of Waldo, grandson of the old chief: I had a very interesting interview with several revolutionary officers, emigrants to this country, from good old Massachusetts. *Thursday*, we took our departure from the banks of *the beautiful river*, (the Ohio,) beautiful indeed! How rich the hanging scenery of its wood-crowned hills! Our route was towards and near the Hocking River, a rude, toilsome way: we were glad to stop a moment, and dine at Esquire Rilshure's. We continued on to Burch's, and lodged. I feel the effect of toil in every bone and muscle, but I have great consolations. *Friday*, at camp-meeting at Atkins's. I lodged at Barker's. The dear infant died: Ah! what a cry! 'twas a *mother's* cry. *Saturday* I preached in the camp, a humiliation sermon. Mr. Lindley, a Presbyterian clergyman, preached after me. The ground for the camp is beautiful; order is preserved, and there will be good done.

Sunday, 16. We had sinners of all varieties to hear us. I spoke plainly. On *Monday* I preached by special request. Great order has been observed, much good done, and the hearts of many prepared for the future reception of the truth. *Tuesday*, we started away, although I was ill fitted to drive a wilderness road. At Donnelly's, we dined, prayed, and gave away books. *Wednesday* we reached Chilicothe, and put up with our old friend, Doctor Tiffin: I was happy to find him no longer in public life, but a private citizen, respectable and respected, and the work of God revived in his soul. I have preached to many souls in the late camp-meetings: Lord, give thy word success! My own soul is humbled and purified: Glory be to God! *Thursday*, I preached at Chilicothe at four o'clock. On *Friday*, engaged in private duties. I paid a visit to my much-es-

teemed friend, Governor Worthington, at Mount Prospect: he requested me to furnish an inscription for the tombstone of his sainted and much-loved sister, Mary Tiffin; I gave him Luke x, 42, second line to the end. *Saturday*, closely occupied with books and my pen.

Sunday, 23. Preached, and baptized a whole family of Quaker descent: I took occasion to give a lecture on the expediency of this Christian rite, and the duty and additional obligations it imposed upon parents. I spoke again in the evening, and was awfully severe; perhaps too much so. On *Monday* we came away to Samuel Davis's. *Tuesday*, I baptized a child, Thomas Asbury Parvias. *Wednesday*. We have had a hard journey to-day, and after two hours' ride through the woods in the night, we sheltered ourselves under the hospitable roof of Esquire Miranda. *Thursday*, we crossed the Little Miami; dined at Taulman's; and came into Cincinnati oppressed and faint with sickness, excessive heat, and loss of rest. *Friday*, Henry Boehm preached in German: I added an exhortation in English.

Sunday, 30. I preached morning and evening: it was a season of deep seriousness with the congregations. I felt an intimate communion with God; and a great love to the people, saints and poor sinners. *Monday*, met the society. *Tuesday*, we bade farewell to our attentive and affectionate friends in Cincinnati. The great river was covered with mist until nine o'clock, when the airy curtain rose slowly from the waters, gliding along in expanded and silent majesty. We laboured around the rough banks and over the dry ridge of Bank-Lick Creek to Barnes's. Alas! for the people—there is a great call for missionaries for Eagle Creek and the Ridge. *Wednesday*, came to Conge's to dine, and stopped at Mubury's to lodge. *Thursday*, to Jesse Griffin's. *Friday*, at rest. Preached for the people. There is a drought prevailing; and the heat is very intense. *Saturday* we started away for Lexington, and were well soaked with a glorious shower when about nine miles from the town. H. Boehm preached.

Kentucky.—*Sunday*, *October* 7. I preached at eleven

o'clock, and gave an exhortation after five o'clock sermon in the evening. *Monday*, reading the best of books, and writing letters. *Tuesday*, at Winchester, Clark county, we stopped at Leroy Coles's. *Wednesday*, busily occupied in my room. *Thursday*, I preached to a very attentive congregation. *Friday*, called at Major Martin's. I have time to-day to complete Mark's Gospel. I mark well that all the Evangelists concur in this;—that the high-priest delivered Jesus to the Roman governor as the Son of God, upon his own confession. *Saturday* I preached at Abraham Cassell's, brother to Leonard Cassell, of Maryland. I learn that Benedict Swope, my old acquaintance, died last winter: he was a man of more than common mind and gifts, and might have been much more useful than I fear he was.

Sunday, 14. At Nicholasville I preached about an hour to Presbyterians, Methodists, and I know not whom. *Monday*. This has been an awful day to me—I visited Francis Poythress: "If thou be he—but O, how fallen!"

Tuesday, 16. After a ride of thirty miles, we found comfort and a welcome with Racliff, in Woodford county.

Wednesday, 17. Came by lowly-seated Frankfort. Here are elegant accommodations provided for those who make the laws, and those who break them; but there is no house of God. Lodged with Edward Talbot. *Thursday*, writing. *Friday*, abstaining, praying, and writing. *Saturday*, at William Adams's log-chapel I preached to a small assembly.

Sunday, 21. At Shelbyville I preached in the court-house: we were crowded. M'Chord, a seceding minister, preached two sermons upon the Deity of the Holy Spirit: he was orthodox, and indulged in some fine flights of eloquence. Elder Wilson spoke in the evening. *Monday*, I preached at Henry Lyon's. Lodged with Mr. Harding. *Tuesday*, I preached at Philip Taylor's. My mind is in great peace. The Methodists are all for camp-meetings; the Baptists are for public baptizings: I am afraid this dipping, with many, is the *ne plus ultra* of Christian experience. *Wednesday*, I rest at Taylor's. Writing and reading. *Thursday*, rode to Joseph Ferguson's, twenty-five miles. *Saturday*. We have

spent this day in a visit to the family of Captain Cyrus Talbot: may salvation come in power, and suddenly, to this amiable and interesting household!

Sunday, 28. I spoke at Ferguson's chapel for an hour, and the wind beating on my head; may the word of truth be deeply and long felt! We have an open door set wide to us in Mississippi; the preachers there sent but one messenger to conference—they could not spare more; they keep their ground like soldiers of Christ, and men of God who care for the cause and work of the Lord. Good news from the South—great prospects within the bounds of the South Carolina Conference. *Monday*, we rode rapidly to Philip Taylor's. *Wednesday*, came sixteen miles.

Thursday, *November* 1. Began conference in great peace and good order. *Friday*. Day of humiliation and fasting. I preached in an open house to a cold auditory. Conference progressed well; there were twenty-six admitted.

Sabbath, 4. Bishop M'Kendree preached; and I finished the meeting with an exhortation. There were elders and deacons ordained in the work. On *Thursday* I preached; speaking long, and with great plainness. We have minuted ninety-five as stationed. There is an increase of four thousand members within the bounds of this conference. I have sold my sulky, and purchased a horse, that I may more easily wind my way through the wilderness to Georgia. The reward of my toils is not to be found in this world. *Friday*, came to Philip Taylor's. *Saturday*, to Springfield Hills—a long, heavy ride.

Sabbath, 11. My mind enjoys great tranquillity. Bishop M'Kendree preached in the morning, the Presbyterians at twelve o'clock, and I spoke in the evening. There have been unpleasant times for the Presbyterians and Methodists; but they are more united now—their ministers appoint meetings for each other. *Monday*, we rode to Noah Lasley's, on Green River. To Ament's, twenty-five miles. *Wednesday*, twenty-five miles to Gatton's. My body, I find, is still flesh; my mind enjoys great peace. *Thursday*, a damp, heavy ride brought us in, about three o'clock, to

James Gwinn's. Whilst riding along my soul enjoys sweet and intimate communion with God. The advantage of being on horseback are; that I can better turn aside to visit the poor; I can get along more difficult and intricate roads; I shall save money to give away to the needy; and, lastly, I can be more tender to my poor, faithful beast. *Friday*, rested, fasted, read, wrote letters. *Saturday*, visited James M'Kendree, lately from Virginia.

Sabbath, 18. I rode to Gwinn's chapel—a nice building. Behind it the cabins and the ground make a charming square for a camp-meeting. *Monday*, we had a damp, muddy ride to friend Haines's. His wife was surprised—she recollected me. How frequently we find our wandering sheep in travelling! Since I am on horseback my fetters are gone: I meditate and pray much more at my ease. Lodged with John M'Gee. *Tuesday*, to Dr. Tooley's. *Wednesday*. A ride of thirty miles brought us to Shaw's. *Thursday*, fifteen miles to breakfast at Quarles's; twenty-five miles to supper at Elder Terry's. *Friday*, to the Crab-Orchard; thence to Major Hailley's. *Saturday*, to Kingston, thirteen miles; thence to Winton's, twenty miles.

Sabbath, 25. I preached at Winton's in the evening. We have hard labour and suffering; but I dare not complain when I see the wretched fate of the poor Africans in slavery. We pass along so rapidly, that we have only time to pray in the houses we visit; this we have done, *except in one case*. A damp, cold, dreary, rough ride brought us very hungry to Joseph Black's, where man and beast were fed, and kindly entertained. *Tuesday*, we came to dinner to father Obadiah Farlow's; and then pushed on to Porter's. Snow most of the day. Glory be to God for the great support both of soul and body I derive from Him! *Wednesday* I rested, and gave them a sermon. The word of truth found its way to the hearts of some. *Thursday*, we were in doubt whether we should take the old or the new route: we took Mahon's road, and got along pretty well, thirty miles, to the gate: the woman was sick:

but the girls of the house were attentive and polite at Mr. Mahon's. *Friday*, our troubles began at the foaming, roaring stream, which hid the rocks. At Catahouche I walked over a log. But O, the mountain—height after height, and five miles over! After crossing other streams, and losing ourselves in the woods, we came in, about nine o'clock at night, to Vater Shuck's. What an awful day! *Saturday*, September 1. Last night I was strongly afflicted with pain. We rode, twenty-five miles, to Buncombe.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Sabbath, December* 2. Bishop M'Kendree and John M'Gee rose at five o'clock, and left us to fill an appointment about twenty-five miles off. Myself and Henry Boehm went to Newton's academy, where I preached. Brother Boehm spoke after me; and Mr. Newton, in exhortation, confirmed what was said. Had I known and studied my congregation for a year, I could not have spoken more appropriately to their particular cases; this I learn from those who know them well. We dined with Mr. Newton: he is almost a Methodist, and reminds me of dear Whatcoat—the same placidness and solemnity. We visited James Patton; this is, perhaps, the last visit to Buncombe. *Monday*. It was my province to-day to speak faithfully to a certain person: may she feel the force of, and profit by the truth. *Tuesday*, came thirty-three miles to Murray's at Green River. *Wednesday*, rode thirty miles to Rev. James Gilliard's. I found him sick, and prescribed for him. On inquiry into the state of his soul, he expressed his confidence in God. He is alone, with a growing family, and the charge of a hundred and forty families. *Thursday*, discovered that my horse was lame, and felt discouragement. We breakfasted with kind and attentive Anthony Foster; and continued on to Robert Hailes's. *Friday*. Reached the Fish-Dam in the evening. Our sister Glenn went to glory about twelve months ago; her exit was made in the full triumph of faith. *Saturday*, crossed Broad River at Clark's ferry, and pressed forward to Mr. Mean's. Here, and it seldom happens that

I seek such a shelter, we were under the roof of a rich man; we were treated with much politeness and kindness. Great fatigue, my lame horse, and unknown roads where we lose ourselves, are small trials; but *as thy day so shall be thy strength.* We are not, nor have we been lately, much amongst our own people; but it has made little difference in the article of expense—the generous Carolinans are polite and kind, and will not take our money. *Sabbath.* At Winnsborough I preached to a few people. We have a pretty chapel here; John Buchannan and Jesse Harris are chiefs in this work. On *Monday* we came to J. Jenkin's; after six years' rest and local usefulness, he means to travel again. I have received news from the North which makes me solemn—my old friends, Jesse Hollingsworth and Peter Hoffman, are no more in time. And John Bloodgood has also gone to his reward. *Tuesday*, at Camden. Close application in reading and writing letters. Sinclair Capers, one of our first disciples at Whappitau, died in great triumph; the impression occasioned by witnessing this was the cause of conversion to some persons present. I hope his son James will be a great and holy preacher. I am under the necessity of taking emetics. *Wednesday*, reading. *Thursday*, I preached in the evening. *Friday*, had a cold ride to Black River, where I was compelled to take to my bed again. *Saturday*, engaged in reading, meditation, and prayer. Very much afflicted in my bowels.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Sabbath*, 16. I knew not if I could get to the new house; I went and was helped of the Lord: the house was filled, and I spoke plainly. On *Monday* I visited Thomas Boon; his father was the first to entertain me at the Lower Santee Ferry. We found our dinner at Henry Young's; I was very ill. *Tuesday*, though ill able to ride, I set out for Camden. *Wednesday*, reading, writing, and praying with those who visit me. *Thursday*, came to Columbia. Taylor, of the senate of the United States, lent his house for the session of our conference. We have pleasing letters from York, Genesee, Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, old

North and South Carolinas: rich and poor coming to God. Our fund here for special relief amounts to more than we had expected. *Saturday*, our conference began in great order, peace, and love.

Sabbath, 23. I preached, and the truth exhibited its own divine authority. Bishop M'Kendree spoke in the afternoon. We sat seven hours to business in the day, and had preaching at noon and night. *Friday* I was called upon to preach at the ordination of elders: my subject was Heb. iii, 12-14, and was applicable to at least one of them. Conference adjourned this evening: we have stationed about eighty preachers. *Saturday* came away to General Rumph's: God has repaid this family for its kindness to the poor followers of the Lord Jesus: there are four sons and three daughters, gracious souls: two of the sons, Jacob and Christian, are preachers of the Gospel.

Sabbath, 30. I must consult prudence and stay at home to-day—it is stormy and I am sorely attacked in the viscera. On *Monday* we ventured away through rain and hail storms. We made about twenty miles to brother Sarley's.

Tuesday, *January* 1, 1811. On the first day of the new year we rode thirty-five miles to the widow Davis's: I failed greatly in my ride. *Wednesday* came by the new road, crossing the new bridge, forty-five miles, to Charleston.

Sabbath, 6. Preached in Cumberland and Bethel chapels. *Monday* busy in writing letters: sent away fifteen. I preached on *Wednesday*. *Thursday* came away and made thirty-five miles to Mr. Gale's: I was weary, hungry, and sleepy. *Friday*, we crossed Lenus's ferry, and made a ride of twenty-five miles. *Saturday* reached Georgetown. I am always in fetters in this place; and were they to offer me twenty such towns as a bribe I would not visit it again; but I must do my duty without a bribe.

Sabbath, 13. I preached for the people of Georgetown twice. *Monday*, S. Dunwody and Thomas Mason set out with us; crossing Black River we came to worthy Samuel Green's—in pleasing manners and sincere friendship an

evergreen. We visited his brother Francis and prayed in the family, exhorting the Africans. *Tuesday*, reached Port's ferry, and found mother Port keeping house at eighty-seven. Rafts and boats in quantities passing down the Pee Dee. *Wednesday*, made thirty miles to Mr. Mesome's, where we were kindly received and politely entertained. *Thursday*, came early in the day to Priest's, and tarried with him two hours, and then mounted and continued forward to the widow Rolland's. *Friday*, came to John Martin's, Lumberton, and here I was willing to stay awhile, for the rain and cold had chilled me to the heart. *Saturday*, I am very unwell.

Sabbath, 20. I preached here, possibly for the last time; I spoke in great weakness of body; and having offered my service and sacrifice, I must change my course, and go to Wilmington. I have but a few days to make the one hundred and eighty miles in. I am happy—my heart is pure, and my eye is single—but I am sick, and weak, and in heaviness by reason of suffering and labour. Sometimes I am ready to cry out, *Lord, take me home to rest!* Courage, my soul!

Monday, 21. We began our march, and my suffering from pain in the foot was sore indeed. Came in to Amos Richardson's in the evening. The parents of this man died in peace. *Tuesday*, a ride of thirty miles brought us on to Alexander King's. I baptized this family, of whom the greater part are in society. The old people gave satisfactory evidence of a peaceful end. *Wednesday* we brought a storm into town with us. Wilmington is alive with commerce, and there is no small stir in religion. *Thursday*, brother Boehm preached. *Friday*, it was my duty to preach to-day. I am applied to for the plan of a new meeting-house: this is a business of small difficulty; but who is to execute?

Sabbath, 27. I preached in the morning and afternoon. The congregations were large, and I felt my heart greatly enlarged towards them. *Monday*, rose at five o'clock, and moved off pretty soon; we cautioned the ferryman, who had placed his flat so as to be upset; he was obstinate, and

would not alter her position: in jumped the horses, over went the skiff; our lives were endangered: the horses reached to the opposite shore by swimming, and plunging through the mud got on dry land: our clothes and some of our books and papers were wetted, but not spoiled. We mounted and rode forward to Mount Misery, stopping to dry at Alexander King's: here we dined, and baptized some children. The evening shades closed upon us as we entered under the hospitable roof of pious mother Turner, who lodged and fed me at the Wakkamaw Lake twenty-six years ago. *Tuesday*, we pushed on to Amos Richardson's, and thence after dinner to James Purdie's: I preached in the evening. I have been deeply afflicted with an influenza; but God is with me, and supports me. *Wednesday* we had a cold ride to Newberry's: preached to a few people.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Friday*, *February* 1. We reached this place this morning, Fayetteville; preaching at night. *Saturday*, I preached.

Sabbath, 3. Preached; our house is too small: preached in the afternoon; we must enlarge our house. I had a rude fall to-day, and it was a mercy that my back was not broken. *Monday*, we came over Cape Fear, lodging at Morgan's, on a solitary road. *Tuesday*, we came into Raleigh. *Wednesday*, I enjoyed some very agreeable interviews with my brethren. *Thursday*. Conference begins this morning.

Sabbath, 10. I preached in the State-house to two thousand souls, I presume. We have had, and mean to have, whilst conference is in session preaching three times a day: meeting sometimes holds till midnight. *Saturday*, at ten o'clock we mounted our horses in the rain, and pushed on to Powell's bridge on the Neuse River: we stopped at the house of our friend Samuel Alston, who married the daughter of General Williams: this will hereafter be my stopping-place. I believe there was much good done in Raleigh; and we, the preachers, are much indebted to the people for their kindness to us.

Sabbath, 17. I started on my journey this morning, con-

trary to my usual practice. At Benjamin Sherwood's we stopped a minute, and called the family to prayer. Came at night to Major Taylor's. *Monday*, my kind entertainer and his family made me promises to be henceforth for God; I left them with strong feelings of interest for their welfare. *Tuesday*, we reached Warrington: I must needs preach in William Ruffin's large tavern-room. *Wednesday*, a cold ride to John Seward's, Brunswick county, and next day to Charles Harris's, where we were kindly and comfortably entertained. My old Virginia friends have disappeared from the earth; but it is no small consolation that they have left me their offspring—these are the children of faith and prayer. Witness the Georges, the Booths, and many others. And God has heard the prayers of the poor negroes for their masters: surely he is no respecter of persons! Our *Saturday's* ride was cold indeed: kind Mr. Bradley came out to the State-road, and took us home with him, and fed us, and warmed us, and lodged us.

Sabbath, 24. I preached in Richmond in the morning. *Monday*, started in storm and snow, and made twenty-five miles, and willingly stopped at Mr. Burroughs's: this family are in their first love. The neighbourhood begins to bow to the sceptre of the Lord Jesus. *Tuesday*, we came on to Todd's. The stage arrived late in the evening, and the passengers would go no farther that night. They were a motley mixture—Georgia speculators, planters, merchants, and gentlemanly, affable Judge Brooke; I was chaplain to the company. *Wednesday*, we were pretty soon laden with thick clay; nevertheless, we got on with speed to Dumfries, and lodged at the widowed house of Mrs. Mason. *Thursday*, reaching Occoquan, I thought I should prefer my dear old friend William Watters's to Alexandria; thither we bent our way and got in before dark. *Friday*, at Georgetown.

MARYLAND.—*Sabbath*, *March* 3. I preached for half an hour, and was fervent. At the sacrament took occasion to exhort the society. At three o'clock visited the new house in the city: I preached, though very unwell. I feel great consolation, and perfect love. *Monday*, preached at Bladens-

burg. I was surprised to see so many people. On *Tuesday* I preached at Federal chapel. *Wednesday*, a violent snow-storm. I rode twelve miles to preach at Hopewell to an attentive, respectable auditory. Lodged with Edward Owens. *Thursday*, we have had a trying ride to Goshen chapel. I had a few people to hear me. Lodged at the widow Harris's. I have been blessed in mind, whilst administering the word of truth, but greatly afflicted in body. At Clarksburg, on *Friday*, we had a full congregation, and an open season. *Saturday*, at Hyattstown, the chapel was crowded. It was a very liberal season to the speaker. I have ridden sixteen miles to see brother Wilson in his affliction; the family were greatly attentive and kind: the aged people have sat under our ministry for forty years nearly, and have always hospitably entertained our preachers. We came back to Mr. M'Elfresh's.

Sabbath, 10. I preached at Newmarket. Many knew me, nevertheless I frequently feel like a stranger in my old home, (Maryland;) such changes has time wrought! I went home with James Higgins. *Tuesday*, I preached at Liberty. Lodged at E. Howard's: when will this dear family embrace religion? On *Wednesday* I preached at Linganore, and spoke in great plainness. I saw the corpse of our dear sister Jones in the coffin! *Thursday*, we came to Pipe Creek. I preached for them. Nancy Willis is a widow indeed, with six children! Henry Willis—Ah! when shall I look upon thy like again! *Friday*, came through heavy dews to Aquila Garrettson's; halted awhile, and proceeded forward to Providence chapel; here I preached. We dined with friendly Mr. Stockdale, and came on to our brother M'Elfresh's, Reistertown. O, the *clover* of Baltimore circuit! *Ease*, ease! not for me—toil, suffering, coarse food, hard lodging, bugs, fleas, and certain *et ceteras* besides! *Saturday*, we had a solemn sitting in our chapel at Reistertown. We called at Ellis Jones's, ancient Methodists; from thence we bent our course over to Charles Carnan's. Here I heard the mournful news of the death of Polly Yellott—gone after her father to paradise.

Sabbath, 17. At the chapel I found preachers in abundance, and a larger congregation than I had expected; as it was an appointment for me, I had the labour to perform. How hardly shall preachers who are well provided for maintain the spirit of religion! But here are eight young men lately married: these will call for four hundred dollars per annum, additional—so we go. *Monday*, preached at Hunt's chapel, and afterward rode into Baltimore. We began our conference in great peace and order on *Wednesday*, the 20th, and rose on *Thursday*, the 28th. I took my share of the labour of preaching. What the fruits of our toil have been, and may yet be, the God whom we serve can tell: but we have reasonable grounds of hope that it has not been, nor will yet be, in vain. I preached this morning in Gatch's chapel, and came on to Perry Hall. *Friday*, I preached to about thirty souls in the private chapel at Perry Hall. All, to me, seems yet to be in sackcloth here. *Saturday*, I preached at the Fork meeting-house: this is a badly-planned building. I dined with Mr. Gorsuch; and called to see the widow Garrettson. She did not at first recognize me.

Sabbath, 31. At Old Bush chapel I preached, and the word was heard and felt. I saw children who now see me for the first time, whose fathers received me forty years ago. Once more to Josias Dallam's. I baptized his little daughter Henrietta Rogers. I visited his son Doctor William, and baptized his son Josias William Dallam.

Monday, *April* 1. Visited my old friend Bennett. There was such a violent storm that we waited for hours before we ventured across the Susquehanna. I preached at North East chapel. *Tuesday*, it is court-day at Elkton. I am fitter for bed than the pulpit; but my appointment must be filled, and my sacrifice offered. Eating was not the business of this day. I went to John Carnan's, Back Creek. Here I swallowed a grain and a half of tartar. *Wednesday*, I preached for them at Bethel chapel. I called the society together, and gave them special counsel, and also information respecting the spreading of the work of God. *Thurs-*

day, I preached at Bethesda chapel. It was a rainy day. *Friday*, at Bohemia Cross Roads I preached to a small congregation. We had a time not soon to be forgotten. I dined with Doctor Scott, and came on to James Course's. *Saturday*, it rained, but it did not prevent two hundred souls from attending at the chapel: it was a time of deep seriousness and feeling. We had nine miles to Chester in a heavy rain; here I also had a congregation.

Sabbath, 7. I preached in Chester, and met the society, white and coloured. I lodged at my son William Burneston's: a few aged *steadies* came to see me, and dine with me, and talk of past times. *Monday*, we had a cold, easterly day, but a considerable congregation, to whom I preached. I dined with Daniel Burgess, and rode forward to Thomas Wright's. I find it my duty to convene the societies, and give them my advice, possibly my valedictory. *Tuesday*, I preached in the new brick house at Centreville. Dined with John Brown in company with aged brethren and sisters. Lodged at James Massy's. Methodists are becoming great on this shore: Ah! let them take heed. *The respectable society of people called Methodists.* "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." Save us from this! Never in any past period, have we had so much cause to hope or to fear as a society. *Wednesday*, at Wye chapel I preached, and the speaker and the hearers felt seriously and deeply. We dined with J. W. Boardley, and hasted on to Easton, lodging with Mr. Lockerman. My mind enjoys great peace and Gospel enlargement; but I am not so ready, upon all occasions, to speak to every one who comes into my presence. How precious are their souls, and O, how precious is time! *Thursday*. A day of storms, but I had a respectable congregation to whom I preached at St. Michael's. *Friday*. It was a solemn time at Easton whilst I was preaching from Luxe xxiii, 26-30, inclusive. I covenanted with General B——n to pray for him every day; he was all feeling whilst I talked with him. I rode to Tuckahoe bridge. Henry Downs, his wife, and myself are nearly all who are left of

the early Methodists in this neighbourhood; three and thirty years make great changes on the surface of this world of evanescent existences. *Saturday*, at Tuckahoe chapel, I expounded Acts ii, 21, to a large and serious congregation. We rode twenty miles, through storms, to Joshua Massey's.

Sabbath, 14. A serene day, and my mind is tranquil: I preached at Dudley's chapel. We dined with kind Mr. Elliott, whose father was a benefactor to this chapel. After dinner and prayer we hasted to the head of Chester, where I preached in Mr. Ferrell's house: it appeared as if the whole town came out to hear: lodged at Christopher Spry's. *Monday*, dined with Mr. Brooke at Middletown, and baptized his child: God was present. I have lately been truly blest in my soul and in my labours. A poor afflicted widow called on me. For what do I live but to do good, and to teach others so to do, both by precept and example? *Tuesday* I preached at Salem, and met the society. It is a day of rest and peace. *Wednesday* I preached at Newport in the forenoon, and at night at Wilmington. *Thursday*, gave the inhabitants of Darby a discourse, dined at Lewis's, and came on to the city to meet letters, preachers, and troubles. *Saturday*. We opened our conference to-day.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, 21. I preached at Ebenezer and in St. George's chapel.

Monday, 29. Our conference adjourned: there were no complaints, nor grounds for any: there was preaching, as usual, to large congregations, and there were manifestations of the power of God, especially at St. George's. I visited Landreth, at his shrubbery: this is a pious English family. Doctor Logan called upon me; he has lately returned from England; he speaks favourably of my nation.

Wednesday, *May* 1. I preached at Germantown. Doctors Rush and Physic paid me a visit. How consoling it is to know that these great characters are men fearing God! I was much gratified, aye, I ever am, by their attentions, kindness, and charming conversation; indeed they have been of eminent use to me, and I acknowledge their services

with gratitude. *Thursday* I preached at Homesburg: there was a great rain, yet many people attended. We went forward to Mr. Thompson's through the rain, the effects of which I felt in the evening; I preached nevertheless. *Friday*, at Bensalem chapel I preached to a small congregation, dined with father Rodman, and continued forward to Bristol, where I preached in the evening. After forty years of patient labour the work of God has broke forth gloriously in Buck's county, and many doors are now opened to receive us. *Saturday*, I preached at John Bailey's, Marlborough; after meeting we rode on to Mahannon's, at the Swamp, where we had a crowded evening meeting.

Sabbath, 5. I preached under an apple-tree. Came into Newtown. The place was crowded with people who came in to see a lady dipped; but she was sick, and the curious were disappointed. At seven o'clock I preached in the court-house; this labour shall not be in vain. I lodged with Lawyer Hugh Ross, now a Methodist preacher.

Monday, 6. I preached to a few people at W. Wherill's: toil, toil! Murmuring flesh, be still! Our ride has been through excessive rain to-day.

Tuesday, 7. We started and came to Henkle's tavern and dined. Went forward to John Pursell's, where I found a crowded house: I preached, and the truth was deeply felt by some. I have proclaimed the truth to many souls lately, and I feel the effect of my labours: my reward is with my God.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Wednesday*, 8. Crossed the Delaware, and sat down in Godley's school-room and taught the people: my subject was Acts iii, 26.

Thursday, 9. We came to Asbury, and I preached and added a special exhortation. Were it not for the brewing and drinking miserable whisky, Asburytown would be a pleasant place. *Friday*, to James Egbert's. Bethel chapel has been bought and refitted for the Methodists: I preached in it. I am unknown in Jersey, and ever shall be, I presume: after forty years' labour we have not ten thousand in membership.

Saturday, 11. At Philip Cummings's, Sussex county: I preached for them. A damp, cold ride of seven miles brought us to Albertson's.

Sabbath, 12. I preached to a crowded house at Union chapel. Twenty-three years ago I preached here. The Moravian brethren are almost extinct.

Monday, 13. I preached at the stone church.

Tuesday, 14. I preached at father Andrew Freeman's.

Wednesday, 15. I preached at Sussex court-house, and felt as if my labour was not in vain: the minds of the people were open for the reception of the truth. We went to Lockwood, and at eight o'clock I preached in Jonathan Hunt's meeting-house.

Thursday, 16. We had a heavy ride to father Laursnat's, and such another to Morristown, and a third to the Turkey Hills, where I preached. I have met the societies generally.

NEW-YORK.—*Sunday*, 19. As we were preparing to go to the house of God a dreadful fire broke out, consuming about one hundred houses. I preached to some serious sisters in John-street. I officiated at Greenwich in the new chapel after dinner.

Thursday, 23. Ordained deacons; Bishop M'Kendree preached.

Sabbath, 26. I preached in the African church, as also in the new and in the Bowery church: I met the societies in each place of worship. Father Blackborne's case occupied us two days: he was taken into the Connexion and ordained a deacon, although he brought no recommendation to us from the British or any other conference.

Tuesday, 28. Conference ceased their labours. There was little trouble in the business of appointments: stationed eighty-seven, superannuated two, and supernumeraries five; increase about three hundred. There were three preachers sent to other conferences. Return to thy rest, O my soul! The society in New-York has increased; our chapels are neat, and their debt is not heavy: they wish to rebuild John-street church, and to build a small house at the *Two Mile Stone*. So frequent are the visits of the people to talk

or to do business, that I have not time to think or to pray, scarcely: I bear it all patiently. I preached at the *Two Mile Stone*, and retired to George Suckley's. I resemble my Master in one thing—*I cannot be hid;* they find me out.

Saturday, *June* 1. A very warm ride to Sherwood's. I feel nothing like fretfulness; I am willing to listen patiently, and endure all things.

Sabbath, 2. At Sherwood's chapel I preached, and also to the society at New-Rochelle. I was divinely assisted in my labours this day; it is a day of calm and liberty to my soul. *Monday.* Twenty-five miles to Governor Cortlandt's, at the mouth of Croton: I preached at four o'clock. It was a day of militia training; this circumstance, and a failure of early notice, gave me a thin congregation. Ah! what need of watchfulness in the houses of the rich, lest we defile our own souls, and more than lose our labour! *Tuesday*, I felt divine liberty whilst preaching at Somers Town. We lodged with Samuel Wilson; wealthy and kind. At Lemuel Cliff's, another man of wealth: here I preached on *Wednesday.* On *Thursday* I preached in the new chapel, Pawling Town. We lodged with Captain Pierce, a man of open mind, and generous soul. *Friday*, we took the road to Nice's, dined, and went forward to Amenia. *Saturday*, peace, rest, love.

Sabbath, 9. I preached at George Ingraham's; there were many people, although the morning was rainy. I met the society after some exhortations had been given. There has been, and will yet be a work in this town. They have built a new chapel. Lansforth Whiting, appointed to the western circuit, in returning from conference at New-York, was taken with small-pox, and died at Poughkeepsie; he was solemn in deportment, and very pious: he has gone to an early crown. How many triumphant witnesses for Jesus have passed away before my eyes, I might almost say, within the last forty years! *Monday*, I preached at Thomas Heywood's: it was a blessed season. Great accommodations in this part of the world: our preachers will do well to take heed. Stephen Sornborger was above his work; so

he let another take his station. I read Adam Clarke, and am amused as well as instructed. He indirectly unchristianizes all old bachelors. Woe is me! It was not good that Adam should be alone for better reasons than any that Adam Clarke has given. How will our commentator comment on Isaiah lvi, 3-5; on 1 Corinthians vii, 7, 8, 17, 27, 32, 34? and will he not need great skill to manage well for his purpose Matthew xix, 12? It may be the indispensable duty of some men and women to marry; the necessity, or the peculiarity of circumstances which would impose this as a duty, or only allow it as an indulgence, who is to judge of; the parties themselves? Could they be *out of the body* awhile, we might allow them to be umpires in their own cases. Adam does not seem to take into the account Mrs. Clarke, so much as the wife. Will he always marry as often as the law will allow? *Tuesday*, at Hillsdale chapel I preached and met the society. We lodged at Reed's, an old member from New-York. We rode thirty miles to Lenox in Massachusetts, passing Barrington and Stockbridge: I preached at eight o'clock. Here are walls of opposition to be levelled before we can hope for success. Lodged at Mr. Whiting's. *Thursday*, Pittsfield. We have ridden two hundred miles since we left New-York, and have preached every day, and the preachers there are hardly starting to their stations; *but they have wives*. I preached in the chapel, and the truth was felt. *Friday* I preached at Lenox in the evening. *Saturday*, we came through Bennington to Ashgrove.

VERMONT.—*Sabbath*, 16. I preached in the chapel. Bishop M'Kendree also preached. I also preached at Mr. Nicholas's; our labours shall not all be lost. *Monday*, came on to Salem, and lodged in Wells. *Tuesday*, to Pittsfield. *Wednesday*, a heavy ride of twenty miles brought us to Barnard's. Here have been many locations, and serious failures of duty. We began our conference on *Thursday;* worked with great expedition, and finished in four days and a half. There was a general fast on *Friday*, and deacons ordained. On the *Sabbath* I preached to about three thousand people—some of them were wild enough. On *Monday* I ordained the elders.

George Pickering preached. We disposed of eighty-seven preachers, and each man took his station at once, and without hesitancy, like a man of God. *Tuesday*, we came away, as conference broke up at twelve o'clock. At one o'clock many of those hardy soldiers of the Lord Jesus were already to horse, and their faces set to the wilds, or wherever else their duty call them. On *Wednesday*, we crossed the grand mountain, and came into Middleburg. Here is college-craft, and priest-craft. We have a respectable little society of about twenty members, but no chapel: I preached in the court-house. I have moved a subscription to build a house sixty-four by forty-four feet, on the lot fronting the college. The Lord will visit Middleburg. *Thursday*, started in a pealing storm for Vergennes. *Friday*, we came to Charlotte, and crossed Lake Champlain to Sable River. We were welcomed by John Moorehouse. *Saturday*, busy writing, and occasionally reading.

NEW-YORK.—*Sabbath*, 30. I preached in the new chapel to one thousand souls, I presume; it was a gracious time—the Spirit gave and applied the word. I hastened to Plattsburg to fill an appointment at four o'clock, where I preached in a very commodious tavern-room; the word was great by the power of God, although delivered in weakness of body: the heat and the labour almost overcame me. Rode five miles in the evening to Burdock.

Monday, *July* 1. Breakfasted with William Mitchell, and dined with Henrick Johnson. We have made forty-two miles through open woods, and over desperate roads. *Tuesday*, dined at French-Mills. Heat, heat! At the Indian village, I led my horse across the pole-bridge; careful as I was, he got his feet in an opening, and sunk into mud and water; away went the bags—books and clothes wet; and the horse yet fast. We pried with a pole at the stern, and he, by making a desperate effort at the same time, plunged forward, and came out. The mosquitoes were not idle whilst we were busy. We got to the town, and saw their elegant church. At eight o'clock we set sail, and crossed the St. Lawrence by rowing: the river here is three miles wide.

We rode through Cornwall in the night, and came to Evan Roy's, making forty-four miles for the day's journey. It is surprising how we make nearly fifty miles a day over such desperate roads as we have lately travelled: we lose no time: Ah! why should we—it is so precious! My strong affection for the people of the United States came with strange power upon me whilst I was crossing the line. I suffer much from my lame feet and the great heat; and no small inconvenience because I had not been instructed how to prepare my mind and body for the change I discovered on this side. *Tuesday*, I preached, and again on *Wednesday:* we rode along the banks of the river; they are neatly and pleasantly improved. We dined with Stephen Bailey, and went from thence with brother Glassford, in his calash. I asked him how we were to get out if we upset; his answer was actual experiment: the saplings on the side of the path broke the fall, so that we escaped unhurt. *Thursday*, on the opposite shore they are firing for the fourth of July. What have I to do with this waste of powder? I pass the pageantry of the day unheeded on the other side: why should I have new feelings in Canada? *Friday*, I preached at the German settlement: I was weak in body, yet greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them. I called upon father Dulmage: and on brother Hicks—a branch of an old Irish stock of Methodists in New-York. I lodged at David Brackenridge's, above Johnston. *Saturday*, we rode twelve miles for our breakfast. Reached Elizabethtown. Our ride has brought us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen: the timber is of a noble size: the cattle are well-shaped and well-looking: the crops are abundant, on a most fruitful soil: surely this is a land that God the Lord hath blessed.

UPPER CANADA.—*Sunday*, 7. I rose in pain. We have a large, unfinished house, in which we congregated for love-feast at eight o'clock and sacrament: I could not speak long. We had about one thousand souls together. *Monday*, we

took the path to Mallory's, where we dined, and continued on to Baldwin's, and from thence to Joel Stone's, at the mouth of Canadiguk. The pain in my foot is so severe that I cannot much enjoy the great kindness of these people. *Tuesday*, a heavy ride brought me to Elias Dulmage's. My foot is much inflamed, and my whole body disordered. *Wednesday*, I preached in the new chapel at Kingston. I have applied a poultice to my foot: I must do something to hasten a cure, or I shall scarcely reach conference in time. Wrote six letters. Reading—amongst the rest, Mr. Wesley's sermon on, "If the light which is in thee be darkness." If a rich, serious young lady should marry a rich child of the devil, she would lose her light; and though she might not be willing to allow that it was extinguished, her pious friends would soon see in her naught but darkness. Why not marry a handsome young Methodist preacher? she would then have something for her money—she would have goodness; for after all, who are good, if not those who practise goodness, and who teach others so to do? But Mr. Wesley meant not this; for he knew, and so do I know, that it would scarcely be good for more than one of the parties: few preachers, if any, have been as holy and useful in after as in former life, who have married rich women; and some have ended in apostasy. I write and read in great pain.

Sunday, 14. I would not willingly be dumb; so I sent round and got a congregation, to whom I preached at the chapel. I met the society, and baptized two children. Alas for us! we want help. I learn from a conversation had with Catharine Detlor, that Philip Embury died about two hundred miles from York: he was much esteemed by his neighbours, and an esquire. He was a descendant of the Palatines who settled in Ireland. Most of those there, and their offspring, have given themselves to the Methodists. He injured himself by mowing, and died somewhat suddenly, aged forty-five, greatly loved and much lamented. *Monday*, we must away; and leave good houses, grand Roman Catholic church, Episcopal church, and Kingston, with its

garrison and great guns. We might go by land, cross three ferries, and travel desperate roads; or we might take the packet for Sacketts-Harbour: we chose the latter. A tremendous passage we had. We arrived at two o'clock next day. Here we dined, and set forward in a heavy thunder shower. When we stopped I must preach: I begged it might be at six o'clock in the morning, for my swelled foot was very painful. *Wednesday.* I have passed a night of great pain and disquietude, occasioned by my foot and afflicted viscera. I preached at six o'clock, and was blessed in my own soul. We rode on thirty-eight miles to Porter's tavern; where we were well nursed and entertained. *Friday*, sore, lame, weary. I got safe to Paris. My spirit rejoiced with dear Bishop M'Kendree: he nursed me as if I had been his own babe. In all my toils and sufferings, I am thankful that I failed in only one appointment. Well; I have been in Canada, and find it like all stations in the extremities—there are difficulties to overcome, and prospects to cheer us. Some of our labourers have not been so faithful and diligent as we could wish. Doctor Coke says fifteen hundred miles in nine weeks; I may say sixteen hundred miles in sixty days. He writes me that Parliament, by some other act, is about to explain the toleration act, and that the Dissenters have taken the alarm. This is exactly what the Establishment have had for some time; and no marvel; whilst the Methodists are labouring, by night and by day, from village to village, through the whole United Kingdoms. *Saturday*, we opened the Genesee Conference. We passed thirty-eight characters.

NEW-YORK.—*Sunday*, 21. I preached in the woods at ten o'clock, and again at two o'clock. Bishop M'Kendree, brothers Ostrander, Ryan, Kelsey, and Paddock, also preached. There might be two thousand people, who were very attentive. It is said the wise men in York Conference have discovered that it will be far better to elect the presiding elders in conference, and give them the power of stationing the preachers. I suppose we shall hear more of this.

Friday, 26. Conference rose. All went on at fair sitting

smoothly: the elections came on, and there was some disposition manifested to reject the Canadians and presiding elders. The stations were received in great peace. We have about forty most pleasing young men. There are six hundred and sixty-three on the present minutes. We came away to Bridgewater. *Saturday*, reached New-Berlin, and lodged with Matthew Coukin. If the preachers take any specific power, right, or privilege, from the bishops which the General Conference may have given them, it is clear that they dissolve the whole contract.

Sabbath, 28. At Matthew Coukin's. There was no house with a room large enough, so we took to the woods. About five hundred most attentive people listened whilst I expounded 1 Cor. i, 29-31: I was long and loud. My bowels are in a bad state, and I am feverish; but I bless the Lord that when I cannot stand I can lean upon a table and declare his truth. *Monday*, crossed Jericho bridge over the Susquehanna, four miles below the mouth of Unadilla. We came in to Samuel Banks's, before a rain began to fall. I feel, very sensibly, the least irregular motion of my horse, whether of start or stumble. I must needs preach. We had about forty men, women, and children to hear us. *Tuesday*, we rode thirty miles. I preached in the evening at eight o'clock, at my host's, Jonas Bush's. We got late to bed. I was in great suffering, but I felt that God is love. *Wednesday*, we found shelter from the rain under the hospitable roof of Lawyer Cattin.

Thursday, August 1. At brother Paine's I preached and administered the Lord's supper. My right foot is lame. *Friday*, we came along the pleasant banks of Tochannock. My lame horse grows worse. We stopped at Dickson's, where I gave ninety dollars for a mare to supply the place of poor Spark, which I sold for twenty dollars; when about to start he whickered after us; it went to my heart—poor slave; how much toil has he patiently endured for me! We rested a few minutes at father Holmes's, on our way to Keeler's ferry. We lodged at father Sutton's. I limped

about, sung, talked, and prayed. Dear M'Kendree seemed to be low in spirits. *Saturday*, came on to Kingston, and thence to Wyoming, stopping at Mr. Shumaker's. We have made a journey of twelve hundred miles since leaving New-York. My consolations exceedingly abound in God, though my sufferings be great. The eight conferences have furnished us with twenty-five dollars each, making two hundred dollars; our expenses hitherto are one hundred and thirty dollars.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, 4. Preached at the Methodistico-Presbyterian church at Kingston; it was a time of freedom, and words were given me to speak which were felt by preachers and people. I also preached at Wilkesbarre, and had a liberal season. We were invited to Judge Fell's, and were treated kindly. *Monday* we rode thirty-five miles to Mervin's. My foot is highly inflamed. *Tuesday*, we were compelled to stop at Ritter's, within two miles of Allentown. I was very ill with a high fever. *Wednesday*, came to Echart's tavern, thirty-five miles. *Thursday*. I wished to rest to-day, because of the inflamed and painful foot, but it might not be. We made twenty-seven miles to Samuel Davis's; and I came in with a high fever. *Friday*, hard labour. We had rain. We reached Martin Boehm's, twenty miles. My flesh is ready to think it something for a man of sixty-six, with a highly inflamed and painful foot, to ride nearly four hundred miles on a stumbling, starting horse, slipping or blundering over desperate roads from Paris to this place in twelve days.

Sabbath, 11. I preached in Boehm's chapel. There is a camp-meeting thirty miles distant from hence; but I cannot be there—I have the will, but I want time and strength. *Tuesday*. Yesterday and to-day I have written fifteen letters. I am unspeakably happy in God. *Wednesday*. They will have me away to the camp-meeting. John Boehm will take me and bring me back in the carriage. *Thursday*, I preached to about two thousand souls. *Friday*, the heat was excessive; and O, the rocky road, the flies, and my dysentery! I had a high fever, and passed an awful night.

I have an appointment to fill this day, *Saturday*. At three o'clock I preached at Strasburg, and returned again to father Boehm's. I take a few glasses of the old man's Rhenish wine to check my bowel-complaint.

Sabbath, 18. I lectured at Lancaster on the parable of the sower. I dealt very plainly with my audience, who were deeply attentive. My appointment had been noticed in the public papers of yesterday. Returned in the evening to father Boehm's. *Monday*, I preached at Columbia: I was faint, and the heat excessive. *Wednesday*, I preached at Little York; it was an open time. *Thursday*, we dined in Berlin, and came on to the twenty-five mile house. *Friday*, reached Chambersburg. Wrote six letters. *Saturday*, very weak indeed.

Sabbath, 25. I preached at our old church, and met the society. I also preached in the Presbyterian church at four o'clock. It has been a day of God to my soul. We are strict on the *Lord's day* in this town—we stop wagons which may attempt to travel through. *Tuesday*, we kept our faces westward, passing through Campbell's Town and Connellsburg to Bedford. Jacob Bonnett was exceedingly kind, but strangely shy of our company. *Tuesday*, thirty-one miles to Graft's. *Wednesday* and *Thursday*, at John Bonnett's: there is a great difference in the brothers, in some particulars, but they have kindred spirits. *Friday*, to Millar's, a German descendant, as are most of the families where we stop between Lancaster and Pittsburg. *Sabbath*, I preached twice. We lodge with John Wrenshall.

Monday, *September* 2. Excessive heat. I rest to-day. Wrote to Doctor Coke, to brothers Hitt, George, Wells. Gruber, Jackson. *Tuesday*, came away, thirty miles, to the Cross Roads. *Wednesday*, at Stubenville: I must needs preach in Basil Wells's fine house; many were present to hear. This place had been well-nigh given up; but behold, now an elegant brick chapel fifty by thirty-five feet, on a grand eminence. I heard of a camp-meeting ten miles above Jonesville. *Thursday*, we passed through Cadiz to father Barrett's, thirty-two miles. *Friday*, a rapid march brought

us to Seward's, in Cambridge, on Will's creek. *Saturday*, came along, through Jonesville, to camp-meeting, where I found Bishop M'Kendree. I wet my feet, as I too frequently do in crossing the deep waters; nevertheless, my body is not prostrated, and my mind enjoys great peace.

OHIO.—*Sabbath*, 8. I preached, and others preached, and there were many exhortations given, and not a few deep and sound conversions. *Monday*, came away, and reached David Swayse's, thirty-three miles from the camp. It became my duty to visit Mr. Williamson: he is alarmed by the great discharge of blood, and wishes to live that he may lament his sins, and reconcile himself to God. *Tuesday*, I preached at Edward Seale's. *Wednesday*, we have rain—in mercy, if not in answer to prayer. We rode to Judge Vanmeeter's, the first house that received me on this side of New-Lancaster. My mind is greatly given to God. *Thursday*, crossed the Picaway Plains to White Brown's. *Friday*, came on to Wood's; here I rest indeed: how sweet! *Saturday* we came to Pelham's. Betsy Pelham still lives.

Sunday, 15. I preached at the camp-meeting; and laboured hard. I availed myself of my situation, to lay a twelve days' plan. *Monday*. There is good done here. I do not like the disposition of some of the ground, and think also that better regulations might be made, and more order kept. *Tuesday*, we have an eclipse. I preached at Union school-house. *Wednesday*, to Robert Boggesse's, near Yellow Springs: I preached here to a small assembly, who appeared to be somewhat heavy with sleep. *Thursday*, I preached at Carter's, in Springfield. A general muster of militia made our meeting smaller than it would otherwise have been; but it was a time of strength to the speaker. *Friday*, I preached at Urbana: the house was open, the weather bad, yet I was helped. I saw Colonel Barratt's third son in fellowship: his pious father went in joy and peace—doubtless to glory. He had been thirty years a member of society.

Saturday, 21. Bent our way down Mad River: here is great land. We held a meeting at Lamb's, in New Boston.

On my way I called at Ross's, at whose house I had preached on the south branch of Potomac, thirty years ago. Not having eaten since morning, we relished our supper at William Armour's, mouth of Mad River.

Sunday, 22. I preached in the court-house at Dayton. We may have had one thousand people to hear us. Dinnerless, we came in the evening to Nathan Horner's, and supped and lodged. My skin and flesh complains, but my mind is undisturbed. *Monday*, I preached in a store-house in Franklin: I was not at home. I came away with George Hantsberger. Hail solitude, and peace, and plenty! Behold, I had to dig up John Death and his wife—he had, indeed, been spiritually so: I found them out without much difficulty: they were old acquaintances on the Monongahela, in early times. *Tuesday*, at Lebanon, I preached and called the society together. We devised the building of a chapel of brick, forty by sixty feet, and one story high. We lodged with M'Greeves: we were hungry and weary, and he was sick—bad enough. Frederick Stiers reports that there was a great work of God at Blount camp-meeting, in the Holston district; at Lee, at Tazwell, at Washington, at Tennessee, at Green, at Hawkins, at Winton, at Powell's Valley, at Tennessee Valley—at all these there were many souls converted: one hundred and thirty-two joined in communion with the Methodists, besides ten half-breeds. *Wednesday*, after the rain, we made a rapid ride to M'Grew's. *Thursday*, preached at Milford. *Friday*, preached at Oliver Longdon's. *Saturday*, came to Cincinnati.

Sunday, 29. I preached and ordained M. Geohagom, Michael Rouse, J. Voice, D. Anderson, J. Evans, J. B. Finley, Thomas Nelson, S. West, Abraham Cummins, Samuel Hellums, John H. Thompson, John Manley, Francis Travis, John Brown, Abraham Hunt, John Clark, R. Rowe, B. Vanpelt, I. Smith, and Joshua Holland. We have been five days sitting in conference: there has been weighty and critical business before us, but we wrought with industry and good order.

Sunday, October 6. I preached; Bishop M'Kendree

preached, as did others, and our labour has not been in vain. We occupied the market-house as well as the chapel. *Friday*, after a session of ten days, our western conference rose. I had little trouble about the stations—I heard of no complaints. There were one hundred and two preachers; one hundred of whom are stationed: we lack twenty-two. *Saturday*, resting, and in prayer.

Sunday, 13. I preached once more in the chapel: it was a farewell warning to the preachers. I met the society, baptized some children, and visited the sick. *Monday*, we took to horse, and came away to Falmouth, forty-two miles. Our pack-horse is lame. *Wednesday*, we came on to Martin Hitt's. *Thursday*, arrived in the night at Colonel Johnson's —a forty miles' ride to-day. *Friday*, a ten miles' ride in the night, added to our day's ride, made fifty miles to Pitman's. *Saturday*, we came in, in an awful storm, to Johnson's.

Kentucky.—*Sunday*, 20. We found the Cumberland rising. We rode twenty-five miles to White's, and rested. *Monday*, to Cheek's. *Tuesday*, to Conway's. It is hard labour, but God is with us. *Wednesday*, to Louisville. *Thursday*, we started at seven o'clock, and came in at seven o'clock in the evening, and have made no great headway. We put up at L. Bostwick's. The work of the Lord hath been manifested here. My afflictions of body are very great —the Lord is pleased to humble me: *perfect through sufferings!* The Lord's will be done! *Thursday*, I preached at Louisville, in great affliction of body; but it was a liberal season: glory be to God for that! *Friday*, a heavy ride to Waynesborough; stopped at Colonel Milton's. It is as warm as July. *Saturday*, after preaching in the old church, I retired to the house of the late Henry Moore, deceased. Wrote a very serious letter to Samuel Dunwoody, on his taking the charge of the Mississippi district. What a field is opened, and opening daily in this New World!

Georgia.—*Sunday*, 27. After twenty years, I preached again in the old church. We had a love-feast, and I baptized three persons. The weather was extremely warm. My mind is in perfect peace.

Monday, 28. We came to Mr. Lovell's, on Brier Creek, Schoen county.

Tuesday, 29. I preached in Blackburn's chapel. Cold, compared with yesterday. Came home with Thomas Thorne.

Wednesday, 30. Came twenty miles to sister King's. My health has somewhat returned. I feel naught but holy desires.

Thursday, 31. I preached at the new chapel. Lodged at Kennedy's. *Friday*, I preached in the Lutheran church. Benjamin Wise, reverend, and some others were present. Brother Boehm gave them a discourse in German. *Saturday*, Savannah.

Sunday, *November* 3. I preached in the Lutheran church. We are about building on a city lot. I hope the time will come to favour us.

Monday, 4. I rest to-day. I went to view the lot. I had two interviews with the Reverend Kollock. I hope when I come again to find a chapel and preacher's house of our own.

Tuesday, 5. Came away, and made a day's journey of forty-two miles. *Wednesday*, reached David Lovett's. *Thursday*, started in the rain. The roads are bad. *Friday*, came to the widow Jarvis's. *Saturday*, reached Augusta.

Sunday, 10. I preached in the forenoon and afternoon, and we had a serious night lecture.

Monday, 11. We rode to Johnson's house of entertainment. *Tuesday*, to Spann's. *Wednesday*, to the widow Hannon's. *Thursday*, to Colonel Hutchinson's.

Monday, 18, the day of my arrival, my knee was stricken with acute rheumatic pain; I applied a strongly-drawing blister, and remained still and quiet. Yesterday I tried a poultice, and I now begin to walk with some ease.

Tuesday, 19. I am something easier to-day. I employ my dumb *Sabbath* and my leisure time as well as I can, and as pain will allow. I have despatched eleven official letters. Hilliard Judge is chosen chaplain to the legislature of South Carolina; and O, great Snethen is chaplain to Congress! So;

we begin to partake of *the honour that cometh from man:* now is our time of danger. O Lord, keep us pure, keep us correct, keep us holy!

Monday, 25. We had a serious shock of an earthquake this morning—a sad presage of future sorrows, perhaps. Lord, make us ready!

Thursday, 28. We took to horse, and rode forty miles. It is bitter cold, and we have felt it the more sensibly after being so long housed.

Friday, at Camden, to preside in conference.

Wednesday, *December* 4. I preached before the conference.

Friday, 6. Our conference rose this day. Scarcely have I seen such harmony and love. There are eighty-five preachers stationed. The increase, within its bounds, is three thousand three hundred and eighty. We had a great deal of faithful preaching, and there were many ordinations. I received letters from the extremities and the centre of our vast continent, all pleasing, all encouraging. *Saturday*, rode to brother Young's, on Black River.

Sunday, 29. I preached at Rembert's chapel, and gave an exhortation to the Africans. The society was stayed after meeting, and I exhorted the members. Our labours this day shall not be wholly lost.

Monday, 30. We came away early for Charleston, and made thirty-five miles to Mr. Pendergrass, where we were well entertained.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Tuesday*, 31. Murray's ferry detained us an hour. Down poured the rain. We were glad to stop at Mrs. Kennedy's, and it was no small comfort to be entertained so well.

Wednesday, *January* 1, 1812.—A steady ride of thirty-eight miles brought us into Charleston. The highways were little occupied by travellers of any kind, which was the more providential to me, for my lameness and my light fly cart would have made a shock of the slightest kind disagreeable. I was anxious also to pass this first day of the new year in undisturbed prayer. *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*, in read

ing, meditation, writing, and prayer. I do not reject visitors.

Sunday, 5. I preached at Cumberland chapel, and met the societies of both colours. I visited the fatherless, and some widows. My mind enjoys peace. In the evening I preached in Bethel chapel. We made our *exodus* from Charleston at eight in the morning. No passage at Clemmon's ferry. We found a lodging with Mr. Brindley: our host has buried one Methodist wife, and is now happy with another. I am consoled to know that our dear departed sister, ever kind to me, died in the Lord. *Tuesday evening*, lodged at the widow Boone's: this family have received Methodist preachers for the last six and twenty years.

Wednesday, 8. We reached Georgetown. I preached in our enlarged chapel on 1 Cor. vii, 29.

Thursday, 9. We came away to James Green's, where I preached, and then rode over to Francis Green's: here William Capers preached, on "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona," &c. We took the road on *Friday*, in a driving snow; but missing our path, we got back to James Green's, and there, upon entreaty, consented to stay. We were told on *Saturday morning*, that we could not travel; we tried it nevertheless, and made thirty-five miles in nine hours. The cold was piercing.

Sabbath, 12. No rest for us. We toiled over Pee Dee swamp towards Mary Port's: she had gone to rest. The snow was about a foot deep, and I could not see where they had laid her. We came in to Mr. Newsom's five hours after my time; so I delivered a message to the family: thirty-one miles to-day. On *Monday*, at General Benjamin Lee's, I spoke to a few people.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Tuesday*. We dined at Lumberton, and went forward to Mark Russell's, where I spoke to a few people. *Wednesday*, came to Fayetteville. We have had a rude ride of great bodily suffering from Georgetown: but my mind has enjoyed perfect peace, and constant prayer.

Thursday, 16. We made this a sacramental day. What

will not perseverance and management do! Here we have built a neat little chapel, costing but twelve hundred dollars, one thousand and fifty of which is paid. *Friday*, we had a cold ride to Amos Richardson's. *Saturday*, thirty miles' riding brought us to King's.

Sabbath, 19. We crossed the river in a storm: at the second ferry it was worse, and we hardly escaped the deep, as it would seem; we arrived, nevertheless, time enough at Mount Zion chapel to bear our testimony from Ephes. v, 14-16: it was open vision. I had, after meeting, a word with the whites and Africans of the society—*plain talk:* Boehm preached in the evening. We were cribbed in our quarters at night—a narrow bed for two; this is no novelty to us. I gave our sister Richards a grant of a lot thirty feet square, in the church-yard. Baptized Captain Cameron's son Alexander. A ride of twenty miles in excessive cold brought us to George Shepard's hospitable house on *Tuesday*. *Wednesday*, awfully cold: we made twenty miles to S. Ballard's. *Thursday*, another ride of twenty miles brought us to A. Perry's. Our host was sick, and I prescribed for him. *Friday*, a day of abstinence: wrote letters. *Saturday*, we came into Newbern in the rain.

Sabbath, 26. I preached morning and evening, and met the whites and Africans of the society. *Monday*. A powerful rain accompanied us to Guildford, twenty-six miles. Here I baptized a Mr. Murphy and his three children. I feel the effects of our damp ride. We called a meeting at Greenville on *Tuesday*, at our sister Brook's: as there were few men present, I adapted text and sermon to the women. We have no chapel here, although we have had a society thirty years. At Mr. Freeman's we dined, talked, and prayed. It began to rain at one o'clock, and we started away to Edward Hall's; we dare not loiter or wait for fair weather. *Thursday*, we halted, concluding to give up Edenton for Tarborough. There are great freshets in the rivers, as we hear. Ah! the ferries! we shall have them, sink or swim. *Friday*, reading, writing, and taking medicine.

Saturday, February 1. I passed the day in prayer, peace, love, and joy.

Sabbath, 2. At Tarborough I preached to a serious, attentive congregation. I preached in the afternoon also at brother Hall's. *Monday*, I breakfasted with Mr. Austin, an English Baptist; his wife with us; my business with him was to charge him most solemnly to hold a perpetual prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening in his house. The lowlands about Tarborough bridge are under water. We came thirty miles to Colonel John Whitaker's: here I had occasion to give a solemn and personal testimony, and it was *publicly* given. On *Tuesday* we had a meeting of a few neighbours in Pinner's family. We have made seven hundred miles since we left Camden, through frost, floods, cold, and hunger; poor men, and poor horses! Well, this life is not eternal. *Wednesday*, came to Murfreesborough, dined with the respectable widow Meredith and her children, prayed, and continued forward to Jesse Brattle's; a hail-storm overtook us on the way. This house is in affliction. *Thursday*, reached Isaac Lunsford's, forty miles, visiting an afflicted family on our route. Richard Yerberry has gone from poor Suffolk to the rich inheritance of glory; he was almost a prodigy of affliction and of grace. On *Friday* we held a meeting at Portsmouth, and preached to a full house.

Sabbath, 9. I preached in Norfolk, and met the society.

Monday, 10. Came to Isaac Lunsford's, and thence to Suffolk; what a sickly country is this! I have heard of three deaths in as many days. We had a small meeting at General Wells's widow's: the head of the house and his daughter have departed in peace since my last visit. I visited, as is my custom, the graves of the deceased. On *Wednesday* the cold was excessive, and we were right glad to house with Andrew Woodley, who treated us with great kindness. I preached at night at William Blunt's.

Friday, 14. The weather was clear, but chilly. We made twenty-eight miles only, to our friend Birdsong's. I see a providence always over me, and I am always stayed upon God.

Saturday, 15. We came to Bryant's, twenty-five miles, and could go no farther; they put me to bed very unwell. Our host is a disobedient son reclaimed—of Methodist parents. Here are two meeting-houses, and the gospel is brought back to the vicinity of King George court-house, after thirty-years' absence. No time was to be lost—I took tartar, and had a serious spell while it lasted.

Sabbath, 16. I rode about a mile and gave a sermon. My breast is sore, and my heart is in pain for Petersburg. *Monday*, I visited my ancient friends Wood, Tucker, and wife.

We came to John Bradley's on *Tuesday night*, and preached on Heb. ii, 1-4. *Wednesday*, a muddy ride brought us to town. Our conference began on *Thursday*. The affair of James Boyd and Henry Hardy detained us two days from other business. We shall not station more than seventy-five preachers this year—a less number than last. A charge had been brought against me for ordaining a slave; but there was no further pursuit of the case when it was discovered that I was ready with my certificates to prove his freedom; the subject of contention was nearly white, and his *respectable* father would neither own nor manumit him. I shall mention no names. Old Virginia, because of the great emigrations westward, and deaths, decreases in the number she gives to the Methodists; but new Virginia gains. Doctor Jennings was at conference, and preached often for us, and was much followed. We had little or no trouble about the stations, and conference rose on *Thursday*. I started away and came in great haste to Willis's chapel: the heat was oppressive, and man and beast gladly stopped at the widow Sculley's. Little sleep last night. Let me suffer, and let me labour; time is short, and souls are daily lost.

Sabbath, *March* 1. It blew a cutting wind at north-east, as we made our way towards Roper's chapel, thirty miles distant. I preached some awful truths. *Monday*, I passed a night of great suffering. We came off this morning to James City, and preached in the chapel to many people—we had an evening meeting. Lodged at John Taylor's. *Tues-*

day, we came to Williamsburg, where I preached with a full mind, but failing voice. *Wednesday*, we rode near forty miles to breakfast with an English family, the Whitefields; and went forward to lodge with George Hope, a ship-builder from Whitehaven.

Thursday, 5. I preached in the new brick house, Hampton; ordained Robert Gillum and brother Evans local deacons. I suffer from a deep cold. On *Friday* I had an opportunity of giving the two families of Lucas and Stubblefield a solemn warning and charge. We crossed the river at Yorktown, now like many other towns, declining in numbers and in wickedness, because of the decrease of trade and strong drink.

Saturday, 7. At Philip Tabb's, Esquire—a great farmer, and a kind and hospitable gentleman.

Sabbath, 8. It rained, and we had two hours in the cold house to utter our testimony. I came home with deacon Bellamy, a witness of the sanctifying power of grace. We rejoiced in God. He handed me Michaelis, which I read. *Monday*, came on to Shackleford's chapel, where I found a few auditors from Gloucester.

Tuesday, 10. To Pace's chapel—I go forward in rain, and in temptation and affliction, and great grief for souls. I find that Michaelis, contrary to Bengelius and Wesley, has left it doubtful concerning the *three that bear witness in heaven:* the doctrine is not the less true.

Wednesday, 11. At Cole's chapel I preached on Luke xiii, 23-25. I dined with father Mann, where, I presume, I preached thirty-three years past; this family cleaves to us, but the Baptists have the rule in Queen Anne and Essex. We must not be envious—we have it, and are getting it, and will continue to get it, if we are faithful, still more abundantly throughout the whole continent. I was happy in spending a night under the roof of a simple-hearted poor man, Billy Carr; he travelled four years, and is now a useful local preacher.

Thursday, 12. I preached at Hobbe's Hole: it was damp and I was cold, but I felt help from God. This labour will

go for the Baptists: mother Cox, a Baptist, had appointed a meeting for me, and I gave them a sermon. We sow here, but others reap. On my way to Port Royal, on *Friday*, I expounded a text of Scripture to the family of John Rouzee. *Saturday evening* brought us into poor Fredericksburg.

Sabbath, 15. I preached for them. The Methodists have done great good here: since they began to preach the Baptists and Presbyterians have built meeting-houses. Mr. Strebeck has the Episcopal church. We were off on *Monday*, through mud and mist, to Samuel's tavern, twenty miles; here we fed and prayed with the family. At Grigg's I gave a night lecture. I preached at Mrs. Hooe's to a full house on *Tuesday morning*, and went forward to Major Newell's, making a ride of forty-six miles. I called, on *Wednesday*, on my friend Mr. Carter, who has now six children in society: surely the time to favour this family is come. We laboured along to Leesburg, stemming the cold and boisterous northwest. *Friday* and *Saturday* were spent in happy, loving conference. My task it was to ordain sixteen deacons. I preached, so also did brother M'Kendree.

Wednesday, 18. Ordination day for elders; I had declined, not wishing to preach the sermon; but I officiated, and N. Snethen preached. We have had a solemn, loving, peaceful conference. Our labours ended on *Friday morning*, and we separated. Arrived at the ferry, it blew a hurricane. I lifted up my heart in prayer to God. There was in a few minutes a great calm, which all those with me witnessed, but I will not say it was in answer to prayer. We lodged with Howard, upon Carroll's manor.

MARYLAND.—*Saturday*, 21. We called and dined with our respectable brother Ignatius Davis: Ah! he is rich in property and a young wife! It blew up very cold as we came into Fredericktown.

Sabbath, 29. Easter Sunday. I was three hours reading, praying, preaching, and meeting the society, white and coloured; it was a day of God and of his power. My congregation chiefly from the country. A cold ride brought us

to Liberty; *Monday morning*, I preached for them, and went on to Ephraim Howard's.

Tuesday, 31. We moved forward, calling on brothers Jones and A. Warfield. Lodged under the roof of Nancy Willis. There are many late converts around her: Frank Hollingsworth and his wife, Henry Willis, and a young lady with fifty thousand dollars—can she get and keep religion? I doubt.

Wednesday, *April* 1. I preached at Joshua Tipton's; this is an ancient friend whom I had not visited for eight years. Boehm preached in German. *Thursday*, dined near Union chapel at Mr. Matthews's, and went forward to Meredith's. *Friday*, a cold disagreeable ride brought us across the country to Samuel Benkley's: here I received the first intelligence of the death of my dear old friend Martin Boehm.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, 5. I preached at Boehm's chapel the funeral sermon of Martin Boehm, and gave my audience some very interesting particulars of his life. *Monday*, busy writing. *Tuesday*, at Jacob Boehm's: I preached here.

Wednesday, 8. We called on Zeltenright; kinder people need not be: we fed and prayed with them. I went forward and preached at Churchtown, and housed with Owen Brunner. I suffer much in my feet amongst the Germans, and I greatly dislike stoves. We had a blessed meeting on *Thursday evening*.

Friday, 10. Rode to Coventry. We had a full house. Ah! where are my sisters Richards, Vanlear, Potts, Rutter, Patrick, North? At rest in Jesus; and I am left to pain and toil: courage, my soul, we shall overtake them when our task is done! I visited Mr. May. If they wanted the plan for their meeting-house, here it is—forty by fifty feet. I rejoiced in finding three of sister Rutter's children in the way.

Sabbath, 12. I preached at old Israel Anderson's. Our friend has been in fellowship with us thirty-two years, and has been honoured by missions from his country and dis-

trict to the legislature and to congress: his family of children are pleasing. Twice only have I ever visited this neighbourhood. *Monday*. Snow and cold.

Tuesday, 14. I preached at Radnor. We dined at B. Gyger's, and slept under the roof of Isaac James. The peace and consolations of God abound towards me.

Wednesday, 15. Came to the city of Philadelphia. We opened our conference in great peace on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 19. Preached in St. George's in the morning, and at St. Thomas's in the evening. It is a time of peace. We had a solemn time at the ordination of deacons on *Wednesday*. I preached at Union chapel on *Friday*.

Sabbath, 26. I gave them a sermon at Ebenezer in the forenoon, met the society at Union, and ordained, as deacons, Joseph Ingles and John George, venerable and pious men. On *Thursday* all the honours of officiating at the ordinations fell upon me, Bishop M'Kendree being sick. I closed the conference on *Monday* morning. Sister Lusby's lamp is nearly extinct; I visited and prayed with her. We came away and rode in the afternoon sixteen miles to father Rodman's. We lodged with Mr. Snyder at New-Brunswick on *Tuesday, night*. *Wednesday*, a cold ride brought us to New-York.

NEW-YORK.—*Friday*, *May* 1. Our General Conference began. During the session I saw nothing like unkindness but once, and there were many and weighty affairs discussed. I hope very few rules will be made. We may disquiet ourselves in vain.

Sabbath, 10. At the African church in the morning: I preached also at the Hudson chapel; it was an awful time. A subject before the conference was the question, If local deacons, after four years of probation, should be elected to the eldership by two-thirds of the conference, having no slaves, and having them, to manumit them where the laws allowed it—it passed by a majority. On *Saturday*, a motion was made to strengthen the episcopacy by adding another bishop.

Sabbath, 17. I preached at Brooklyn in our elegant house. After a serious struggle of two days in General Conference to change the mode of appointing presiding elders, it remains as it was. Means had been used to keep back every presiding elder who was known to be favourable to appointments by the bishops; and long and earnest speeches have been made to influence the minds of the members: Lee, Shinn, and Snethen, were of a side; and these are great men. Many matters of small moment passed under review, and were regulated. Mr. Shaw, of London, called to see me, and I had seventeen of the preachers to dine with me; there was vinegar, mustard, and a still greater portion of oil: but the disappointed parties sat down in peace, and we enjoyed our sober meal. We should thank God that we are not at war with each other, as are the Episcopalians, with the pen and the press as their weapons of warfare.

Sabbath, 17. At the Two-Mile-Stone my subject was 1 Peter iv, 6-9. I preached also at Greenwich, and at John-street chapel. On *Monday* I took an emetic, but I found I could not be sick in quiet, so unceasingly was I pursued by visitors and letters; so I made my escape to George Suckley's and took to my bed. On *Tuesday* I breakfasted with Colonel Few. Some good widows collected above two hundred dollars for the poor preachers in New-England States: sister Seney I must make honourable mention of as being very active in this labour of love. We made a peaceable ride of twenty-four miles to mother Sherwood's. I have been kept from sinning, in much patience and affliction.

Wednesday, 20. Came to Eben Smith's; the host kind and attentive; the mother holy and devout: I cannot pass my old friends without a call. I called on Joseph Crawford, and took to my bed: I suffer. In the evening I preached at White Plains chapel in much affliction of body: we lodged at brother Fowler's.

Thursday, 21. Rode to Croton: here I saw once more the elder of ninety—much in the enjoyment of God and of himself.

Friday, 22. We halted on our way at Peekskill. I prayed in Burrill's small house.

Saturday, 23. I saw our little conventicle in Rhinebeck: we stopped at Mr. Williams's: I am blessed with patience. I preached on *Wednesday*, and administered the Lord's supper: I am in weakness and fear, and much trembling.

Monday, *June* 1. We halted awhile at Esopus; dined at the widow Scott's. We have had a home here many years: the Lord heard prayer for the father, who died in peace. We lodged at John Crawford's: I suffer from high fevers. On *Tuesday* we rode through the heat, thirty-four miles, to Coeyman's Landing, and preached at six o'clock. The blister at the back of my ears broke on the way. O, for patience and faith! A cold ride brought us to Albany. The Dutch Synod and the Methodist Conference are about to sit here. From the fourth to the tenth we have been occupied in close conference.

Sabbath, 7. I preached in an old house: and we had a gracious season. I gave a solemn exhortation on the spot designated for our new church: the situation is very eligible. *Wednesday*, conference ended its labours. *Thursday*, we rose at five o'clock, and crossed the river: after a ride of five hours in the rain we were willing to stop at Mr. Darling's.

Friday, 12. Came through Shakerstown: if these are children of light, they are wiser in their generation than the children of this world. We took a hasty dinner with Gamaliel Whitney, and came away in the rain to Hawley's. *Saturday*, we dined on our route at Merrill's, and came in to lodge with Squire Pitkin.

CONNECTICUT.—*Sabbath*, 14. I preached at Gassonbury, and met the society. *Monday*, at Hebron we visited three families, and were kindly received by Doctor Huntington, with whom we lodged in Windham. *Tuesday*, we dined in Abingdon, and lectured to a few people in the evening at John Nichols's. *Wednesday*, a ride of thirty miles brought us to father Ball's, where we lodged; all is not right here. *Thursday*, we dined at Stone's tavern in Farmington; they

had nearly been as wild as Indians when we prayed. I have felt sick enough to be in bed. We came to Lynn. I come through great tribulation.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Saturday*, 20. Our conference began and progressed in much peace and order. *Thursday*, I gave preachers and people a sermon.

Sabbath, 21. I preached. The chapel, saving the pews and the steeple, is beautiful. We had an ordination. The proclamation of the president of the United States is out, to inform us that there is war between our people and the English people: my trust is in the living God. *Thursday* we came rapidly through a storm of rain to father Bogle's in Needham; we were well steeped. *Friday*, we took the Worcester road to Brookfield. *Saturday*, we came off at four o'clock, and rode seventeen miles to breakfast at Belcherstown, and continued onward fifteen miles beyond Warner's.

Sabbath, 28. We made a ride of twenty-five miles to Pittsfield. Brother M'Kendree preached at two o'clock; and I ascended the pulpit at six o'clock in the evening. *Monday*, we called on our way at father Spicer's. We have spent on this journey twenty-three dollars. There is a serious division in Pittsfield—about thirty members have withdrawn. They have built a neat house in Lynn; but I am afraid of a steeple; and if they put this foolish addition, it must not be by Methodist order, or with Methodist money—they may pay for their own pride and folly. We have had great peace and order in the New-England Conference; but we are poor.

NEW-YORK.—*July* 1. We came away to Lansingburg. We must stand still, and see the salvation of God in these times of trouble.

Sabbath, 5. At Troy I preached and gave an exhortation to the society. At Lansingburg I preached in the evening, but did not feel myself at liberty as in Troy. On *Tuesday* we came through the heat to Beldin's, twenty-two miles; here we had grand entertainment. *Wednesday*, we concluded it best to keep on our way, and miss the camp-meeting. We prayed with the family with whom we dined on our

route. Came to Little Falls, and were well received and accommodated at Moralle's. It rained, but we continued on to Reuben Mather's. The people gaze and laugh at us as we pass: surely we are men to be wondered at and hated by all but the pious.

Sabbath, 12. We hold our conference in Lyons. Brother M'Kendree preached in the morning, and I gave a discourse in the evening at Westmoreland. We went forward to David Coe's, where I preached at night. My host had entertained me at Middlefield, Connecticut, twenty-two years ago. My mind enters deeply into God, his providence and grace. Consequential W. B. Lacy is married; and why not?—he has left us; and why not? Between Albany and Lynn, and Boston, we have spent thirty dollars and fifty-six cents—a few cents more than the conference furnished for our expenses. On *Saturday* we rode over to our brother Hanna's, from Queen's county, Ireland.

Sabbath, 12. I preached at Bethel chapel, standing on the floor to speak. I was feeble, yet I met the society, baptized a child, and addressed my brethren and sisters on the subject of singing as a part of the worship of God. The solemn fast to be observed on the first Friday in October was not forgotten to be mentioned. I called up the children of my host to read for me, and had a serious conversation with the two eldest, the only son and eldest daughter: the tears witnessed how deeply they felt. We came away to Holmes's on *Monday morning*, and thence to Forbisher's: here we have a chapel. We called a meeting at night at father Doolittle's.

Tuesday, 14. A long ride through Manlius, and calling at Dodge's, brought us into the widow Hocox's neat house. We dined at Hommerman's, in Auburn, on *Wednesday*, and lodged with Eddy, Scipio. On our way we were mocked by some men in a harvest field: this is their glory of wickedness: ours is, that the offence of the cross hath not yet ceased. My revenge was prayer that God might convert and save them for Christ's sake.

Sabbath, 19. I preached at Lyons town. I have been

reading Faber; there appears, to my mind, to be more probability in his expositions of prophecy than in those of any other commentator, more especially as it relates to the Jews. We have had a blessed rain. Lord, pardon the sins of an ungrateful and unholy people!

Thursday, *Friday*, and *Saturday*, were employed in a very pleasing conference, about thirty members being present: our brethren of Canada were all absent. Elders and deacons were ordained: the increase of members, according to the returns, one thousand.

Sabbath, 26. I preached upon the camp-ground. I have been located in Daniel Dorsey's family eleven days; I want to be moving. Had not hostilities existed between us and our neighbours, I should have spent some of this time in visiting the frontiers on Niagara. Our funds allowed us to give forty-nine dollars for the support of each single preacher, one hundred and eighteen dollars for those married and their wives and children. On *Monday* the members of conference communed in the Lord's supper, after which I read off their stations, and we parted in great peace. Through two showers of rain, after dinner, I made my way to Geneva. I lectured in a school-house in the evening, from James iv, 8-10. I was directed to forcible and right words.

Tuesday, 28. The heat is excessive, yet we went forward, accompanied by our local brethren. I ordained our brother Goodwin under the trees. We were willing to halt at the invitation of Mr. Thompson to dinner. I felt like Jonah in the sun. We were kindly received for the night by Judge Smith, on the Seneca Lake. I die daily. I live in God from moment to moment. My text for *Friday*, 30, the appointed fast-day, was Isaiah lviii, 1: I was weak, but truth was strong. I will leave Newtown this afternoon. There must be a great change here. We came away, after meeting, to Elijah Griswold's: my host is a brand plucked from the burning—strong drink had scorched him forty years. He had a pious son who watched over, and prayed for him; and he himself never closed his doors against the pious. The Lord heard prayer on his behalf, and has entirely de-

livered him from the love of whisky. I hear of another wonderful emancipation from the slavery of drunkenness.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sunday, August* 2. We rest at Joshua Kenney's, Walnut-Bottom. My congregation might amount to one hundred. Our host was a whisky maker; but now it is a house for God. In all my weakness I am kept in perfect peace. Yesterday I visited, conversed, and prayed with Mr. Ourton's family, the wife and mother: the people are serious, but the head is a man of the world. For forty years past we have preached the gospel from the mouth to the branches, and up them, of the great river Susquehanna; the fruit of our labour has begun to appear within the last five years; we shall see it yet more abundant.

Monday, 3. We came away to John Smith's, and continued onward to father Smith's, but came in too late for meeting.

Tuesday, 4. We dined at father Bidlack's, and went forward to Wilkesbarre. The court was sitting, and a meeting was expected. My subject was, "Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men." They gave me the court-room.

Wednesday, 5. We came along down the turnpike, and rough we found it. Farewell to Merwine's—I lodge no more there; whisky—hell; as most of the taverns here are. Our *Thursday's* ride brought us rapidly to Lehigh; we crossed at the ford, and had little time to admire the beautiful country above and below. The Germans are decent in their behaviour in this neighbourhood; and would be more so, were it not for vile whisky: this is the prime curse of the United States, and will be, I fear much, the ruin of all that is excellent in morals and government in them. Lord, interpose thine arm! Lord, send thy gospel to these Germans! We lodge with George Custos, Wyoming.

Friday, 7. I am still; I abstain. In the evening we had an assemblage of people, and brother Boehm spoke to them in German.

Saturday, 8. We visited F. Hyles, on our way to A. T. Brobest's. I feel a deep concern for the Old and New World;

calamity and suffering are coming upon them both: I shall make but few remarks on this unhappy subject; it is one on which the prudent will be silent; but I must needs say it is an evil day. I have written many letters of serious warning to our elders.

Sunday, 9. Brother Boehm preached in Dutch. I gave a few words of exhortation to the folks at J. Brobest's, at the Forge; W. Fox exhorted. *Monday*, on our way to Schuylkill we strayed somewhat. H. Boehm preached at our kind host's, J. Dondor's, a German.

Tuesday, 11. We climbed and laboured over the Furnace hills, to Peter Albie's, a disciple of father Boehm.

Wednesday, 12. We passed through Litetz, a second Bethlehem. What a lovely country we have lately seen! no slaves here. The river Lehigh has three branches, flowing from the Beach or Green Swamp, which cross the Wyoming turnpike to Bethlehem: this beautiful stream, according to my computation, meanders one hundred miles to its mouth, making its way, by disruptive force, as it would seem, through what is called the Gap in the Blue Ridge. *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*, at mother Boehm's, writing, reading, and prayer; these are my occupations and enjoyments.

Sunday, 16. I preached at Souderberg's chapel in the morning; and at Strasburg at two o'clock; and again at Bethel at six o'clock. *Monday*, we crossed at M'Call's ferry and came to father Jones's.

Maryland.—*Tuesday*, 18. Rode through the rain to John Low's; dined, prayed, and came away to Manchester. We lodged at Rutler's, a Dutch family. *Monday*, we came to Pipe Creek, and dined with my old friend James M'Cannon. *Friday*, we came into the camp. The meeting began yesterday. I preached to a great crowd. What good may be wrought at this meeting, time, and, especially, eternity will show. There were about one hundred tents, and often five thousand people on the ground. In four nights I suppose I have had eight hours' sleep. I was greatly blest at the sacrament. *Tuesday*, dined at Fredericktown; and went forward

to Middletown. After forty years' labour, we have a small society in this place. We gave them discourses in English and German in the evening. *Wednesday*, toiling over the South Mountain to Snevely's. On *Thursday* I preached in the neat, new chapel in Hagerstown, to about one hundred hearers; and after meeting visited and tarried for the night with the widow Dowler: our kind hostess is an afflicted woman, unable to walk, yet she enjoyeth much communion with God. On *Friday* we ventured upon the United States' road to Cumberland; dining on our route with Rascer, whom I warned faithfully; as also Thomas Pratt and Major Briscoe, whom we visited, exhorted, and prayed with. *Saturday*, a fatiguing ride, through oppressive heat, brought us fasting to Aquila Brown's.

Sunday, 30. I preached in Cumberland to an attentive people, and went on to Cressap's town, where I also bore my testimony: there might be one thousand people in the two congregations. I have little rest. We came up the mountain, dining at Mussulman's, and going thence forward to Tomlinson's. There was a strange medley of preachers, drovers, beasts on four legs, and beasts made by whisky on two, travelling on the turnpike at one time.

Tuesday, *September* 1. A rude, rough ride, brought us to Clark's, twenty-eight miles. *Wednesday*, we met my friend Judge Vanmeeter, at the bottom of Laurel Hill, with five hundred fat steers from his prairie in Ohio; if he can undertake this labour and perform it cheerfully for the sake of gain, why should I complain of my sufferings? There are very distressing rumours abroad: my mind is fixed on, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." After losing so much rest, I could have wished to sleep without annoyance from fleas or bed-bugs. Two innkeepers on our route, Besoon and Tomlinson, declare against keeping or selling liquid fire: this is great. We moved on *Thursday* to the widow Henthorn's, within a mile of the camp-ground. I preached on *Friday* and *Saturday*. The ministry are instructed to be careful to preach to the soldiers, wherever opportunity

offers. The Union Volunteers desired a sermon, so I gave a discourse on the ground: my subject was Jer. ii, 13.

Monday, 7. We celebrated a solemn sacrament; a simple-hearted, weeping people, crowded round the table. My soul has been greatly blessed during my stay on the camp-ground. Good, I doubt not, has been done. I have been pleased by reading, at intervals, Benson's Life of Fletcher. The man of God was worn out before he married; and where else might he have found such a nurse, and helper, and shepherdess in a wife? but, possibly, he would have lived longer had he travelled. Comparing myself with Fletcher, what am I, in piety, wisdom, labours, and usefulness? God be gracious to me!

Tuesday, 8. May I make the best of the remains of life. I presume we had ten thousand at the Liberty camp-meeting, and five thousand at the meeting in this neighbourhood of Union Town. Forty persons came forward to enrol their names in society with us. We came away to George Hogg's: kind as can be; so indeed are the wife and sister. We entered Brownsville on *Wednesday*, and drove to Doctor Wheeler's. Notice of our proposed meeting had not been generally given, and we had not many hearers; perhaps a hundred. I preached in Washington on *Thursday*, on 1 Peter iii, 10-15: it was a solemn time; and indeed there was reason. Samuel Porter, a Presbyterian minister, came to meeting; unable to sit up, he lay down upon the seat: it would appear that he is not long for this world: I lent him Fletcher's Life.

Friday, 11. We had a suffering ride of thirty-two miles to the Stone chapel, on Short Creek. I preached at four o'clock, and there was much feeling in the congregation. I want strength, and food, and rest. We have serious times; it becomes us to be silent, and let God judge the nations, and correct the guilty.

OHIO.—*Saturday*, 12. We directed our route towards the Indian Short Creek camp-meeting.

Sunday, 13. We had a solemn meeting. I preached to about three thousand people, as I judge. *Monday*, I was

called on to preach; we have had eighty-four tents on the ground, four hundred and fifty communicants, and forty persons have joined us. The work of God was uninterrupted night and day; and we doubt not many precious souls were converted. I shall have travelled six thousand miles in eight months, and met in nine conferences, and have been present at ten camp-meetings. .

Tuesday, 15. We came away thirty miles to Barnesville, where I delivered my testimony. I suffer for want of rest. The Methodists seem to have almost entire influence in this town. Our chapel is forty by fifty feet.

Wednesday, 16. We came through the heat to Sherrock's, dined, and went forward towards Wills Creek; logs, stumps, ruts, bushes; rough work: we arrived in the night at Waller's.

Thursday, 17. We set out in the rain, and came thirty miles to Zanesville; I retired sick to Spangler's. We have a meeting-house here, and at Fairfields. It is a time of trouble on the frontiers; the Indians have killed and scalped some whites, it is said.

Friday, 18. We attended Rush Creek camp-meeting. The work of God during the night was awfully powerful. Many Germans present were deeply serious.

Sunday, 20. I preached. The whole night was spent in prayer. We had a sermon on *Monday morning*, and the sacrament followed: there might be two hundred and fifty communicants. I had been unwell, but an emetic, taken on *Saturday night*, prepared me for usefulness. I lodged with Edward Teel, aged seventy-seven. I had known him forty years. On *Tuesday*, we passed through New-Lancaster, to Jesse Spungeon's.

Wednesday, 23. I preached at Stroud's chapel, and we had an open, feeling, gracious season. I find that the mother of my host, Edward Stroud, went safe to rest last April: she was a disciple of ours, and a respectable widow in Israel. I suffer from chills; the nights are cold, and I have been much exposed.

Thursday, 24. We rode over to Judge Vanmeeter's. On *Friday* I preached in the new house in Jefferson; we visited M'Dowell's, and lodged with White Brown on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 27. I preached: after meeting I gave up and stole to my bed. My rest has been much broken for the last month in various ways, and I am feverish and have the jaw ache. Could I be less earnest when I preach, I might have less bodily suffering; but it may not be. The Ohio Conference sat from *Thursday*, *October* the 1st, to *Wednesday* the 7th; we had great order. The writer of this journal laboured diligently, and was much assisted by the elder-ship in the business of the stations. He preached three times, was called upon to ordain twelve deacons, and also to ordain elders: upon the last day his strength failed. I want sleep, sleep, sleep: for three hours I lay undisturbed in bed, to which I had stolen on *Wednesday;* but they called me up to read off the stations. I have a considerable fever; but we must move.

Thursday, 8. We made a pretty rapid ride, thirty miles, to Purrey's.

Friday, 9. A morning ride of twenty-two miles brought us over trees, stumps, and through mud-holes to a house of refreshment; we fed hastily, and went into the town of Miranda, thirteen miles farther.

Saturday, 10. We have had rain. We fed on our way, and continued onward through a great storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, to Cincinnati. O, let us not complain when we think of the suffering, wounded, and dying, of the hostile armies! If we suffer, what shall comfort us? let us see—Ohio will give six thousand for her increase of members in one new district.

Sabbath, 11. I preached in Cincinnati. We are at low mark here this year: perhaps they will raise the scaffolding for a new house.

Kentucky.—We came over to Kentucky on *Monday*, and reached noisy Lexington: there was company enough, and little quiet through the night.

Tuesday, 13. We rode out to the widow Clark's to break-

fast. Our ride of twenty-six miles brought us to lodge under the roof of the widow Hall.

Wednesday, 14. We returned to Lexington in the forenoon. The distance gone over in the last two days and a half may be one hundred miles. I preached, but the notice had not been early, and there were few to hear.

I attended Ratcliff's chapel on *Thursday*, and ordained brother Cornelius Ruddle a local elder: he officiated in my place in the pulpit. I preached in the house of his father in 1780: how strangely I often find the lost!

On *Friday* I preached in the representative-chamber in Frankfort. I conversed with some of the respectables, and found one who had made one of my company twenty-three years ago in a journey through the wilderness. We reached Edward Talbot's on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 18. I preached at the brick chapel.

Monday, 19. We rode twenty-four miles to breakfast with James Ward, Goose Creek, Jefferson county: I preached the funeral of his son. Here I saw some of my ancient brethren and sisters, and the children of others of them.

Tuesday, 20. Came to Brunerstown: we had preaching in German and English. We dined with Mr. Conrad's kind family. There are some of Otterbine's and Swoop's people hereabouts. I was called to visit friend Whips in a dropsy. We came down to Baregrass Creek. What is called the Baregrass Settlement, is the garden of the State. It is a low, level country, and in wet seasons must be sickly, as it it is now. I saw a native of Saxony who had lately arrived, and had joined us. O! what a work has there been among the Germans, and would more abundantly have been, had they had the discipline of the Methodists!

Wednesday, 21. I preached in Louisville at eleven o'clock in our neat brick house, thirty-four by thirty-eight feet. I had a sickly, serious congregation. This is a growing town, and a handsome place, but the falls or ponds make it unhealthy: we lodged at Farquer's.

Thursday, 22. Breakfasted at B. Shaveley's, five miles on

our route: we worried and plunged through the deep roads thence towards the Barrens, and happily took the road newly cut through the woods, and found a shelter for the night with a brother Hawkins.

Friday, 23. We came on to Elizabeth, county-town of Harden; a little milk, morning and evening, served us for food. We lodged beyond Elizabeth with father Gilliland, whose father and grandfather were killed by the Indians: himself, until lately, has always been a frontier man, and greatly exposed.

Saturday, 24. We set out and reached Mr. Woodson's to lodge. I am greatly supported by God both in body and mind. A prize! a book found in the pocket of Mr. Whits after his death—Baxter's *Poor Man's Family Book:* the old gentleman had a good guide, and doubtless died in peace: I am indebted to the son for this excellent work.

Sabbath, 25. We have an awful storm: preached in Mr. Woodson's house. A Mr. Locke was present; one of the kindest Baptists I have met with. *Monday*, came to Allen's to dinner, and kept on to James Strangfield's. *Tuesday*, we crossed Barren River, rising swiftly. A ride through the rain brought us to Edward Porter's. *Wednesday*, visited David Porter, from Elk Ridge, in Maryland. *Thursday*, we rode thirty miles to brother Gwinn's. *Friday*, we came away late to Nashville, stopping on our way to speak to the widow Bowen, the daughter of my ancient friend, the late General Russell; this lady hath three daughters who profess religion: surely we have not prayed in vain. We found the river high on *Saturday;* Mr. Hobbs, the jailer, kindly took us in; but we are not prisoners, but of hope—but of the Lord.

Sabbath, November 1. I preached in the new, neat brick house, thirty-four feet square, with galleries. Twelve years ago I preached in the old stone house, taken down since to make a site for the state-house. The latter house exceeds the former in glory, and stands exactly where our house of worship should by right have stood; but we bear all things

patiently. This is a pentecostal day to my soul. Hail, all hail, eternal glory!

Monday, 2. We left our lodging in the jail-house, and came away to Green Hill's. *Tuesday*, busy in writing: I conclude that next year we shall visit and hold a conference in Mississippi, if so directed and permitted. *Wednesday*, we had an appointment in the neat little brick house, town, of Franklin, upon Harper River. After meeting the society, we basted away to escape the rain; the storm in the night was made awful by the thunder and lightning. We have a brick house in the town, and a frame one five miles out. I find old acquaintances here from Virginia and North Carolina. I preached on *Thursday* to a small congregation at Green Hill's. *Friday*, after meeting at Nashville, we went forward to Benjamin Maxey's; we held a meeting here, and I was expected to occupy the pulpit. We stayed on *Saturday* at the widow Bowen's, on Manscoe's Creek.

Sabbath, 8. I preached at Bowen's chapel, baptized a few subjects, and gave three exhortations; I had aid from God. If the Lord means to make us instruments for good, we are wanted here and at Natchez.

Monday, 9. We started away in the rain to James Gwinn's. *Tuesday*, we opened our conference in great peace; forty deacons were ordained, and ten elders; the travelling and local ministry amounts to sixty-two; the net increase, after allowing for death and removal, two. We came away, after a peaceful close of our labours, on *Tuesday* following, to John M'Gee's, thirty-three miles: *Wednesday*, to Garratt's: *Thursday*, to Gibson's: *Friday*, to Jack's, forty-five miles, arriving in the night. O, the rocks, hills, ruts, and stumps! My bones, my bones!

Saturday, 21. We had a quiet leisurely ride of thirty-one miles to Winton's. Driving my sulky over such roads, and through such uncommon colds, causes me to suffer deeply for the last few days. I am comforted with an increase of eight thousand in the Tennessee Conference. If we meet the Mississippi Conference, as appointed, in November, 1813,

we shall have gone entirely round the United States in forty-two years: but there will be other States: well; God will raise up men to make and to meet conferences in them also, if we remain faithful as a people.

Monday, 23. We came through the rain to Knoxville, and lodged with father Wagner, one of Otterbine's men. *Tuesday*, arrived in Dandridge, we drove to Foute's. It is excessively cold. It was my occupation to baptize six of the eight children of our host. *Wednesday*, we crossed French Broad at Seaham's ferry, and forded Pigeon River near its mouth on our way to James Gilliland's; we came into our station for the night almost stiff with the cold.

Sabbath, 29. I preached, and so also did Bishop M'Kendree; Henry Boehm exhorted. I found a relief to my cold in a few grains of tartar emetic. God hath wrought upon the vilest of the vile in the fork of Pigeon and French Broad Rivers, and he will yet do wonders.

Monday, 30. We stopped at Michael Bollen's on our route, where I gave them a discourse on Luke xi, 11-13. Why should we climb over the desperate Spring and Paint Mountains when there is such a fine new road? We came on *Tuesday* a straight course to Barratt's, dining in the woods on our way.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Wednesday, December* 2. We went over the mountain, twenty-two miles, to Killion's.

Thursday, 3. Came on through Buncombe to Samuel Edney's; I preached in the evening. We have had plenty of rain lately. *Friday*, I rest. Occupied in reading and writing. I have great communion with God. I preached at father Mills's.

Saturday, 5. We scaled the mountain—the rise may be a quarter of a mile, the descent much more gradual, and about a mile in length. We had a keen, cold wind, mingled with snow. Green River was full and rapid, but little Fox darted like a fish up the stream: we stopped at Marvell Mills's, chilled indeed.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Sabbath*, 6. I preached at Mills's

chapel, after meeting we went home with John Mills, White Oak Creek. Ah, John, thy pious, praying mother! think often of her. *Monday*, a bitter cold ride of forty miles, brought us to father Francis Watters's. O warm room, and kind old Virginians! Our host has twelve children of eighteen once living.

Tuesday, 8. Came to Broad River. We found Smith's ford deep enough, but Fox turned his fearless breast up the stream, and brought me swiftly and safely through the swell of waters: he is a noble beast. We dined in the woods, and stopped at Esquire Leech's; brandy and the Bible were both handed me: one was enough—I took but one.

Wednesday, 9. Came to Winsborough late at night: I cannot easily describe the pain under which I shrink and writhe: the weather is cold, and I have constant pleuritic twinges in the side. In cold, in hunger, and in want of clothing—mine are apostolic sufferings. Jacob Rumph is dead, and so are elder Capers and James Rembert: these were early friends to the Methodists in South Carolina, and left the world in the triumph of faith. We are in Camden.

Thursday, 10. We stay at father Buchanan's: people here give little encouragement to Methodism, but the walls of opposition will fall, and an abundant entrance will yet be ministered to us—the craft of learning, and the craft of interested religion will be driven away.

Friday, 11. A cold ride brought us to Dunkin's. Is not this man a brand plucked from the burning? a reclaimed drunkard! Camp-meeetings have done this—they do great good, and prosper in the sand-hills.

Saturday, 12. We lodged in Columbia with Colonel Hutchinson.

Sabbath, 13. I preached in the legislative chamber, and had the members for a part of my congregation. *Monday*, at the house of the widow of General Jacob Rumph; the father and son both died in the Lord. This house has been open to the Methodists for about twenty-seven years, whether in peace or persecution; Jacob travelled nearly four years; so meek, so mild, diligent, and simple-hearted,

so sincerely good. On *Tuesday* we came to father Carr's, a Swiss: here are pious, kind souls. *Wednesday*, came to Stephen Swithen's, within twenty-three miles of Charleston. It remains intensely cold. *Thursday*, my fingers gave out; then the axle-tree gave a crack, seventeen miles from the city. We loaded another whilst I rode in J. B. Glenn's sulky, he and Boehm, with the aid of cushions and bear-skins, rode horseback in to the city. These are trifles. Ah! we feel—we fear the locations of this conference will be sixteen in number. *Saturday*, our conference began its session in good order.

Sabbath, 20. I preached at Cumberland chapel in the morning, and at Bethel in the afternoon. The presiding eldership and the episcopacy saw eye to eye in the business of the stations: there were no murmurings from the eighty-four employed. *Christmas day* was a day of fasting, and we dined one hundred at our house on bread and water, and a little tea or coffee in the evening. Funds are low; but our Church is inured to poverty, and the preachers may be called *the poor of this world*, as well as their flocks.

Sabbath, 27. I had an opportunity of meeting the society, of both colours, and my exhortations were pointed, and in season. We have, with the increase, about eighteen thousand. What is coming? days of vengeance, or of Gospel glory? We have lost, by locations and other causes, fourteen of the itinerancy.

Monday, 28. Letters—letters to write! We send two missionaries to Mississippi. Religion is not fashionable in Charleston. *Tuesday*, receiving visitors. Our house is a house of prayer. *Wednesday*, we came to Readhammer's.

Thursday, 31. Came to Georgetown: I am now at home here after twenty-nine years of labour. Many letters call my attention: I am happy in God. We hear of a blessed work in James River district—camp-meetings the great instrument. According to Douglass's account six hundred have joined us. We have also a pleasing account in a letter from Joel Winch, New-London district, Bristol, Rhode Island, of a work of God; one hundred have joined, and other converts

there were who have joined the Baptists and Episcopalians; —were these stolen from us? *Saturday*, at rest, writing letters.

Sunday, January 3, 1813. I preached morning and evening. It was a small time—cold, or burning the dead. We have about one thousand blacks, and about one hundred white members; most of them women; the men kill themselves with strong drink before we can get at them. My home in Georgetown is not quite so comfortable; possibly I shall hereafter leave it to better men. *Monday*, it is so cold I have a small fire to write my letters by. *Tuesday*, we took the path to Coachman's, Black River. My evening talk to them was, "Take earnest heed."

Wednesday, 6. I was so lame I stopped at Richard Woodbury's. We held a meeting at two o'clock, and at night. *Friday*, we had a meeting at Collins Woodbury's; I preached in the evening—it was excessively cold, and I was lame.

Sabbath, 10. I preached at Rousome's, on Little Pee Dee. *Monday*, a bleak ride brought us to General Lee's. I took an emetic. My foot is much swelled. *Tuesday*, I was glad to stay at M'Neil's, in Lumberton. Applied a blister to my foot: Henry Boehm preached. *Wednesday*, came in great pain, and very unwell, to B. Russell's. I went to bed in a high fever and a mild medicine. *Thursday*, came on to Fayetteville through a cold, heavy rain. I blistered my foot again. The Lord blesses me with patience.

Sabbath, 17. They carried me into the church. I ordained two deacons and one elder. I failed in strength after preaching, and Rev. Mr. Turner, a Presbyterian, concluded our meeting by prayer. I came home, applied three blisters, and retired in a high fever to bed. A fourth blister completed the work. *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, closely confined.

Thursday, 21. A bitter cold ride of thirty miles brought us to Purdee's. I have a high fever, and am in great pain. *Friday*, a heavy ride of thirty-six miles brought us to King's. I anticipate a night of fever and pain. *Saturday*, to Wilmington: there is little trade here, and fewer people; of course there is less sin.

Sabbath, 24. I was carried into the church, preached, and met the society. I preached again in the evening. A bread poultice has procured me a mitigation of pain. Lord, be merciful to me in temporals and spirituals! William Capers is married—he twenty-three, his wife eighteen.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Tuesday*, 26. We made a journey of twenty-two miles to the widow Nixon's—a widow of Sarepta, and a mother in Israel. I have a fever, and swelled feet. We had a small congregation. *Thursday*, we took the road in the rain.

Friday, 29. Called a meeting at Mr. Shepherd's. Blessed be God! I have lived to see the third generation of father Ballard. He was the first man that joined us at New River: now his grandson is in the Church, and in Christ. My trials have lately been great. We stemmed the cold wind to Lot Ballard's, eighteen miles. I suffer violent pain in my right foot.

Sabbath, 31. It rained heavily; nevertheless, we held meeting at Richland chapel. I rested above an hour, on my knees, preaching, and in the ordination of Lot Ballard a deacon, and in prayer. We retired from the meeting to G. Rowe's, a son of affliction and consolation in God. We are in a palace—peace, and rich accommodation. Was it with us as in former times, we should be flying north; but we are fast bound by lameness. I have filled all my appointments, and answered the letters received. I neglect not all opportunities of instruction and prayer.

Monday, February 1. Lowering, cold day. *Tuesday*, I preached at Rowe's to about sixty souls. What a land is this of widows; and men sick, dying, and drunken! We came to J. Shineshe's on *Wednesday;* we found his wife ill, and prescribed for her as well as we might. After dinner and prayer, came away to the widow Bryan's. Her husband is dead, and her son sick: we prayed, ventured to prescribe for the diseased subject, and continued onward to Adonijah Perry's.

Thursday, 4. Once more I put on my leather shoes. O, the sufferings I have endured—patiently, I hope! One more

warning I gave these people, on Heb. ii, 1-4; it is perhaps the last. I am occupied in marking for reprint about three hundred pages of Baxter. *Friday*, we rode round to Thomas Lee's. *Saturday*, at rest.

Sabbath, 7. We had about two hundred souls, white and black, to hear us. I was two hours preaching, meeting the society, baptizing and ordaining Rasco Lipsey. I gained a fever and a clear conscience by my labours. Alas! it is the time of Jacob's trouble. *Monday*, I am in Newbern on crutches. *Tuesday*, reading, receiving the visits of presiding elders, and writing letters.

Wednesday, 10. We opened our conference in sister Tenkard's elegant school-room: we had great order, great union, and great despatch of business. The increase here in membership this year is seven hundred; but ah! deaths and locations—then the preachers!

Sabbath, 14. I was called upon to preach. *Thursday*, conference rose, and we came away, twenty-six miles, to Murphy's. *Friday*, excessively cold. A ride of fifty miles brought us to Edward Hall's. *Saturday*, we started in the rain, crossing Tar River, and driving through the snow driving in our faces: we were glad to stop at James Hunter's; my feet begin to swell again.

Sabbath, 21. Came in to Halifax, calling upon the widow Jones, mother of the Shaker of that name. I preached to a few whom the weather could not keep back. After meeting, and taking food, we directed our course to brother Barratt's. We wished to cross the river whilst the weather would permit: I fly, and a strange flight it is for a sick cripple.

Monday, 22. I halted at James Barratt's, and ordained John Moore, Edward Price, and Edward Drumgoold, one after the other, as they happened to drop in; I lectured in the evening.

Tuesday, 23. Came away to Jane Fisher's: here I ordained Thomas Drumgoold. *Wednesday*, I ordained John Comber at Smith Parham's. We found lodgings for the night at Hall's tavern. We passed through Petersburg to Coxe's, on

the James River. Here flesh failed, and I wished for rest and found it. A heavy ride on *Friday* brought us to Mr. Bleaky's happy family and pleasant mansion. I have looked into Whitehead's Life of Wesley—he is vilified: O, shame!

Sabbath, 28. I preached in Richmond old chapel, gave counsel to the tarrying society, baptized two infants, and ordained John Sullivan and William Whitehead deacons. I spoke again in the afternoon to a congregation made up of the young and the aged. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians are striving to have places of worship.

Monday, March 1. Came away to Burrough's. *Tuesday*, came to Carson's ferry, crossed, and kept on to Mrs. Alexander's. After leaving this, we became entangled in the woods, and had a gentle upset, which brought us, without much damage, to the bottom of the hill; a ride of two miles on horseback brought us and our baggage to our lodgings for the night. My mind enjoys great peace; but I am in pain of body, and my legs are swelled.

Wednesday, 3. We were obliged to lie by until the shaft of the sulky was mended. I improved this opportunity of rest to take medicine. I exhort the family. My mind mourns over the citizens of King George county. O for a Gospel day and work!

Thursday, 4. A desperate plunging of thirty miles through the clay brought us to Dumfries. We stopped at mother Mason's and lectured in the family. *Friday*, to Edward Sandford's. *Saturday*, came to Georgetown, dining with Jacob Hoffman, in Alexandria.

MARYLAND.—*Sabbath*, 7. I changed my subject after getting into the church; and I spoke long and plainly. We have news from the English Conference. It has given me an invitation to my native land, engaging to pay the expenses of the visit.

Monday, 8. I sat upon the carpet, reading and writing. William Watters visited me. In the evening I performed the ceremony of marriage, uniting two young people in the

house. *Wednesday*, I visited Doctor Tiffin, baptized his child, Edward Parker Tiffin, and then came on to Bell's chapel, and had here a very respectable congregation; but, alas! I was feeble in body and mind. We lodged with brother William Revet. *Thursday*, we visited Colonel Beale, below Piscataway; and here I preached to a very genteel, serious people. *Friday*, I preached at Ford's chapel: the word was not wholly lost. We lodged under the hospitable roof of the widow Ford. *Saturday*, was held a quarterly meeting at Smith's chapel. We preached to a full house. After meeting we were invited to the house of Mr. Somerville.

Sabbath, 14. I suffer extreme pain in one of my limbs, and move with difficulty. A dumb *Sabbath;* but there is no lack of aid. I feel perfect resignation, knowing that it is all for the best. *Monday*, we left our kind host, Captain Somerville, an old revolutionary hero, who lost an arm in the contest. We crossed Patuxent River, and had a cold ride from Lower Marlborough to Samuel Essex's, Plumb Point. I am feeble, and have to endure pain and cold, and perform double labour: blessed be God, for the support I receive!

Tuesday, 16. I preached in Child's chapel, and was assisted by Wells, Boehm, and Smith. We came in, chilled by the cold and rain, to Philip Dorsey's, and lodged there. *Wednesday*, faint and feeble, we took the road to Tannyhill's, and gave a sermon to a small congregation. We lodged with Samuel Wood, who lives where Griffin formerly lived, and has married the widow: here I preached thirty-six years ago.

Thursday, 18. I met about four hundred people at Weems's chapel, to whom I preached, and we hope the word was not lost: my congregation was serious and attentive. But, ah! there is death in the pot! will my exhortations to the society do much good? We found our host, William Weems, with an afflicted family.

Friday, 19. We drove through a storm of wind to Lamplin's chapel, and preached to about two hundred attentive

hearers. Dined with Doctor Murray's family, and gave them some plain talk. We lodged with Samuel M'Cubbins. I was feverish and in pain, and worried through a night of affliction. We have visited Prince George, Calvert, and Ann Arundell; the weather and roads, how unpleasant; and the people, how decently attentive in meeting; and how kind and attentive in their houses! *Saturday*, I housed with my friend Absalom Ridgeley, in Annapolis: this amiable family is much favoured.

Sabbath, 21. There was a serious, solemn attention in the congregation, whilst I tried to speak on Colossians i, 27-29. I gave the Africans a sermon in the afternoon. I felt the pain of coughing, and the effects of the blister. *Monday*, came to Sewall's. I preached on James i, 22-24. A heavy ride brought us to Baltimore. I gave an evening to the great Otterbine: I found him placid and happy in God. He says the commentators are mistaken—that the vials are yet to be poured out. *Tuesday*, I had a serious interview with the presiding elders. *Wednesday*, we opened conference, and went forward in our business in great peace and order.

Sabbath, 28. I ordained deacons in the forenoon and preached in the afternoon.

Thursday, *April* 1. Conference rose in great order and peace. I stationed eighty-three preachers. This conference holds, in their several relations, ninety preachers, twenty thousand two hundred and seventy-two members white, and seven hundred and ninety-nine coloured. We came away to Perry Hall: Alas! how solitary!

Friday, 2. To Ewen's. *Saturday*, to mother Boehm's. It was necessary to put seventy miles between us and Baltimore before we could write a line: must we always thus *fly away to be at rest?*

Sabbath, 4. At Boehm's chapel I expounded 2 Tim. ii, 15. Henry Boehm preached in German; James Norton in English. The society received an exhortation. *Monday*, I wrote a letter to my British brethren, thanking them for their kind invitation to visit them. *Tuesday*, I preached

at Strasburg. *Wednesday*, desperate roads to Newark kept us late. We had about two hundred people to hear us, to whom we spoke upon *the great salvation.*

Thursday, 8. I preached at Salem, and went home to dine with A. Keagy. After dinner we went down with Judge Richard Bassett to Bohemia. Spring has at last returned—a treble spring—natural, spiritual, and political. What a winter we have gone through! what weather for five months! what roads!

Friday, 9. We rode down to Smyrna: and preached at night, remembering to exhort the society. I visited sister Davis; near her end: but calm and waiting for deliverance. *Saturday*, went to Dover.

Sabbath, 11. I spoke at Wesley chapel plain words in the forenoon, and I spoke again in the afternoon at Farra's chapel. We dined with Denny, and finding them at the table when we afterward called at Doctor Sykes's, we sat sociably down and ate there also. I called upon Judge Cooper, who is a subject of great affliction: he felt much whilst I prayed with him. The evening was cold, nevertheless we came away, thirteen miles, to lodge at Purnell's.

Monday, 12. A rapid ride brought us to Collins's, in Caroline. I preached at three o'clock, and went home to lodge with Peter T. Causey. *Tuesday*, rode fifteen miles to preach in Frazier's chapel. I preached in the evening at James Harris's. Thomas Foster took us in for the night.

Wednesday, 14. We came to Cambridge.

Thursday, 15. There was an alarm from the enemy, and of course no preaching. We came back to Foster's. I preached in Newmarket, and ordained George Ward to deacon's orders. *Friday*, retired for humiliation and prayer. *Saturday*, I preached at Washington chapel, and ordained Henry Baine a local deacon. We visited Eccleston Brown, now a subject of grace, and lodged with Lemuel Davis, an old disciple.

DELAWARE.—*Sunday*, 18. I preached at Brown's chapel, and had a serious, attentive congregation. I preached also in the evening at Bridgeville. What a change is here! the

children and grandchildren are left, but few of the first generation. I baptized Daniel Polk's son. *Monday*, to Milford, and preached for them.

Tuesday, 20. I preached in Barratt's chapel, dined at Dover, and slept at Smyrna; making a journey of forty miles.

Wednesday, 21. There was a high wind, and I set out, feeble and faint, and reached Wilmington. I lodged with Governor Bassett. My peace flows like a river. I suppose we have, in sixteen circuits, ten chapels in each. I preached for the folks in Wilmington.

Friday, 23. A heavy ride brought us to Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Saturday*, 24. We opened our annual conference, ninety preachers present: much order, and great peace.

Sunday, 25. I preached in the academy chapel in the morning; and at night at St. George's. My congregations were large. We continued in conference until *Saturday*, the first of May. We had speakers in plenty; but peace and union. There is a falling off in numbers, occasioned by locations, and the retirement of the superannuated, and other causes; so that the increase of effective preachers is but two.

Sunday, May 2. I preached at Ebenezer, and exhorted to union; and again at the tabernacle. I shall throw all the troubles of the times, the Church, and the conference, into shades; nor will I record these tales of woe.

Tuesday, 4. We set out in an easterly storm up the Bristol road, and reached Burlington.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Wednesday* and *Thursday*, still raining. Busy writing letters. The increase in six conferences, is, in members, twenty-one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four; in preachers seventy-nine; but of these there are only thirty-three travellers. The Baltimore Conference paid up without any charitable dividend. I preached in Burlington on *Thursday;* many attended, although it was damp. Will this place and Trenton ever be famous for vital religion?

Friday, 7. Stormy. I preached at Mount Holly. After

meeting, visited William Richards, a friend of ours for many years. His wife and daughter departed in peace, and are gone safe.

Saturday, 8. I preached in Lumberton. Here we have a good house, after forty years' labour. I dined with Mr. Moore. His mother is a public speaker; yet she attended our Methodist meeting, and told me she found it a blessing to her. We rode to New Mills, to shorten our distance to the city. My mind is greatly in God; but my body is feeble.

Sunday, 9. I preached, and it was an open season. We met the society after preaching, and said many things to them.

Monday, 10. Dined at the widow Bunting's, Crossweeks. At Allentown, I preached nearly two hours, and had gracious access to God and to truth. We lodged with John Hughes. I am filled with God.

Tuesday, 11. We came to Brunswick, thirty miles, and a desperate road. I was weary and faint; yet I went to the meeting-house in the evening, delivered my testimony, and retired sick to bed to take medicine.

Wednesday, 12. We came fifteen miles to Platt's, Rahway, without breaking bread. I preached in our unfinished house in Bridgetown, at noon; and at Elizabeth, at night. There are distressing accounts from the sea-coasts, and from the north-west. God's people must flee to the stronghold of Divine protection.

Thursday, 13. Dined at Newark. Preached at Belleville. *Friday*, preached at Paramo's. The rain was abundant; the people, nevertheless, attended. Lodged at Wilson's. *Saturday*, preached at Sherwood's. We had an open season.

NEW-YORK.—We toiled over the rocky road to Haverstraw, sixteen miles; and I delivered my testimony in great feebleness of body. We lodged with Peter Noyelle. Our host built his house for a tavern, but it was turned into a church. At Philipstown we have an elegant new chapel; I preached in it on *Monday*, and felt liberty in the word.

Tuesday, 18. Came to Richard Jackson's, twenty-five miles. I was required to preach at a minute's warning, as I found an assembly ready. It would seem as if the preachers think they are committing sin if they do not appoint preaching for me every day, and often twice a day. Lord, support us in our labour, and we will not murmur.

Wednesday, 19. A cold, uncomfortable ride brought us to Amenia. We dined with brother Ryder, an ancient disciple and local preacher.

Thursday, 20. We opened the New-York Conference in great peace and good order. *Friday*, day of abstinence. I ordained twelve deacons after sermon. My text was 2 Tim. iv, 5.

Saturday, 22. King Gordius had well-nigh been amongst us; but the knots were untied peaceably, and not cut in rashness.

Sunday, 23. Bishop M'Kendree preached. It appeared to me as if a ray of divine glory rested on him. His subject was, "Great peace have they that love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." My subject was Ephes. iv, 1-3. The appearance, manner, and preaching of brother M'Kendree, produced a very powerful effect on Joshua Marsden, a British missionary, who has been present at our conference.

Wednesday, 26. I preached the funeral sermon of Robert Hibbard. He was drowned in the St. Lawrence, on his way to his former circuit. Our conference concluded in peace, and the bishops, upon reading the stations, gave a valedictory address, in which our brethren were assured that the plan of their future labours was deliberately formed, with the aid of the collected and re-collected wisdom of judicious counsel, and in much prayer. We heard no complaint, and there was no appeal.

CONNECTICUT.—*Friday*, 28. We travelled this day ten hours. I preached in the evening in a school-house; but had not much freedom. *Saturday*, we made a tedious day's ride to the widow Pease's. In our way we called in to see a sick brother, and prayed with him.

Sunday, 30. I preached in Pittsfield. *Monday*, preached at M'Farlan's. Sickness, death, and judicial blindness, are the miseries of this part of the world. We called upon John Leland, late from the margin of the grave: we found him pleasant and kind. Hereabouts we scattered some pamphlets on *discipline*, and the supper of the Lord. But baptism is all in all still with them. We avoided controversy.

Tuesday, *June* 1. We have a fine prospect of the Hoosack River, and the Green Mountain, bleak as January. After dinner at Tinney's, (kind souls,) we descended the precipice, crossing by a slight bridge. We lodged with Deacon Allis: the good Presbyterian officiated for his family; but in the morning we settled the matter, and I prayed.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Wednesday*, 2. We reached Winchester, in New-Hampshire, stopping to dine with the nice Websters, in Greenfield. My knee is swelled again. *Like priest, like people*, in these parts; both judicially blind. We lodged two nights in Winchester with Caleb Alexander, whose father I followed to the grave. The dust I visited, afterward the widow, and came away. This town is not reformed by Methodist conference or Methodist preaching. We shall direct our course straight-forward to New-London, to meet our conference there. Studiously employed, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*, at brother Marble's.

Sunday, 6. I preached in the morning and afternoon with little freedom. May we not expect increasing days of distress? Methodism in the east, is as likely to be anything else as that which it ought to be, unless we have great displays of the power of God, and a strict discipline. We have a gracious rain in mercy, if not in answer to prayer. Knowing the uncertainty of the tenure of life, I have made my will, appointing Bishop M'Kendree, Daniel Hitt, and Henry Boehm, my executors. If I do not in the meantime spend it, I shall leave, when I die, an estate of two thousand dollars, I believe: I give it all to the Book Concern. This money, and somewhat more, I have inherited from dear departed Methodist friends, in the State of Maryland, who died child-

less; besides some legacies which I have never taken. Let it all return, and continue to aid the cause of piety.

Monday, 7. I preached in Winchester village; a plain discourse. *Tuesday*, came on to Orange, and preached at Asa Lord's. We have had pleasing rains, and nature begins to put on her charms. My mind enjoys a constant serenity, whether labouring or at rest, in ease or in pain. "To me to live is Christ; to die is gain."

Wednesday, 9. We came in haste to Ashburnham, and attended a prayer-meeting at the widow Barrol's: I lectured upon Luke xviii, 1. We came to Howard about mid-day. Here are good houses of wood; the country around barren, but partly improved by the cultivation of grass. *Thursday*, was cold. Surely we shall rise in New-England in the next generation. I believe, for one, that there has been more true Gospel preaching in the other States, than in the five New-England States, after all their boasting. God is my all. I preached in Howard at six o'clock in the evening, plainly and pointedly. Ah! there is death in the pot.

Friday, 11. At Waltham, we stopped, lectured, and prayed; and came away to Needham. Faint, yet pursuing. I endure heat and abstinence, in patience, and in hope.

Saturday, 12. We had a pleasant rain; came away to breakfast, eight miles, in a tavern, praying at the table. Sixteen miles through dust and heat, made us willing to stop for dinner at Easton; and continuing on to Taunton, we sought rest with father Prattson, a Lot in Sodom.

Sunday, 13. We rose at four o'clock, to gain twelve miles for Somerset quarter meeting. I lectured on the Lord's prayer. Dined with Captain Reed, and gave an exhortation in the afternoon. I am told there is a revival of the work of God here, and at Warren, and at Bristol. I have difficulties to encounter, but I must be silent. My mind is in God. In New-England we sing, we build houses, we eat, and stand at prayer. Here preachers locate, and people support them, and have travelling preachers also. Were I to labour forty-two years more, I suppose I should not succeed in getting things right. Preachers have been sent away from

Newport by an apostate; so we go. O rare steeple-houses, bells! (organs by-and-by?)—these things are against me, and contrary to the simplicity of Christ. We lodge with our brother Brayton.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Monday*, 14. We visited the Reeds, senior and junior, and Doctor Winsler and family. I preached in Warren in the evening, and lodged with kind Smith Bowen. I preached at Bristol at six o'clock: we did not trouble the people with ourselves or horses. My congregation was large. A pious sister had gone in triumph: we committed her earth to parent earth.

Wednesday, 16. Storm-bound. Writing, planning, and reading. *Thursday*, we came in haste, along to Providence. An African gave me his hand in the street, having seen me in New-York. George Pickering turned me aside, and presented me to the Governor, Jones, who gave me his hand: we were entertained splendidly. Here are grand buildings; but no chapel for the Methodists. We rode on to Lippelt's factories: what a population here is! *Friday*, fast and physic. Reached Kayser's, in Canterbury. Nature is now in all her grandeur and loveliness. When alone, I am all prayer and praise. *Saturday*, to Colchester, dining with Williams on the route.

Sunday, 20. Brother M'Kendree preached at eleven o'clock; and I in the afternoon. Was it ever known before, that the stations could be ready in four days? Two cases in committee delayed us nearly a day.

Thursday, 24. We rose in peace. Here was an account of the expenditure of six hundred dollars in a charity; and the bishops knew nothing about it: mark! let us have no more fellowship in giving or receiving money. We rose in peace, with satisfaction, generally, as it respected the stations; and this has been the case throughout the eastern States.

Friday, 25. Moved forward to East Hartford; and lodged once more under the roof of Esquire Pitkins.

Saturday, 26. Came the Hartford Bridge road to Jonathan

Coe's, Winstead. Hail, home! Rest, my heart! We have made a stand in the New-England Conference against steeples and pews; and shall possibly give up the houses, unless the pews are taken out, and the houses made sure to us exclusively. The conference now pursue a course which will surely lead to something decisive: we will be flattered no longer.

Sunday, 27. Bishop M'Kendree preached in the morning, I spoke in the evening. I did not go out at night, but stayed at home to nurse myself, and to meditate.

CONNECTICUT.—*Monday*, 28. A heavy ride brought us to Benedict's, in Canaan; and thence onward to brother King's, in Egremont. *Tuesday*, to father Merwin's to lodge.

Wednesday, 30. A long ride brought us to Daniel Ostrander's, in the Holloway. It is surprising to see the improvement of the city of Hudson in twenty years. We have spent about ten dollars a month, as road expenses; but where is our clothing and our horses to come from; what have we left for charity? It must be gotten from two hundred dollars, allowed us by the conference. But may we not beg? For ourselves—*no*.

Thursday, *July* 1. I preached in a school-house: the weather was sultry, and I was weak and in pain.

NEW-YORK.—*Friday*, 2. Came to Rensselaerville, and called a solemn meeting. *Saturday*, I was greatly afflicted and stayed at home.

Sunday, 4. I rose unwell; but the appointment had been made for me. I spoke an hour, and officiated in love-feast and at the sacrament: the meeting held about three hours. My dinner and supper to-day has been tartar emetic. I never knew the state of the Methodist chapel in New-Durham until now. It was bought of the Presbyterians, carried five miles, and rebuilt or replaced within hearing of the Independents' church: there is, surely, little of the mind of Christ in all this, and I will preach no more in it, if I can avoid it. Should the Methodists have imitated the Low Dutch, who treated them exactly thus in Albany?

Monday, 5. At Sharon; Caukin's: the aged father is dead.

Tuesday, a ride through the heavy rain brought us to Springfield.

Wednesday, 7. Came on to Litchfield, and thence to Richards's, a pleasant home.

Thursday, 8. To Westmoreland: in the last two hundred and seventy miles I have suffered much from hunger, heat, and sickness. If we were disposed to stop at taverns, (which we are not,) our funds would not allow it always when we need refreshment and food; we have not brethren at every place, and the east is not hospitable: Maryland, or the south!

Friday, 9. We opened our conference in peace in our house, sixty by fifty feet; built by the Independents, and bought by the Methodists. We progressed two days in much union and sweetness, having one day the presence and company of our Canadian brethren.

Sabbath, 11. Daniel Hitt preached at nine o'clock. I preached and ordained nine deacons; Bishop M'Kendree ordained six elders, and preached also. We had sermons inside and outside of the house, and in the woods: we might have three thousand souls to hear. Shall our labour all be lost? By sitting in an open, cold house I have taken the influenza.

Tuesday, 13. Our conference adjourned in great peace, and all satisfied with their stations.

Wednesday, 14. Tried medicine. I preached on a short notice at our little chapel at Paris Green. We lodged at Richards's.

Thursday, 15. We had four hours' rain to fall upon us in our eight hours' ride to Brookfield. Brother Pierce was sent in the name of the bishops to communicate to W. B. Lacey what conference had done in his case, and to demand his parchment; the culprit refused to deliver up his credentials in a very peremptory manner: after degrading himself, and despising our authority, it is said he means to be rebaptized.

Friday, 16. We called at our brother Clark's house: our friend and his wife lay in the same grave. We talked and prayed with the grandmother and daughters, one of whom is in society. We have travelled some rugged roads

since we left conference, and we have had two hair-breadth escapes for life, both horse and rider, each one. O Lord, thou preservest man and beast! Came to Corkin's. Behold, elder Strait is crooked enough; gone off with things not his own.

Saturday, 17. A thirty miles' ride brought us to Jericho bridge where the family of Banks generously entertained us.

Sabbath, 18. Bishop M'Kendree stopped to preach; I rode on thirty miles to Brush's. We stopped with a poor family on our route, fed, and prayed with them, and were blest indeed. Next day began our trials. It had rained in the night. We set out and encountered the logs, stumps, rocks, and torrents, which came down upon us from the hills above. We put into a house at the Great Bend, and stopped to dine: here I lectured, sung, and prayed with the poor infidels in the house; some stared, some smiled, and some wept. The lady asked me to call again as I passed: yes, madam, on condition you will do two things; read your Bible, and betake yourself to prayer.

Tuesday, 20. On our way we stopped to visit and pray with the widowed family of our brother Smith, who is called away. As we came into Shawnee the drunkards welcomed us with a dreadful roar. I fail here—my foot is much swelled and very painful.

Thursday, 22. The horse in the sulky has his shoulder swelled. Brother M'Kendree's beast dragged me over a rough path to Bowman's. My face and teeth are in great pain and disorder.

Friday, 23. Great suffering from pain in my face. *Saturday*, I preached, and retired in a high fever to take medicine, and to blister my face. And this is Briar Creek camp-meeting! I am alive, however; and same of the good folks of Philadelphia and Jersey have said they should never see Francis again. In the midst of all our suffering and disappointment, God is with us.

Sabbath, 25. I must preach again: my subject was Acts xx, 21. The *testimony* of the ministry—in holiness of

life; unwearied labour; in suffering, and in martyrdom. It was the fidelity of this *testifying* which led the first martyrs to the stake; and the unfaithfulness of this *testifying* will lead ministers to hell. *Repentance*—of sinners; of believers; of backsliders;—the difference in their nature. *Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ*—of seekers of salvation—of believers in sanctification;—in backsliders. I suffer greatly at night.

Monday, 26. We came through the heat, twenty-two miles, to Danville. The wife of Daniel Montgomery is my old friend Molly Wallis. Yes, I saw her; but ah! how changed in forty-two years—time has been eighty years at work upon her wrinkled face. We crossed the river to Jacob Girhart's. My company went to bed, and I sat up helping to hull peas. And am I to preach at six o'clock? be it so. But behold, the saddle-horse broke away whilst John French was washing him, and off he went as if Satan drove him.

Wednesday, 28. Our runaway was brought home yesterday at noon. We started at six o'clock, bending our course down the Reading turnpike. We halted at an inn, prayed, and kept forward to Shoemaker's: here we prayed and exhorted in the evening.

Thursday, 29. We bear our trials patiently. John French's sick horse is foundered. Crossed the Schuylkill at Sewey's. We asked for food, and were told the tavern was near. Our money was scarce—we had borrowed five dollars, which will be barely enough, perhaps, to bring us through this inhospitable district. We bent our way along the mountain, stopping at Francis Zellar's, where we were partially welcome. He had a son, a Lutheran priest, who refused to read or pray in the family: Alas! so stupid and so wicked: I would rather be a slave in South Carolina with the gospel and a good master.

Friday, 30. Our saddle-horse was stiff enough. We breakfasted richly in Shafferstown for sixty cents—man and beast. We pressed forward to Abraham Bee's, Warwick township. We have great toils and great peace.

Saturday, 31. We halt and limp forward, through Lititz to Lancaster. Happily we met H. Boehm, who had appointed a meeting at Boehm's chapel.

Sabbath, *August* 1. I preached in the forenoon and afternoon. Rest, man and beast! *Monday*, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday*, busily employed in writing letters, reading, and in prayer. I addressed a valedictory statement of my opinion to Bishop M'Kendree, on the primitive Church government and ordination; I shall leave it with my papers.

Thursday, we paid a visit to Jacob Boehm. *Friday*, fast-day, we went a rough road to the camp-meeting, forty-five miles distant. Feeble though I was, the stand was ready for me. I delivered my testimony in great weakness of body. On *Saturday* we had a Sabbath congregation: I preached at three o'clock.

Sabbath, 8. I did not preach a sermon, yet I had often occasion to speak. There was singing and prayer through the whole night; possibly we slept three hours. There were, I suppose, three thousand people on the camp-ground, most of them tolerably attentive. Amongst these were some drunkards, but so deeply laden that they could not have done much mischief, had they been so disposed. We have gone forty miles out of our way to be here, and to do good; God will bless this coming together of his humble worshippers. Richard Bassett and wife, and sister Bruff, came forty miles to see me. *Tuesday*, the flies plague us. The bridge at Columbia is begun on both sides of the river. We reached Little York.

Wednesday, 11. A tiresome ride brought us to our home at the widow Willis's. From the door I saw the tomb of dear Henry Willis. Rest, man of God! Thy quiet dust is not called to the labour of riding five thousand miles in eight months—to meet ten conferences in a line of sessions from the District of Maine, to the banks of the Cayuga—to the States of Ohio, of Tennessee, of Mississippi—to Cape Fear, James River, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and to the completion of the round. Thou wilt not plan and labour the arrangement of the stations of seven hundred preachers; thou wilt

not attend camp-meetings, and take a daily part in the general ministration of the word; and often consume the hours which ought to be devoted to sleep in writing letters upon letters! Lord, be with us, and help us to fulfil the task thou hast given us to perform! *Thursday*. The Pipe Creek camp-meeting begins to-day.

Sabbath, 15. I lectured on the Lord's Prayer, at the camp-stand. We might have three thousand hearers. I have sufficient exercise by riding six miles backward and forward to the ground, and speaking a little. We are told there are between forty and fifty converts, and many professors powerfully quickened; the poor Africans abandoned by all sects to us, were greatly engaged.

Friday, 20. We started for Ohio, passing through Frederick and Middletown, to Williamsport. Called on father Everhard, and sheltered under his shade from the excessive heat. The old saint has a son and a son-in-law, local labourers. We have encouraging accounts from the encampment near Winchester, Virginia.

Sabbath, 22. Our new chapel here (Williamsport) is too small. I preached to a large congregation on a short notice. I felt that I was commissioned by the anointing of the Holy Spirit: surely the day's labour will not go for nothing.

Wednesday, 25. At Cumberland I preached in the chapel, and ordained J. I. Jacobs, Thomas Lakin, and William Shaw, holy men, to the office of elders. A day of toil over the desperate mountains brought us to Brownsville. We have had our trials and afflictions.

Sabbath, 29. I preached strong words from "Examine yourselves;" and after the congregation was dismissed, gave counsel to the society.

Wednesday, *September* 1. We opened our conference—about thirty members present. On *Saturday* deacons and elders were ordained. We have had preaching four times in the day. My mind is at peace, and my body at ease; glory be to thee, O my Creator!

Sabbath, 5. In Bezaleel Wells's grove I may have had one

thousand souls to hear me. Bishop M'Kendree preached, and the exercises closed with the sacrament. The people were attentive to hear with much solemnity.

Sabbath, 12. I preached in Chilicothe. We pass on swiftly from tavern to tavern, for we are in great haste, and dare not turn aside to seek our brethren. Mrs. Wells, after painful anxiety, was speedily and happily delivered of a man-child—in answer to prayer, she says; she calls it Francis Asbury. I lament my loss of public labours, especially on the Sabbath: but can I preach more than once a day, constantly engaged, as I am, in conference, in writing answers to letters, and receiving those who come for counsel? Let candid and thinking minds answer.

Tuesday, 14. Reached West-Union, with a swelled face. I preached to the people here for the first time; may it not be for the last also? I was turned into another man—the Spirit of God came powerfully upon me, and there was a deep feeling amongst the people. *Wednesday*, we came to Limestone, where I consecrated our new house by bearing testimony to the truth of God, on Luke xix, 10. I saw the foundation of our new house in Paris with the more pleasure because of the interesting little history attached to it. An honest brother had failed in business, moved away, recovered his loss, came back, paid his creditors, and moved a subscription to build, and is now building a Methodist chapel.

KENTUCKY.—*Sabbath*, 19. I preached in our enlarged Ebenezer church, in Clark county. Once more I see Doctor Hinds, from the other side the flood, rejoicing in Jesus; he will never again, I presume, put a blister on his wife's head to draw Methodism out of her heart; this mad prank brought deep conviction, by the operation of the Spirit of God upon his soul. His children, some of them, already rejoice with him, having the same joy, and faith, and hope. We came rapidly through Danville to Mulder's. Next day to Thompson's. Next day to Wallis's; and next day to father Bracken's, near the camp-ground. What a flight we have had!

Sabbath, 26. I preached in the camp. Our ride from Steubenville has been through pleasant rains, welcome to the before-parched earth. We read the word of God, and prayed in every house in which we stopped. The tavern-keepers were kind and polite, as Southern folks should be and as Southern folks ought not to be; they were sometimes two sheets in the wind. O, that liquid fire! The thing I have for some time greatly feared is come to pass—the Creek nation have taken up the hatchet: unhappy people! the whites will take vengeance, cruel vengeance on them for their barbarian warfare on unoffending women and children. O God, save thy people from rage of the heathen!

TENNESSEE.—We came to the Tennessee Conference. I lodged under the hospitable roof of mother Roscoe. Our progress daily was great, and made in great peace and order.

Sabbath, October 3. I preached, and ordained about twenty deacons. We rose on the sixth instant finding very few difficulties objected to the stations. The families in the neighbourhood have not been left unvisited; and we hope our prayers and exhortations will not be in vain to and for the Walkers, the Maxeys, the Saunderses, the Reeses, the Blackmans. Will it be believed that the *races* agitate the public mind notwithstanding the alarms of Indian wars? If in the midst of such terrors the people will not forsake the race-course, why should the people of God neglect to frequent their meetings? in this case they may learn from the example of sinners. The Tennessee Conference were not willing to let the bishops go to the Mississippi Conference. *Sabbath*, 10. I preached at John M'Gee's.

Sabbath, 17. Last night preached at Porter's chapel. At Marysville, the whole city came out to hear us. Our travels have been through toil, and crowds, and storms. It is our business to read, exhort, and pray, wherever we stop.

Monday, 18. We came away, having first taken an emetic. A thirty miles' ride over unpleasant paths, and through heat, brought us to our lodging for the night with more endurable feelings. I preached at Ohaver's on *Wednesday*,

and ordained Joshua West an elder. We visited the Bolings, the Nelsons, and the Barnets. I feel pleuritic pains in the breast; but they must wear themselves away.

Sabbath, 24. I preached in great weakness. I am at Killion's once more. Our ride of ninety miles to Staunton bridge on Saluda River was severely felt, and the necessity of lodging at taverns made it no better.

Friday, 29. On the peaceful banks of the Saluda I write my valedictory address to the presiding elders. At Staunton bridge we rest five days; my horse and his master both disabled. I preached but twice. My leisure has permitted me to read Sellon: I hesitate not to recommend this work to our Book Concern. James, the son of John Douthat, gave me an interesting account of his father:—John Douthat was born in Maryland; left his native place and settled on the Yadkin; became a member of the Methodist society, and was honoured as a class-leader, making his house a house of God for the assemblies of his brethren. An infamous woman had found her way into the society, and seduced Douthat away, and he departed from his brethren and from God. Some years after this, the family removed to the Table Mountain, Pendleton district: the preachers came to the house, the father was reclaimed, and his two sons, James and Samuel, joined the Methodists, and were useful and respectable travelling preachers; the former labouring twelve, the latter seven years in the ministry. But the elder Douthat had a failing—he was fond of liquor, and indulged himself, and backslid a second time; retaining, nevertheless, his character for strict integrity and his habit of private prayer, occasionally hearing the Gospel. Last summer he fell ill, and came to lie down and die at his son James's; here he became a true penitent, was blest with justifying and sanctifying grace, and slept in peace in the seventy-third year of his age.

Tuesday, November 2. We visited Talieferos, and went forward to B. Lyon's.

Thursday, 4. Called a meeting at Edward M'Craw's: I spoke with enlargement of mind on Heb. x, 38, 39. We saw

Henry Gains, a disciple since 1777; now feeble, but wishing to be faithful unto death. Came forward to Conner's, Abbeville district.

Sabbath, 7. I preached in the tabernacle, on 2 Cor. v, 11. If the people say it was like thunder and lightning I shall not be surprised. I spoke in power from God, and there was a general and deep feeling in the congregation: thine, O Lord, be all the glory! Came home with James Cox.

Monday, 8. I gave an alarming lecture at John Branan's. There is a serious mortality on the middle and lowlands of South Carolina and Georgia.

South Carolina.—*Tuesday*, 9. We rode through the heat, crossing the Little River to Mr. Shield's, twenty miles.

Georgia.—*Wednesday*, 20. I tried five grains of tartar, and felt the good effects of medicine. We continued on to Petersburg into Georgia. Into what house may I enter without finding two cold professors, and five or ten impious persons? Yet God will favour a righteous cause, though there may be thousands as wicked as fiends.

Sabbath, 14. I preached at Thompson's chapel, and had a pleasant season. We lodged at senator Tait's, and I retired to bed with a fever. Here are two sick families. There is a great drought: these are judgment days. I preached at Peter Oliver's: my host and wife are both sick.

Sabbath, 21. I preached in the new chapel at James Mark's—Elbert's—in folly called Asbury. We visited Doctor Bradly, recovering from his affliction; a miracle of grace. We have visited about thirty families. Imprudent man that I am, to take off my flannel, and ride in the damps after sunset! I preached at Sparta, and ordained two deacons. A journey of six days brought us to Savannah: we were careful to leave our testimony and to pray with every family where we stopped. Kind widow Bonnell sent her chaise after me. I must change my mode of travelling, I suppose. I preached twice in the Wesley chapel. This is a good, neat house, sixty feet by forty. I enjoyed great peace. Our chapel cost five thousand dollars: others would

have made it cost twice as much, perhaps. We are indebted to Myers and Russell for much of this saving. The Presbyterian Church hath changed its form to Independent—Doctor Kollock must be the same.

Monday, 22. Rode to Mr. Tiebout's plantation: sweet retreat! *Tuesday*, we rode forty-six miles to Wainer's. I am again in a chaise: James Russell insisted upon giving me an old gig worth forty-five dollars. We are safe in Charleston, visiting black swamp and some families as we came along. We have had cold, hungry travelling. My mind is holiness to the Lord. We found our family here in health.

Sunday, December 12. I preached in Trinity church: we have it now in quiet possession. I also officiated in Cumberland and Bethel churches. The society is not so lively as formerly. In visiting six families I found but two that acknowledge God in his word and worship: Ah, woe is me!

Thursday, 16. We attended the funeral of Doctor Keith, suddenly called away, and greatly lamented by all, especially by the people of colour: he had been twenty-six years a minister of the Independent Church. Most of the clergy of the city were present, and there was great solemnity observed. We had no gloves or scarfs given us: this was well; but I could have wished there had been prayer in the house before the corpse was removed. We lecture morning and evening. We labour to live in and for God; we desire to receive rich and poor, people and ministers; and to consecrate, in the order of faith and prayer, every room and every heart in the house, to God.

Sunday, 19. I preached in Cumberland chapel, in Trinity, and in Bethel. How much good will my ten days' visit do here? I preach, lecture, and pray. I invited the stewards of Bethel, and the trustees of Trinity came to see me on *Tuesday;* we dined and prayed together, and parted in love and peace.

Wednesday, 22. In a cold day we left Charleston, and came thirty miles to preach to preachers at Nichols's. We lodged with Eccles. *Friday*, my mind is in peace in bodily

affliction. Weather, roads, swamps—we heed them not. On our way to Black River, we visited many families: O, let me do some good whilst I may! *time is short.*

Thursday, 30. At Rembert's settlement. How my friends remove or waste away! yet I live: let me live every moment to God! On the first day of the new year, 1814, I preached at Rembert's chapel.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Sunday, January* 2. I preached in the chapel. On *Monday* we came away, in company with Myers and Norton, to Fayetteville, one hundred and forty miles, visiting many families in our route.

Friday, 7. I received seven letters: the contents of some of them make me feel serious. We learn that Bishop Coke, with seven young preachers, have sailed for the East Indies. The British Society is poor as well as ourselves, it would appear: this is a good sign. In less than one hundred years, Methodism has spread over three quarters of the globe; and it is now about to carry the Gospel of salvation into Asia. Amen. I am divinely impressed with a charge to preach sanctification in every sermon.

Sunday, 9. We had rain. Bishop M'Kendree preached. I preached on Isaiah lxiv, 7. We had a spiritual, heavenly, and united conference. There were twenty deacons ordained, eighty-five preachers stationed: twelve have located, and one has died, suddenly, and fifteen are added.

Sunday, 16. I preached. *Thursday*, we came away. On our way we called on Hughes, Shaw, and Saunderson, exhorting and praying with their families. I enjoy great peace of mind.

Sunday, 23. I preached in our chapel, fifty by sixty feet, to a small congregation. Am I not a child, to have been looking for summer? William Glendenning and I met, and embraced each other in peace. I visited sister Perry, the former wife of John King, one of the first Methodist preachers. After all reasonable allowances for drawbacks, we cannot yet tell all the good that was done by our conference in Raleigh, in 1811. We started away northward. Not half a mile from Samuel Alston's we got entangled in the woods.

We left the gig in the woods till morning, and found our way by torch-light to the house. I preached at my kind host's. On our way to Doctor Brodie's, in Lewisburg, we called to dine with our friend Thomas Alston, junior.

VIRGINIA.—*Sunday*, *February* 20. I am at Norfolk. I have had a serious attack of pleuritic fever, with little intermission of pain until the fifteenth day. I have, during this illness, been moving about amongst the families of the Williamses, the Harrises, the widow Weavers, the Bennetts, and the Merediths; and O! what kindness and nursing. I preached at Henry Williams's, quarter-meeting, and occasionally elsewhere.

Our conference in Norfolk rose on *Tuesday*, *March* 1. We have been mighty in talk this session. I dare not speak my mind on the state of this place—its Church or its ministry. I endure all things for the elect's sake; and rejoice that peace is again happily restored to the society. Shall we not drop and locate more labourers than we receive? We had a great many sermons preached, as usual; and we have reason to hope souls were converted. I ordained deacons, and assisted my brethren in the ministration of the word.

Tuesday, *March* 1. We came out of the borough: it was keen and cold to Shoulders-hill.

Wednesday, 2. Came to Andrew Woodville's. We reached Richmond on *Saturday*. Our journey hither has been through snows and excessive cold; I felt it deeply. We were careful to pray with the families where we stopped, exhorting all professors to holiness.

Sunday, 6. I preached in the old chapel; our labour shall not all be in vain. Doctor Jennings has removed to Richmond; to be useful, we hope, to the society and to himself. A journey of suffering by bad roads, and exposure to excessive cold, brought us to Georgetown, Maryland. In the year 1774 I first visited Virginia and North Carolina; in the year 1780 I repeated my visit; and since that time, yearly. In the year 1785 I first visited South Carolina and Georgia; and to these States have since paid (except one year) an annual

visit, until now, (1814.) I suppose I have crossed the Alleghany mountains sixty times.

MARYLAND.—*Sunday*, 13. I preached in our church in Georgetown, and met the society. We do not labour in vain. My mind is deeply impressed with the worth of souls and value of time.

Thursday, 24. Baltimore Conference hath been sitting in great order seven days. My strength and labour was to sit still. I was sick during the whole session: I preached in Oldtown, and ordained nine deacons. We have stationed eighty-six members. By request, I discoursed on the character of the angel of the Church of Philadelphia, in allusion to P. W. Otterbine—the holy, the great Otterbine, whose funeral discourse it was intended to be. Solemnity marked the silent meeting in the German Church, where were assembled the members of our conference, and many of the clergy of the city. Forty years have I known the retiring modesty of this man of God; towering majestic above his fellows in learning, wisdom, and grace, yet seeking to be known only of God and the people of God; he had been sixty years a minister, fifty years a converted one.

March 28. I am at Perry-Hall, where I have been for three days very ill. The Sabbath was an awful and dumb day. I took an emetic.

Friday, *April* 1. I crossed the Susquehanna. At North East I visited Daniel Sheridan, a son of deep affliction in body, mind, and circumstances. He is one of my spiritual children, and has remained a disciple forty years: we prayed together, and God was with us of a truth.

DELAWARE.—*Sunday*, 3. I preached in Wilmington. *Monday*, we had great consolation in visiting Mary Withy's children and grandchildren: she, though dead, is yet spoken of. One of these last is in society. I baptized the children of Allen and Lewis M'Clean: these people have not forgotten the holy living and dying of their mother, nor her early and constant friend, the writer of this journal. Joseph Pilmore is yet alive, and preaches three times every Sabbath.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Philadelphia, Tuesday*, 5. This is the eve of conference.

Sunday, 10. I preached in the Academy chapel, and at St. George's. Our conference opened and progressed four days in great peace and Gospel order. We doubt not but that souls have been convinced, converted, comforted, and sanctified by the ministry of the word; we had crowded houses, both in the day and at night. The bishops wrote a serious letter to New-England, remonstrating on the neglect of family worship.

Thursday, 13. The Philadelphia Conference rose in the spirit, power, and peace of God, in which they had been sitting seven days. *Friday*, crossed in a steamboat to the Jersey shore. I am very unwell.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Tuesday*, 19. I rode twenty miles from Woodbury to Perkinton, to see the people: we gave an exhortation in great weakness, but the power of truth was felt.

Sunday, 25. I preached at Penns Neck, at Salem, and at Cohanzy Bridge. I preached also at Pitts Grove. We may say, that when we are weak, we are strong in the strength of God: yea, Lord, thou art our strength! I preached at Union chapel, and the Lord gave power to his own truth. I preached at Bethel. We had a rainy day, and my flesh failed. I rested at Bates's, greatly spent with labour. We should have failed in our march through Jersey, but we have received great kindness and attentions, and have had great accommodations. I return to my journal after an interval of twelve weeks. I have been ill indeed, but medicine, nursing, and kindness, under God, have been so far effectual, that I have recovered strength enough to sit in my little covered wagon, into which they lift me. I have clambered over the rude mountains, passing through York and Chambersburg to Greensburg.

Tuesday, July 19. I would not be loved to death, and so came down from my sick room and took to the road, weak enough. Attentions constant, and kindness unceasing, have

pursued me to this place, and my strength increases daily. I look back upon a martyr's life of toil, and privation, and pain; and I am ready for a martyr's death. The purity of my intentions; my diligence in the labours to which God has been pleased to call me; the unknown sufferings I have endured; what are all these?—the merit, atonement, and righteousness of Christ alone make my plea. My friends in Philadelphia gave me a light, little four-wheeled carriage; but God and the Baltimore Conference made me a richer present—they gave me John Wesley Bond for a travelling companion; has he his equal on the earth for excellencies of every kind as an aid? I groan one minute with pain, and shout glory the next!

July 23. Pittsburg. We have made three hundred and fifty miles since we left Jersey. What roads! It was the mercy of Providence, or we should have been dashed to pieces. My body is, nevertheless, in better health; and my mind and soul happy and confident in God. Glory, glory, glory be to the Triune God!

Monday, 25. We bent our way down the west side of the Ohio to Sewickly; here we were detained two days. John Wesley Bond preached to the people, and I added a few feeble words of exhortation. We having foundered one of our horses, bought a clever little mare for sixty dollars. Crossed Great and Little Beaver. At J. Hemphill's we were told that no person would be more willing for prayer, did business permit—alas! On our way we got fast in a gully: Mr. Lyon, a merchant hereabouts, came up, dismounted in a moment, and sprang to my relief, lifted me out of the carriage, and bore me up the hill: there was something peculiarly engaging in this man's face, whole appearance, and manners.

Friday, 29. We came to Thomas Fawcett's, fasting. "Surely you may stay a night," it was observed. But no—time presses—though sick and feeble, we started away at three o'clock. It might not be: about a hundred yards from the house *crack* went the pole. "It is all for the best," said

pious Gilpin, when his leg was broken; and he lived to prophesy in after times and better days, whilst the execrated Mary, who would have burnt him at the stake, was mouldering in the dust.

Sabbath. Brother Bond preached upon a mount crowned with sugar-trees. I spoke a few words in exhortation. Had we not chained the wheel, we should have gone *souse* into Yellow Creek. *Tuesday,* we had crooked work—we splintered the axle-tree, and stopped at the widow Pritchard's. We held two meetings—one at noon, and again at night.

Ohio.—*Wednesday, August* 3. Came to Steubenville. At Bezaleel Wells's we have every accommodation that a president might wish for, with great kindness and polite attentions from all the members of the house. I keep my room, and listen to the storms of wind and rain abroad. My occupations are, reading Saurin, the oracles of God, and prayer. My health is better, although I still cough. I live in patience, in purity, and the perfect love of God. Being disappointed on the Sabbath, I must of necessity meet the people of Steubenville on *Monday.* I preached, and there were those who felt, beside the speaker.

Tuesday, 9. We made a valiant start forwards. It was racking work over Creek Hill. Here *crack* went the bolt; it had been badly mended before. Woe to us had it given way on the last hill. We lodged at Snyder's. I spoke at Cadiz with a feeble voice, and addressed the society after preaching. We rode forward to a brother's, where we found a large family and small house. Within eight miles of Cambridge we were glad to stop: here is a purgatory, if fleas can make one.

Friday, 12. We strove hard to get forward through the heat to Will's Creek. It is as deep as ever, but this is not the first time I have tried it; it is better now, it is said: bad is the best, say I. We reached James Browne's.

Sunday, 14. At Zanesville brother Bond preached, and met about fifty souls in class. I gave an exhortation; it is my first, and may be my valedictory. We have a well-

designed house here. This country is in a general state of improvement. *Monday*, to Middletown.

Tuesday, 16. To James Teel's. My infant weakness, and entire dependence upon the aid of others; the excessive heat and rough roads; together with certain *cases* and things, are trying to body and mind: Lord, thou dost, and thou wilt support a worm, and no man! Make me, O Lord, make me perfect!

Wednesday, 17. To Jesse Spurgeon's. *Thursday*, rest. I committed to paper some observations on a book written by B. J. Smith, an elected deacon, against our doctrine, discipline, and administration.

Friday, 19. We came through Circleville. What surprising mounds of earth! Who hath done this? The larger circle must have had water. Stopped at Jeffersonville. *Saturday*, to William M'Dowell's; we found the family sick with the autumnal fever.

Sabbath, 21. I preached at M'Dowell's. *Tuesday*, I preached in great weakness in Chilicothe; but my help was with me; in God will I make my boast. From the 24th to the 30th, we are at senator Worthington's. I pay my mite of worship in this amiable family in great weakness. The kind attentions I receive are greatly beyond my deserts. Mrs. Worthington has taught her boys and girls, servants and children, to read the holy Scriptures, and they are well instructed: I heard them more than one lesson with much satisfaction. O that all mothers would do likewise! I presume the worship of God is kept up in this house, though neither of the heads thereof have attached themselves to any society of professing Christians: doubtless God will bless them, and their children after them. We, ever and anon, halt and listen for dear M'Kendree, but as yet we are without tidings: we are somewhat anxious to see him. *Tuesday*, we came away to Merchant's.

Sabbath, *September* 4. I made a feeble attempt at Lebanon, on 2 Pet. iii, 14. I also spoke last night. *Tuesday*, we arrived in Cincinnati. There is distress everywhere;

in the Church, and abroad in the United States. I have discharged blood in coughing.

Monday, 5. I made an attempt to speak a few words on Philip. ii, 2-5. We have progressed in our conference business very well, although deprived of the presence of the bishops to preside. Bishop M'Kendree had been thrown from his horse, and was severely wounded in the hip and ribs. John Sale presided with great propriety. We lost two days by impeachment of elders; one of whom, in vindicating his character, injured as he thought, had not done it becomingly; there was a more excellent way. The other case was that of S. P——r, who had checked the administration of one whom he had employed for a time; these investigations were painful to our feelings, and gave rise to some sturdy debating. On *Friday* I retired to bed with a chill and fever. John Sale finished the plan of the stations from a general draft I furnished him. We closed our labours in peace. One thing I remark; our conferences are out of their infancy: their rulers can now be called from amongst themselves. The dividend of the Ohio Conference was seventy-four dollars to the unmarried, and one hundred and forty-four dollars to the married preachers and their wives. But two hundred dollars were drawn from the Book Concern, and fifty of that sum were returned. I have preached. We lodge at William Lines's. The news has reached us of the descent of the British in Maryland, and the burning of the public buildings at Washington.

Monday, 12. We hasted away, as the river was still rising; night and necessity housed us at Norton's. Next day to Fisher's. We dined in Georgetown at the Eagle Tavern, and after our meal called the family to prayer: the landlady was a finished lady in her manners, and kind as she was clever; peace, peace, peace, be upon her!

Wednesday, 14. I gave a serious charge to the widow Ratcliffe and her family; the venerable man of the house has gone to rest. *Thursday*, at Edward Talbot's. The gloomy days of J. B——r, B——m, W. B——e are over; peace is restored, a society increased, a family blessed with

a son a preacher; a house is built, and a society united in Shelbyville: for all these we give glory unto thee, O God!

Kentucky.—*Friday*, 16. To Miller's in haste. *Saturday*, we came through Bairdstown to Elizabeth, Hardin county; so called after my serious friend Colonel Hardin. I travelled many miles with brother Hardin towards Lexington, when he was going up to take his command: he was very solemn; a martyr to Indian massacre, I doubt not but that he went to glory. We lodged at the house of Stephen Rawlingses, son of Stephen, formerly of Back Creek, Berkley county, Virginia; in 1776 I preached in the grandfather's house.

Sabbath, 25. I preached the funeral sermon of the wife of Stephen Rawlings. In this family of Rawlingses, I have officiated for three generations, and have witnessed their profession of religion: may they continue to be in Christ to the latest posterity! We reached M'Gatchin's on *Monday;* it is all love and union here: two of the children have joined the society. The Woodsons, at the ferry, were very friendly: they are Anti-pedobaptists.

Tuesday, 27. We were kindly entreated to stop by our sister Gatwood, and were well entertained. The dust and heat are oppressive, and I am sick.

Wednesday, 28. At Major Bibb's. Twenty-six years past I was at a brother Williams's, Prince Edward county, Virginia—a brand plucked from the burning.

Thursday, 29. We came upon the camp-ground, where we are to hold our conference.

Sabbath, October 2. I ordained about twenty deacons, and gave a sermon and an exhortation. Our encampment cook is brother Douglass. We are two hours in the chapel, four hours at the preaching-stand, and then come home. We sit six hours a day in conference. Poor bishops—sick, lame, and in poverty! I had wished to visit Mississippi, but the injury received by Bishop M'Kendree being so great that it is yet doubtful whether he will so far recover as to be present at the South Carolina Conference, I must decline going: I live in God.

Thursday, 6. We closed our labours in great peace and

love. The families have been kind to us, but we were much crowded. We have lost members from the society, and gained, perhaps, one preacher in the itinerancy in two years; the local ministry is enriched: may we expect more help? Ah! the labour is too hard, and the wages too low. We cannot, like the Quakers, *take abroad* when we get tired of home, and go feasting about from one rich friend's table to another's, and *bark* or be *dumb*, as the fit may take us. Our discipline is too strict: we cannot leave four or five thousand congregations unsought, like the Church of England, the Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist Churches. *Go*, says the command; go into all the world—go to the highway and hedges. *Go out*—seek them. Christ came *seeking* the lost sheep. *Seek me out*, says the parson; or advertise and offer a church and a good salary, and I will *seek* you. And is this all these pretenders can do? If we send but one travelling preacher into a four weeks' circuit, we aid him by the labour of our local ministry, good men, and some of them great men.

Sabbath, 9. I would have preached to-day at Fountain Head, but I was bed sick. Thomas Logan Douglass supplied my place. We came away to Doctor Porter's on *Monday*, forty-six miles.

Tuesday, 11. We reached Harvey's, thirty-five miles. The families of Shaw and Walton were visited as we came along. O, the heat, the dust!

Wednesday, 12. We called upon the weeping widow Quarles, whose husband was beaten to death: the supposed murderer, Phillips, is condemned to death: it was a sad scene. Lodged at Terry's, and were pleased with our entertainment.

Thursday, 13. At Holt's, junior; I preached and baptized an infant. Forward we jolted over the turnpike (for which they made us pay a dollar) to Dunlap's.

Friday, 14. We had heat in the extreme to Holt's, senior, forty-six miles. *Saturday*, I had a very painful colic. In the families of Holt we have served four generations.

Sabbath, 16. Hearing there was a Presbyterian congrega-

tion, we asked to preach and hear: we did both. Mr. Nelson spoke first, and I addressed Methodists and others, on 1 John viii, 31, 32: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." How to know the truth? By continuing under Gospel ministry, and using Gospel means. *Ye shall know the truth*—of the Gospel; feelingly, experimentally, practically. *Make you free.* What the *freedom* wrought consists in. It is an entire deliverance from sin—from its guilt, power, and inbeing. A *freedom* embracing the privileges of pardon, peace, patience, meekness, perfect love, joy on earth, and everlasting glory in heaven. We hasted away, after meeting, to William Cunningham's.

Monday, 17. We came rapidly through Dandridge to William Turnley's: here are kind souls. I was sick, and soon in bed, but John Bond preached for them.

South Carolina.—*Tuesday*, 18. Our ride brought us to Jarratt's, on Pigeon River. O my excellent son, John Bond! A tree had fallen across our way—what was to be done? Brother Bond sprung to the axe fastened under our carriage, mounted upon the large limbs, hewing and hacking, stroke after stroke, without intermission, until he had cut away five of them, hauling them on one side as he severed them, so that we passed without difficulty. Is there his equal to be found in the United States? He drives me along with the utmost care and tenderness, he fills my appointments by preaching for me when I am disabled, he watches over me at night after the fatigue of driving all day, and if, when he is in bed and asleep, I call, he is awake and up in the instant to give me medicine, or to perform any other services his sick father may require of him; and this is done so readily, and with so much patience, when my constant infirmities and ill health require so many and oft-repeated attentions! We have had a great drought—I think I never saw the rivers so low. The asthma presses sorely upon my panting breast: Lord, sanctify all my afflictions! The work of God groweth in the neighbourhood; there is a house thirty-five by forty feet built in the fork of Pigeon River. Ought we not to have a Holston Conference, and

unite with the circuits west of the Blue Ridge, Bottetourt and New River, the circuits in North Carolina?

North Carolina.—*Wednesday*, 19. Rode to Boling's. Behold! Richard Bird came one hundred miles to hasten us to camp-meeting away on the bleak hills of Haywood. I was forced by misery to retire to my room and bed at Boling's; but son John held a meeting and preached.

Thursday, 20. We came by Nelson Spring's to Barnett's gate, for, poor man! some wicked people had burnt his barn; his house escaped. Does Wootten Pile pray? I asked. You called upon him; and God did bless the word and prayer to his soul: this was the answer in remembrance he sent me by Richard Bird. We came on the camp-ground, *Friday*, 21. *Saturday*, I preached, and ordained W. Span and J. Evans deacons.

Sabbath, 23. Ordained two elders, Thomas Bird and Samuel Edney, after preaching. In our tent we contrived a hearth, and had a fire. *Monday*, we visited Richard Bird's.

Tuesday, 25. I preached in the house of the father, Benjamin Bird; there was much feeling manifested. We collected liberally on the mite subscription, to help the suffering ministry. I had for twenty years past wished to visit the Cove; it is done, and I have seen my old, tried friends, dear Richard and Jonah Bird, and William Fulwood, who sheltered me when, during the war of independence, I was compelled to retire to the swamps and thickets for safety.

Wednesday, 26. Our ride brought us to Rutherford's. I paid them as well as I could, for their kindness and attentions, by exhortation and prayer.

Thursday, 27. To M'Hathing's, forty-one miles. D. A. wished me to take Catabaw, above Ladies' Ford, and crossed at the Horse Ford, where a former journal will show my life to have been in danger some years ago. I preached in the evening at Daniel Asbury's, Lincoln county, near Sherwell's Ford. These are kind spirits, who say, "You make your rides too long;" yet they will scarcely be denied when invited to their houses, making my rides longer still; here am I, ten miles out of my way, to see these dear people.

And now that limbs, lungs, strength, and teeth fail, I must still go my round of six thousand miles within the year.

Sabbath, 30. I passed a restless, feverish night; yet as I was expected to preach on the camp-ground, I discoursed to a large, simple-hearted congregation, on Acts xxx, 32. I sat in the end of my little Jersey wagon, screened by the drawn curtain behind me. It was no common time to either speaker or hearers. We retired after meeting, to Jonathan Jackson's. What a rich table was provided! not for me; I retired to bed with a high fever. My spiritual consolations flow from God in rich abundance; my soul rejoices exceedingly in God.

Monday, 31. To Robey's, near Catabaw springs.

Tuesday, *November* 1. I preached to a very attentive people: surely the speaker and hearers felt the power of the word of God. After a hasty dinner, we rode on to Nathan Sadler's, steward of the Lincoln circuit.

Wednesday, 2. I spoke with very unpleasant feelings on Luke xi, 13. We hasted to Featherston Wells's. Here were all comforts for a sick man; good food, beds, and nursing. This family is blest. Sister Wells is the granddaughter of my ancient friend, father May, of Amelia, and her children are in the way to heaven: here is the fruit of my labours. What a comfort is it to see the fourth generation growing up under our eyes, living in the fear of God, and following in the same path those who are gone to glory!

Thursday, 3. Crossed the north fork of Catabaw to Bethesda chapel: the day was damp, and there was a damp upon preacher and people. We went forward to John Dameron's, where I was expected to preach, and I did try, but the people were so wonderfully taken up with the novel sight of the little carriage, and still more of the strange-looking old man who was addressing them, that the speaker made little impression on his hearers. Who neglects me? Not the kind, loving Damerons. We came to John Watson's, Allison's creek, on *Friday*.

Sabbath, 6. At Sardis chapel. The weather was unpleasant. My congregation might have tried my patience. *Mon-*

day, we came to Henry Smith's, an Israelite; he is a native of East Jersey. *Tuesday*, to Winnsborough.

Monday, 7. I am here since last *Tuesday*. I enjoy constant peace and consolation.

Sabbath, 13. I preached at Winnsborough a long discourse on 1 Pet. xiv, 17. *Monday*, to widow Means's. We shall ride about two hundred and twenty miles out of the way to Georgia, but in the way of our duty. *Tuesday*, I preached at Bethel: we hope good was done. Edward Finch, a son of affliction, is still on crutches.

Wednesday, 16. Dined with elder Stephen Shell. Lodged with Frederick Foster. *Thursday*, we had a crowded house at Hopewell chapel: the speaker stood in weakness, but truth came in power to the hearts of the people. Ordained John Molineaux a deacon. Lodged at John Leek's: the master, a local labourer, is gone to his rest and reward.

Friday, 18. Rain. We got bewildered, and were glad to stop with Mr. Morrow, a Presbyterian, who kindly received and entertained us. *Saturday*, we came to Staunton bridge.

Sabbath, 20. Bishop M'Kendree preached and J. W. Bond. I spoke a few words from my carriage: we hope the testimony of three men will be believed. God is with me in all my feebleness. We have visited North Carolina to Catabaw, South Carolina; and Fairfield, Newberry, Laurens, and Greenville districts. *Monday* and *Tuesday*, we are at rest at father Staunton's, an active and holy man; an Israelite indeed of seventy-seven years.

Wednesday, 23. We gave an evening lecture at Taliefero's; the night was damp, and few people attended. Nights of suffering are appointed to me; but God is with us. *Thursday*, rested.

Friday, 25. Rode twenty-five miles to widow King's, Pendleton district. I am reading Saurin's fifth volume: he is great in his way; but it is not Wesley's way, which I take to be *the more excellent way*. *Saturday*, damp, rainy day. I enjoy my private devotions.

Sabbath, 27. It broke away clear for a while, and I took

a stand outside of the door, and spoke to the people on Gal. v, 6. *Monday*, to John Power's; here are new disciples, and they are all love. *Tuesday*, to Benjamin Glover's.

GEORGIA.—*Wednesday*, 30. I preached at Samuel Rembert's: I was feeble, and could not speak with much energy. Here I met with Thomas Asbury, born in Burslem, Stafford, Old England, formerly a member of the British conference. God is gracious to us. Alas! we cannot tell the people of so many things which they do not know, as we can of those which they neither feel nor do. On inquiry of Joseph Tarpley of the work of God in the Ogechee district, of which he is presiding elder, he gave me the following account: —At Little River camp-meeting, the number which attended were thought to be three thousand, the converts about thirty. At Appalachee, number attending two thousand five hundred, the converts twenty-five. At Grove camp-meeting two thousand attended, the converts might be twenty. At Louisville camp-meeting there were scarcely more than one thousand, there might be ten converts. At the Warren two thousand five hundred persons to hear, and but few converts: each camp-meeting continued four days.

Saturday, December 3. I preached in Thompson's chapel: the Lord was present. We collected the official brethren into the school-house, where I gave them a talk on the doctrines and discipline of our Church.

Sabbath, 4. I preached at Thompson's chapel. *Monday*, rode from J. Alston's to J. Mark's, Elbert county. *Tuesday*, I preached in the chapel: widow Gilmore received us under her roof for the night. *Wednesday*, we reached Prospect, and I preached; the speaker's mind is too strong for his body. It was a sacramental day. *Thursday*, resting at Archibald Pope's. The weather has occasioned me much suffering, notwithstanding the kindness and good dinners of friends, and the convenience of my covered cradle on wheels.

Friday, 9. I preached at Bethlehem to about three hundred souls: the house was unfinished, and damp, and cold. Lodged at the house of the widow of Henry Pope. By letter from John Earley we have great accounts of the work of

God at camp-meetings in Amelia and Prince Edward. *Saturday*, came to Athens, accompanied by Hope Hull.

Sabbath, 11. Preached in the college chapel; the people were very attentive in that open penance house. The state of things is strangely changed since Doctor Brown has had the presidency: he is a man of piety and order, and will render unto all their due. *Monday*, to Joseph Floyd's, on Appalachee. *Tuesday* I preached at J. Floyd's house: the people appeared somewhat like the preacher, sickly and slender. I ordained Samuel Patallo a deacon, and baptized three children. The lands here are good; but the price paid for quiet possession has been great—sickness, deaths, and murders by Indians.

Wednesday, 14. Rode twenty miles to N. Ware's. When I see mother Steward's children I rejoice. Holy woman! thou didst not believe, and live, and weep, and pray, and die in vain; neither for thyself, nor for thy children, nor thy children's children. Verily, there is a reward for the righteous.

Thursday, 15. To Thomas Scott's; a brand re-plucked from the burning.

Friday, 16. At the new chapel, called after me, I preached, and hope the word of truth was not lost. Lodged at John Turner's. *Saturday*, at brother Holt's.

Sabbath, 18. Great rain. Every post almost is a messenger of the tidings which ought to make me serious. John M'Claskey is no more. He was a native of Ireland, born in Londonderry—a man of strong mind, a plain, but useful preacher, and laboured with us about thirty years. Mother Kent is dead—forty years a subject of grace. My aged friends, Henry and Kezia Moss, have gone to their reward, but they leave me their daughter Freeman to receive me; I trust she will fill her parents' place here, and follow them as they followed Christ. Henry Boehm sends me great accounts of the work of God at camp-meetings.

Wednesday, 21. Our conference began and continued until the 27th. There were nearly one hundred characters examined and six admitted upon trial. Twelve are located.

Ten elders have been ordained, and twenty-two deacons; eighty-two preachers have been stationed: none are dead, and none have been expelled. I preached at the ordinations, but with so feeble a voice that many did not hear: I had coughed much, and expectorated blood. We had great peace, union, and love, in our session. *Wednesday*, we rode to Sparta in the afternoon. *Thursday*, we had crowded lodging, and I passed a painful night. *Friday*, to Sweet-Water. *Saturday*, to Augusta.

Sunday, January 1, 1815. I preached at Saterman's house. *Monday*, dined at M'Cleary's, and came on to Ubank's. *Tuesday*, to Button's. O that God may bless my last labours in this family! *Wednesday*, to Koger's. *Thursday*, to Captain Perry's. *Friday*, we had a cold, hungry ride of thirty-six miles. *Saturday*, busy writing.

Sabbath, 8. I spoke in much feebleness upon part of Psalm xxxvii, and gave a charge to the society. My labours were followed with much coughing and a restless night. *Monday*, I bled in the arm to relieve the spitting of blood. This place calls for great labour, and I am not fit for it: I must go hence. *Tuesday*, I filled an appointment made for me in Bethel chapel: I was divinely assisted. The care of the societies comes with weight upon my mind. Here are liberal souls at home and abroad: we have added nearly two hundred dollars to our mite subscription. *Thursday*, came to Strawberry Ferry. Grand accommodations at Mr. Lesane's. *Friday*, to Hale's; we had an appointment here which we knew not of: the people assembled, and I spoke to them. *Saturday*, came to Santee, and crossed the Long Ferry in fifty minutes. Away with the false cant, that the better you use the negroes the worse they will use you! Make them good, then—teach them the fear of God, and learn to fear him yourselves, ye masters! I understand not the doctrine of cruelty. As soon as the poor Africans see me, they spring with life to the boat, and make a heavy flat skim along like a light canoe: poor starved souls—God will judge!

Sabbath, 15. A sacramental day: I preached and gave a word of exhortation to the society. I cannot preach more than once a day. I wrote two letters, having no other leisure to do it in.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Monday*, 16. A great storm without. I glanced at Echard. I find history of the Jews and the Romans, and very little of the pure Church. We have presided in three conferences in seven months. We had planned a ride of one thousand and three hundred miles into Virginia Conference, but Providence forbade it by affliction.

Tuesday, 17. We started away in company with W. M. Kennedy, and I. Norton, with the last of whom we parted at the ferry over Black River. Lodged with Mr. Rogers—his father has gone to rest. On our route we visited Bethel Durant, and saw his brethren, John and Henry: their simple-hearted, kind father entertained me thirty years ago on my returning from my visit to Charleston.

Wednesday, 18. Crossed the lakes and Wakkamaw, and got in after eight o'clock to brother Frink's. At William Guse's, I saw my kind mothers in Israel, Guse and Rogers. I continue to expectorate blood. It is possible that the children of the French Protestant martyrs to the tyranny of Louis XIV., and his bloody priesthood, can ever forget the God of their fathers? Noble, holy men, may God gather in your children to the latest generations!

Friday, 20. A dash of rain stopped us awhile, but we went forward thirty miles to Wilmington. I feel the effect of the damps.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Sabbath*, 22. I preached in the chapel. O, wretched appearance of broken windows! It was a sacramental day. Were I a young man, I should not wish to be stationed in Wilmington. Our funds are low here, and our house a wreck.

Monday, 23. We came away to widow Nixon's. *Tuesday*, to Shepherd's. Doctor Lomas has been suddenly called away by death. *Wednesday*, to Lot Ballard's. Shall the Gospel be taken from Goshen? *Thursday*, dined at Joseph

Bryan's; lodged at Hardy's. We dashed through Mussel-Shell Creek in a swim—it was serious work.

Friday, 27. Dined at Hatch's: our reception kind; and our host is in bed with a leg broken. We reached Newbern in the evening. Here is weeping and lamentation for poor me—the leading characters of the society cannot speak to each other, or of each other, without bringing heavy accusations—yet all very glad to see the bishop.

Saturday, 28. My trust is in a faithful God—he hath never deceived me nor forsaken me. I am scarcely an hour free from pain, and all that I do is in the strength of Jesus.

Sabbath, 29. I preached, and there was a trembling from first to last under the word—but it was with cold. Ah! people hard and dull! John Bond preached three times: possibly in my short exhortation to the society I talked down the tempers of some of the members: Ah! wretched use of liquid fire!

Monday, 30. Cold indeed; my feet suffer. We made twenty-six miles to a house—no wood at the door, and none to cut wood.

Tuesday, 31. A heavy storm took us at Greenville. We put the remains of a poor, pious slave in the ground who had reached one hundred years. Brandy in a cold is like laudanum.

Wednesday, *February* 1. We came twenty-two miles; I was nearly done. Had we followed our first plan, and gone by Norfolk, it would have probably cost me my life. It was time to lower our sails and drop anchor at Edward Hall's, near Tarborough: it is paradise regained for a few days. The weather has been excessively cold, and keenly felt by an old man of seventy, deeply wounded in the limbs, breast, and lungs.

Sabbath, 5. I spoke to a gathering of serious people in Edward Hall's large dining-room: the speaker was led to some awful truths. I am occupied in reading, writing, and patching and propping up the old clay house as well as I may: God be gracious to us still!

Monday, 6. We breakfasted with Mrs. Austin. O! the look expressive of the workings of her soul she gave, when in the trying hour she said, "Pray for me!" Shall a Methodist conference assemble, a society be gathered, and a chapel be built in Tarborough? Dined with Exum Lewis and wife: this favoured pair have been renewed and quickened. The house of their father was amongst the first in former days to receive the Methodists, and the children now open their house, and hearts, and hands to them: may the Lord convert, and own, and bless their children's children to the latest generations! Amen! amen!

Came to James Hunter's at Fishing Creek—a cold ride. I sent for dear Henry Bradford and his wife, and we renewed our covenant with God. *Tuesday*, to Halifax; mother Long would by no means take a *nay:* honourable woman! I gave an evening lecture to some serious souls, and John Wesley Bond exhorted after me with energy.

Wednesday, 8. Crossed the bleak ferry to sister Sarah Weaver's.

VIRGINIA.—*Saturday*, 11. We are at Matthew Myrick's, Virginia—to rest the horses, not ourselves. The alarms of the wasting sickness are very serious. I wrote an epistle to Norfolk, and another to Suffolk.

Sabbath, 12. I preached in Drumgoold's house. Doctor Simmons kindly officiated and drew two ounces of blood from my arm. I ordained Edward Drumgoold an elder in the Church of God. E. D. was born in Sligo; joined the Methodists in 1770; began to exhort in 1774; travelled in America from 1774 until 1785; since then has been a faithful local preacher, respected and beloved: he has six children living, two of whom, Edward and Thomas, are local deacons.

Monday, 13. Came away in company with P. Brice, John Early, and William Barnes, to Lewis Gregg's, calling on Major Thomas on our route.

Tuesday, 14. A great storm of snow blew for eight miles in our eyes on our way to S. Holmes's. I saw Francis Hill once more: thirty years has he been a backslider from God:

may he be speedily restored! Sister Gregg is sick, and sister Holmes near the last great change. To Osborne's we went forward twelve miles;—we have seen some of our early acquaintances once more.

Wednesday, 15. To Fennell's, forty miles. Behold, we have a daughter a disciple, in the ancient house of Bedford: the kindness shown to God's people he hath repaid. To father Jude's on *Thursday*, where I was willing to rest, for I felt very ill.

Friday, 17. We came into Lynchburg in great weariness, having dined at Mr. Reed's.

Sunday, 19. I preached in the new, neat brick chapel, forty feet by fifty. *Monday* and *Tuesday*, we progressed well in our business. Doctor Jennings preached us a great sermon on, "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

Friday, 24. We ordained elders, and I tried to speak on Phil. ii, 19-22. I failed—I have been almost strangled with an asthmatic cough, and vomiting of blood.

Sunday, 26. I keep the house, and busy myself to organize the stations. Thanks to the God of peace! we are confirmed in the belief that a treaty has been made between the United States and Great Britain. We have ordained twenty deacons and eight elders. Is there not a declination in gifts, as well as members? We settled at seventy-one dollars each man.

Monday, 27. Came away from Lynchburg to Amherst court-house, lodging with a local preacher who keeps a public-house: may he disappoint all my fears, and exceed all my hopes!

Tuesday, 28. I preached at Meredith's. Shall we have to cross Buffalo, Pine and Tye rivers, after the thawing of the great snow?

Wednesday, March 1. Came to S. Garland's, Nelson court-house. *Thursday*, to the widow Gentry's.

Friday, 3. As we passed Monticello, a cloud rested upon it: the day was clear. We crossed the north branch of

James River, near Charlottesville. Sheltered for the night, under the roof of the widow Gillum. We have bad roads, and I am feebleness itself. We crossed Rapid-Dam at the Race-Ford, and came to my dear John Stockdale's on *Saturday evening*. Hail, rest!

Sunday, 5. We had preaching in the morning, and I spoke a few minutes in the evening; water the seed, O Lord!

Monday, 6. To Henry Fry's. I have passed a painful night—the last in this house, perhaps. *Tuesday*, to Culpepper. *Would I not stay and preach to them?* O, that I were able! to will, is always present with me. We went forward to Rix's. This was a *gentleman* who kept private accommodation; the law being against private entertainment: his bill, in the morning, amounted to five dollars, save two shillings. *Wednesday*, dined at Bashaw's, and lodged at New Baltimore.

Thursday, 9. Came to Fairfax court-house, dining on our route at Alexander Wangho's. *Friday*, to Georgetown. *Saturday*, writing official letters.

MARYLAND.—*Sunday*, 12. In the chapel I lectured on a chapter of Hosea. My mind, perhaps, partakes of the weakness of my body—I let fly a few scattering shot; I keep up a kind of running fire with my small-gun sermonizing. Our ranks are thinned, if one hundred have died in the Lancaster, Virginia circuit. I behold the ruins of the capitol and the President's house; the navy yard we burned ourselves. O, war! war!

Monday, 13. A cold ride brought us to Elk-Ridge; and our old friend, widow Honor Dorsey, gave us a shelter and a welcome. *Tuesday*, came in to Baltimore. My kind, inquiring friends, are coming in from morning till night. I am with my old friend the widow Dickens.

Saturday, 18. I preached at the Point. Our conference began on *Monday*, and prudence restrained me to one session per day; perhaps I did not speak officially six times during the continuance of conference. When it was understood that the ancient superintendent did not attend

in the afternoon, the visits to him were renewed. Stationing about eighty-five preachers we found to be no small work. *Friday*, we ordained the deacons in Light-street church. Being *Good Friday*, a fast was appointed, and I spoke a few words on the sufferings of Christ.

Sunday, 26. At Eutaw chapel I spoke upon the apostolic order of things. *Monday*, conference rose. *Tuesday*, I retired to Perry Hall. The stormy, damp weather, is hard upon me; but I abound here in comforts above millions: Lord, make me grateful and humble! What a preacher and writer was Samuel Davies! His sermons are very Methodistical. We have sent Samuel Montgomery to Montreal, and Samuel Burgess to Chenango district: they have had our counsel, and our prayers.

Sunday, *April* 2. In great weakness, I gave my farewell exhortation at the Fork chapel. Came back to Perry Hall: all here is solitary to me!

Monday, 3. At Havre de Grace, I see the fourth generation of the Jarratts; but some are still out of Christ. We crossed the ferry in six minutes. At North East chapel I gave them a farewell discourse. I passed a restless night. O, the kindness of the people to a poor sinner saved by grace alone! *Wednesday*, James Smith went forward and preached in the Elk chapel: at one o'clock we came up, exhorted, sung, and prayed. We must attend to our appointments, though we should speak but little, for the people wish to see us: we have lived and laboured so long, that we have become *a spectacle to men.* This place, Elkton, has been founded about fifty years: it may be visited of the Lord in the fourth or fifth generation. The speaker remembered that although the British were all around them, they escaped a visit. In great weakness of body we came on to the comfortable retreat of Nicholas Chambers.

Thursday, 6. Stopped at Bethel, spoke a little and prayed. We dropped anchor at Richard Bassett's, until better weather. *Saturday*, I sent forward John Smith to fill my appointment. My unpleasant cough still cleaves to me.

Bohemia manor was formerly the field in which the Whitefield Methodists, called New Lights, laboured with success; the Wesleyan Methodists are heirs to these, according to the Gospel.

Sunday, 9. We would have attended meeting to-day, but we wished not to ride fourteen miles. We called a meeting at Richard Bassett's, and took occasion to speak of the work of God in the days of the New Lights, sixty years past.

DELAWARE.—*Monday*, 10. We came away in the rain to Smyrna, stopping by the way at A. Short's: we lodged with Israel Peterson.

Tuesday, 11. At Dover, my dear friends who had not seen me for one and two years visited me, and led me into conversation the whole afternoon. It is hard, think they, that we cannot see him; so it might be thought in every place; but do they always remember the hardship they impose on me? So we go.

Wednesday, 12. We came to Camden, the first upon the line of my appointments. I spoke a few words, and came to James's, son of David Owens, my old disciple. We called on James Bateman as we came along.

Thursday, 13. I preached once more at Johnstown: the day had been set apart for a general thanksgiving for peace, and I remembered it in the pulpit. We dined with P. Wells, and rode back to Milford. Dust, fever, and too much company, these are my trials: peace, and perfect love, these are my consolations.

Friday, 14. I preached, and hastened to Frederica, lodging with Andrew Dill: here we saw dear Doctor Edward White, who hath known and followed the Methodists since 1778. I preached at Barratt's chapel, in great feebleness of body. Must I needs dine with Judge Andrew Barratt? "Ah! I know that my father and mother thought more of him, than of any man upon the earth; and well does it become their son to respect him." And is this all? God forbid!

Sunday, 16. I preached in Wesley chapel, Dover, and the truth was felt. *Monday*, after delivering a short exhortation at Smyrna, I rode on to Smith's, Newcastle county.

Tuesday, 18. Reached Wilmington. *Wednesday*, to Landreth's. *Thursday*, I sat in conference awhile, but became sick. *Friday*, I tried it again. *Saturday*, a chill overcame me, followed by burning heat. I continued at Richard Bowyer's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sunday*, 23. Instead of filling an appointment, I was taken with a chill, followed by high fever. I have groaned away the whole week. I was lodged beyond the first gate, and few knew where I was: attentions overcome me.

Friday, 28. Feeling no fever, I ventured to whisper a few words: perhaps I shall be able to say something in the new chapel in Tenth-street, Philadelphia.

Sunday, 30. At three o'clock I preached in the chapel in Tenth-street: what a noble building! *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, resting at Thomas Haskin's. *Thursday*, at Trenton.

NEW-JERSEY.—*Friday*, *May* 5. We came through bad roads thirty-seven miles, to Mr. Baker's tavern—wearied down. Our host was very attentive, and we had prayer in course. *Saturday*, called upon Thomas Morrell. Had an interview with Mr. M'Dowell, the stationed minister of the Presbyterian congregation in Elizabethtown: he is modest and pious. O, for such men in all Protestant Churches! We drove up to George Suckley's, Greenwich. The weather is most distressing to my feelings.

NEW-YORK.—*Sunday*, 14. I attended the North church, and gave a discourse—it was something between talking and preaching; yet we had a time of much feeling.

Monday, 15. To Croton, forty miles. The dear aged man, Governor Van Cortlandt, has gone to his rest, having attained to ninety years, and upward.

Tuesday, 16. A twenty miles' painful ride brought us to Warren's tavern, where we were made comfortable. *Wednesday*, to Rhinebeck, forty miles. *Thursday*, to Judge Van Ness's, forty miles—in rain, cold, and suffering. The lady kind; the sister all attention. O, how goodness outshines the vain glories of this world! *Friday*, a cold rain dogged

us into Albany. *Saturday*, I paid an hour's visit to my brethren in conference.

Sunday, 21. By vote of conference, I preached the funeral sermon for Doctor Coke—of blessed mind and soul—of the third branch of Oxonian Methodists—a gentleman, a scholar, and a bishop, to us—and as a minister of Christ, in zeal, in labours, and in services, the greatest man in the last century. Poor wheezing, groaning, coughing Francis visited the conference chamber on *Tuesday* and *Thursday*. Although confined to my room, I was not prevented from entering deeply into the consideration of the plan of the stations: the elders thought I came out well. Alas! what miseries and distresses are here. How shall we meet the charge of seventy married out of ninety-five preachers —children—sick wives—and the claims of conference? We are deficient in dollars and discipline.

Friday, 26. We closed our labours in great peace and union. *Saturday*, we rode out of Albany to brother Spicer's, New Canaan. The bishops here saw eye to eye, with hearts and souls in perfect union.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Sabbath*, 28. I gave an evening lecture. *Monday*, came away through Lebanon to Pittsfield. Elder Case came up to go with the bishop ninety or a hundred miles to Unity, the seat of the New-England Conference: the providence was plain; we must part. Came to Chester, thirty-six miles.

Tuesday, 30. To Westfield, and continued on nineteen miles farther. In Wilbraham they think they have had a very general work of God, and an increase of the society: may it grow exceedingly! *Wednesday*, we came on to Leicester, greatly outdone.

Thursday, *June* 1. To Needham: there is a revival in several of the societies in this circuit, and a house has been built. Orlando Hinds—his praise is in all the Churches.

Saturday, 3. I am patiently suffering affliction in Boston.

Sabbath, 4. John Wesley Bond attended all day at the chapel. I preached in the evening in weakness and in much trembling.

Monday, 5. We passed towns and villages, making forty miles.

Wednesday, 7. At Unity, poor Francis was shut up alone as at Albany. George Pickering presided over conference: our business progressed well: I ordained twelve deacons and twelve elders. *Thursday*, rain and snow. We made about twenty-nine miles this day. The taverns in New-England are good; good attention and moderate charges. *Friday*, I came very sick to B. Pawlett's. *Saturday*, to Cambridge: I must reduce my projected tour of sixteen hundred miles to a straight ride of three hundred and eighty miles to New-York, and thence through Philadelphia to Little-York, and my son Francis Hollingsworth. As I passed through Ashgrove I preached in the chapel. *Monday*, to Pittsfield. Here we have given up weekly preaching for two sermons a day every other week. *Tuesday*, to Troy; *Wednesday*, to Judge Van Ness's; *Thursday*, to Freeborn Garrettson's.

NEW-YORK.—*Sabbath*, 11. I preached for them; very feeble. *Wednesday*, we started away for Poughkeepsie, lodging in a tavern. *Thursday*, we had a heavy ride over Peekskill Mountains. At the landing I providentially called upon a brother who had been offended, and had withdrawn himself from us; I seriously set life and death before him in a spirit of love and pity.

Friday, 16. Came rapidly to York, forty-two miles. *Saturday*. I have had company enough.

Sabbath, 18. Attended at Fourth-street chapel; my subject, Zeph. i, 12; time was when I could have preached upon this text.

Tuesday, 20. I spoke a few words at the African chapel, both colours being present. We hasted to Elizabeth that evening. *Wednesday*, to Barkelow's. *Thursday*, to James Stirling's, Burlington: my old friend has felt a severe shock in his system, but there is some mind, and there is grace yet left. *Friday*, to Philadelphia; great heat. In the evening rode to Thomas Haskin's.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Sabbath*, 25. I preached in the City Road

chapel. *Monday*, we arrived late in the evening at a tavern beyond Downings Town.

Tuesday, 27. Happy at mother Boehm's. A pleasing providence, according to my wishes, had brought Henry in a few minutes before us. *Wednesday*, I rest a day. Ah! the changes we witness, and the difference of being, in relation to others, I remark in this end of time; to me at least. My long-loved friend, Judge Bassett, some time past a paralytic, is lately restricken on the other side, and suffers much in his helpless state.

Thursday, 29. How the new bridge stretches its pride of length across the wide Susquehanna! Will not the father of eastern waters some day rise in the fury of a winter flood, and tear away this slight fetter which the puny art of man has thrown over him? Columbia bridge is surely a noble work. We came to son Francis Hollingsworth's, Little-York. My kind countrywoman gave me up her own room. I tried to preach, but wanted strength: my audience was partly composed of the respectables of the borough, and were no doubt disappointed. I sit seven hours a day, looking over and hearing read my transcribed journal: we have examined and approved up to 1807. As a record of the early history of Methodism in America, my journal will be of use; and accompanied by the minutes of the conferences, will tell all that will be necessary to know. I have buried in shades all that will be proper to forget, in which I am personally concerned; if truth and I have been wronged, we have both witnessed our day of triumph. *Friday*, we came away to Carlisle.

Sabbath, *July* 9. I spoke in the new chapel, and the truth was felt. *Monday*, came to Shippensburgh. My health is better this hot weather and rough ride. O! how deeply my soul feels for ours, and all Churches; for ours, and all ministers: I smite with my hands, and would lift up my voice like a trumpet: is there not a cause? We lodge with Deacon John Davis: this brother hath been with us in single life; now he hath five sons and a daughter: his eldest, Samuel, is given to God in the ministry, and travels. The old man's

heart is still in the work. *Tuesday.* So crowded was the road that we hardly escaped being wedged in the narrows of the mountains on our way to Thanetsburgh. Lodged at Anderson's. *Wednesday*, we came over the third mountain to James Hunter's. My health is much better, and I have lately written more than I had for weeks. We are later in this neighbourhood than last year; so also is the harvest. O, what abundance in our houses, our barns, and in our fields!—"more than we can well manage," cries the husbandman. For peace, liberty, and plenty, O, to grace and to God, what debtors! What man can live to himself amidst the evidences of heavenly, and the enjoyments of social goodness? We could not work ourselves, but we lent our horses to help to hale in the harvest. We left our kind friends to beat across the mountains on *Saturday* and made thirty miles to Bloody Run. The stones of this stream are tinged red as with blood, and the story is, that three men were killed in it by the Indians shortly after Braddock's defeat. My meditations lead me to make some observations on Col. i, 26-28. Colosse was a city of Phrygia, near to Laodicea. Paul had not then visited this Church, yet in apostolic power and authority he wrote them the epistle. And for what purpose? To teach and to exhort. Why, then, not preach as well as write to Churches, in all parts, and in any part of the world, since the end of preaching is instruction and exhortation? O, say the Baptists, this is my Church. O, this is my congregation, says the stationed minister. And must no other ministers preach to these souls? No, says sectarian prejudice; no, says bigoted pride; no, says the wool-shepherd, who is afraid his flock may become too wise for him. "The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations." 1. The *mystery* of God the Eternal Son, *hid* till the expiration of four thousand years, *from ages and from generations;* yet not hid from the obedient,—not hid from Abel in the bleeding lamb, from Enoch, from Noah, nor from Abraham; not hid from the Israelites, but typically shown in the passover, the serpent in the wilderness, the release of captives and debtors on the

death of the high-priest; not hid from Job, from David, nor from Isaiah, who had a fuller manifestation of the glories of that day, whose coming in the order of time should thereafter be fixed by Daniel. *But now is made manifest to his saints;* the Holy Ghost carrying to the soul the conviction of the truth, begetting in obedient, gracious souls this *hope of glory. Christ formed within them the riches of the glory of this mystery;* the only foundation of the hope of everlasting glory; the first moving cause in grace, and the meritorious cause. *Warning* or admonishing *every man*, and *teaching every man*, according to the universal commission in the Gospel. *In all wisdom:* but those who have been taught, and are negligent in *teaching* and giving this *warning:* O, pity, pity, pity that there are such! Do you work faithfully? Continue to do it in the name and by the authority of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit: tell this rebellious generation they are already condemned, and will be shortly damned: preach to them like Moses from Mount Sinai and Ebal, like David—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;" like Isaiah—"Who amongst you shall dwell with devouring fire? Who amongst you can dwell with everlasting burnings?" like Ezekiel—"O, wicked man! thou shalt surely die!" Pronounce the eight woes uttered by the Son of God near the close of his ministry, and ask with Him—"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Preach as if you had seen heaven and its celestial inhabitants, and had hovered over the bottomless pit and beheld the tortures and heard the groans of the damned. *Perfect in Christ Jesus;* in experience, in obedience, in love.

We went up into the little chapel in the state it was, and said a few words to a few people. Lodged at a grand tavern at night, and paid pretty well for our shelter: but I wish not to be under any obligations to tavern keepers. The heat is so great that it requires prudence to avoid its effects. A drover, who had for many days eat dust like a serpent in following his cattle, broke his leg about seven miles below the town: poor man! it will be well if he saves his life.

Monday, 17. Came into Bedford, overcome with the heat: brother Bond preached.

Wednesday, 19. To Somerset. We found that on the last *Sabbath*, a notice had been politely given of our expected arrival. Many attended at the court-house, and the Lord spoke his own truths through a tottering tenement of clay, accompanied with conviction in many minds. William Ross, with whom we lodged, stepped round the town with our mite subscription, and the citizens were liberal.

Thursday, 20. We came across Laurel Hill to the stone mill upon Jacob's creek. We know not what others may think, but we esteem the western Pennsylvania roads to be the roughest on our continent; my poor arms feel them, and will for days to come.

Friday, 21. To John Brightwell's, Freeport. Here we will rest and refit. We left Philadelphia July 3, and have travelled three hundred miles in twelve days.

Sabbath, 23. At Brightwell's I preached upon Galatians iv, 19, 20. The apostle's labour and success at the first. The falling away of the converts—being drawn aside in search of an easier way, or going off to avoid persecution. The fervent desire of the apostle to be with, and to pass a second travail of soul for the whole of religion—inward, practical, and experimental. I spoke about thirty minutes. John W. Bond met the classes. He preached in the afternoon.

Monday, 24. Ordained John Philips, of Union, a local deacon. The heat is such that all flesh seems to groan under it.

Tuesday, *August* 1. Left Brightwell's, fording the Monongahela at Freeport. We ascended the dreadful hills to Briggs's, and saw him and his brother, to whom we failed not to give our parting charge. Briggs is a Marylander, and an ancient Methodist. Down went the fence, and through the flax and corn he conducted us, and onward we toiled to Newkirk's mill—a clean house, and kind souls. We might not stay. Forward we drove up the valley to Rock meeting-house, a handsome edifice, and thence along

the Williamsport road to Washington. We were lodged like a president at Haslett's. Is it possible? can it be true?—a revival at Steubenville! Not far from two hundred converts there, mostly young people. I rejoice exceedingly. The Book Concern have sent out Horneck—the dagger to the hilt, almost at every stroke. I wrote my valedictory to J. Young. *Wednesday* and *Thursday* at Washington. A Baptist missionary came into town collecting for foreign lands: we labour for those at home. Feeble as I was, the necessity of bearing testimony to the truth pressed upon me. A very unpleasant circumstance had taken place—an illicit intercourse between a lady and a gentleman had become public, involving the innocent as well as the guilty in distress; they were members of the Presbyterian Church. Another distressing event in the same Church was talked of. A very respectable merchant and citizen had lost two of his children dying in doubt, and thought to have been somewhat deranged: this visitation fell upon him in a still greater degree. It may be said that he had put himself on the unfavourable side of election; the case was possible, but we cannot say that it was so. I remembered these things when I preached in Washington court-house. "The foundation of God standeth sure." This foundation of God, laid for the redemption of mankind, involves their repentance, justification, and sanctification; and its consummation is eternal life. The word to Adam was, Obey, and live. The Gospel-covenant shall stand sure in the wisdom, justice, power, grace, truth, love, goodness, and mercy of God, manifested in the atonement and righteousness of Christ, and the operations of the Holy Spirit, whereby men are made able to repent, believe, and obey. This covenant is conditional to all who hear the Gospel. Because men are unfaithful is the foundation less sure? It is the foundation of God, laid in Christ, and known to the patriarchs and prophets. "Have you heard what Mr. ——, a Presbyterian, has done?" "Have you heard what John Doe and Richard Roe, both Methodists, have done?" "I am done with religion." Have you ever begun with it? Had these people continued

faithful, would it have saved you? Have you done with Christ? Do you want to experience, in your own person, the awful certainty of damnation!

As our Baptist brother talked and read letters upon missions to foreign lands, I thought I might help with a few words. I related that a few years past, a London Methodist member, in conversation, had complained to me that the kingdom and the Church had given so largely to support distant missions. I observed in reply, that the Methodist preachers, who had been sent by John Wesley to America, came as missionaries; some of them returned, but all did not. And now, behold the consequences of this mission! We have seven hundred travelling preachers, and three thousand local preachers, who cost us nothing. We will not give up the cause—we will not abandon the world to infidels; nay, we will be their plagues—we will find them herculean work to put us down. We will not give up that which we know to be glorious, until we see something more glorious. Nor will we concede an inch to schismatics and heretics, who say, "Do away your forms, and leave your peculiar doctrines, and we shall show you something better." Show it to us first in the book of God. We are not ignorant of Satan's devices.

Friday, 4. We came away to J. Beek's, West Liberty. It is said there were about three thousand people to hear the word last Sabbath at Steubenville: there was great preaching, a great love-feast, and sacrament; Bishop M'Kendree was there. I had an interview with R. Brown, and much talk about the work of God, and the necessity of energetic preaching to wake the slumbering generation.

Sabbath, 6. I preached at John Beck's, at four o'clock; my subject was 1 Cor. vii, 28-30. *The time is short.* It might have been true, considering how uncertain persecution then made, and was about more abundantly to make, life, to all the followers of the Lord Jesus; it may be especially true in pestilences, famines, and desolating wars. But the proverbial uncertainty, in all ages and in all lands, of the sublunary things which so deeply engage the thoughts

and affections of unthinking mortals, shows the propriety of the apostolic admonition; for verily, in this respect also, *the time is short.*

How many newly-married pairs—parents with children, upon whom they have just discovered, in their matured characters and upright conduct, the qualities and virtues which justify all their strength of affection—speculators upon the probabilities and possibilities of fortune, who risk credit and estate to become richer than their fellow-mortals —covetous persons, idolaters, who labour and starve to make the golden heap a little higher;—how many of these find that *the time is short;* alas! too short for them! O, sinner, the time is short! Seeker, *the time is short!* strive —agonize to enter in. Backslider, surely to thee *the time is short!* Believers, O remember the time is short! And if you are daily bearing your cross, faithfully combating under the great Captain of your salvation, you will rejoice to remember that *the time is short.* O, joyful consideration to those who have put on the Lord Jesus, and shall love his appearing—*this time* of suffering *is short!*

Monday. Came to Mount Pleasant.

Ohio.—*Friday*, 11. Came to Zanesville. There is a camp-meeting now in operation, five miles from this town. We reckon that since the 20th of June, we have passed through New-Hampshire, Vermont, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, to Muskingum river, making nine hundred miles; two hundred of which ought, in our opinion, to be called the worst on the continent. O, the goodness, providence, and love of God in Christ Jesus to us!

Sabbath, 13. I preached on the camp-ground. My subject was 2 Cor. v, 2: "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." "The Lord"—that is, the Son of God, in all his attributes and perfections; his offices and character; his perfect Deity in heaven, and humanity on earth; the Maker and Redeemer of mankind; and as their Judge, manifesting his uprightness in the eternal punishment of bad angels and bad men. "Terror of the Lord"—in death, the resurrec-

tion, and general judgment. "Terror"—in the recollection of what the sinner had done to offend God, grieve the Holy Spirit—what he had done to bring contempt upon religion and its ministers, and the unoffending followers of the Lord Jesus. "Terror"—in the consideration of the certainty of his punishment being eternal. "Persuade men"—to submit to the conditions of salvation; the use of the means of grace; and to a life of Gospel obedience. "Persuade men"—by all that is desirable in religion, and all that the truly pious enjoy—by all the glories of heaven, and all the horrors of remediless perdition in hell.

By the judgment of charity, we are bound to believe the statement of David Young: that at Kenhawa camp-meeting there were twenty-five converts; at Marietta, forty; at Fairfield, twenty-four; at Zanesville, twenty-three. Glory be to our God! now we live, if our people stand fast in the faith.

Sabbath, 20. I preached to a small congregation in the chapel at Chilicothe. There is a camp-meeting within nine miles, and some are sick, some dying, and some are dead. My subject was Luke xxii, 61, 62: "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." The Gospels will harmonize here by John, who was witness to the whole. Peter denied thrice; First, to the damsel who kept the door; John having asked leave of the high-priest to bring in Peter. Secondly, when the kinsman or cousin of Malchus, whose ear Peter had cut off, witnessed, possibly, by the young man, asked him, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Thirdly, when the conversation is taken up in company with the servants of the high-priest, and one of them asks, "Art thou not one of his disciples?" The previous character of Peter may be noticed—a married man, not a youth; forward, ardent, as was seen on many occasions. When faithfully warned, he pledged himself with overweening confidence. His offence was, First, taking unallowed means of defence—like his pretended successors, the popes: Secondly, following too far off: Thirdly, denying his Lord;—the lie, the oath, and their repetition, follow of course. What was the subject of Peter's denial? Did he deny that Christ was the

eternal Son of God—the Saviour of the world in all his sacred offices? No: Peter's crime was, that he denied his discipleship; and this is the crime of which so many modern apostates are guilty. Who now deny the Lord? Backsliders, baptized infidels, careless seekers of salvation, slothful believers, and those who have fallen from sanctification by the neglect of the works of mercy, charity, and piety. "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." Ah! he was obliged to go out with disgrace; he had entered with honour. But he could not weep and repent in wicked company: no, he sought a solitude—for three days and three nights, it may be. But lo, Jesus sendeth the word of comfort that he may not break his heart: "Go, tell my brethren," said he to Mary Magdalene. Thrice did Peter deny his Lord; and thirce did our Lord question his disciple, "Lovest thou me?" O, how great is the love of God; the love of Christ; the love of the Holy Spirit! redemption is love.

Monday, 21. We visited from house to house with our mite subscription, which seemed to all well-pleasing: the citizens were liberal. Hearing that Eleanor W——n was ill, and wished to see me, I delayed not, but went in the evening. When we entered the room, I found her ill indeed; an attack highly inflammatory, accompanied by a deep cough. On *Tuesday* I repeated my visit; and in private examination found that God had shown her the vileness of her nature in a great degree, and that she had received consolation, and only wanted and waited for the Spirit to give assurance of his own work by his witness in her heart. I told her that it was very common for persons to be sure that God had blessed them. O! how her eyes, her face, her tongue spoke! She was an Episcopalian of the English Church. Her mind had been much exercised upon receiving the sacrament: it was administered to her. I find I am about such a feverish, coughing subject as the lady I have been visiting; I coughed nearly the whole night.

Wednesday, 23. We left Chilicothe in the rain. Some folks are fond of railing out against Methodists, taking the worst as a sample; but bad as they are, I would not take the

best of the railers without a change in sentiment, in heart, and in manners. Ah! let us take heed that party and politics do not drive out our piety; they do not mingle well. Can it be that Buonaparte is finally overthrown? The time is coming that all kings and rulers must acknowledge the reign of the King of kings, or feel the rod of the Son of God. But will forms do for the United States of America? Foolish people will think they have a right to govern themselves as they please; aye, and Satan will help them. Will this do for us? is not this republic, this land, this people, the Lord's? We acknowledge no other king but the eternal King. And if our great men will not rule in righteousness, but forget God and Christ, what will be the consequence? Ruin.

Saturday, 26. We changed our course, to go to the Mechanicsburgh camp-meeting. As soon as we came upon the ground, I felt that God was with the meeting. *Give us a chimney, that we may have fire:* it was done. God was with us, and souls were converted.

Friday, September 1. At John Sale's.

Sunday, 3. I preached on Romans xiii, 12: "The night is far spent." What constitutes the natural *night?* Absence of light, ignorance, insecurity, uncertainty. The Gospel watchman crieth the hours. The Scripture night; from Adam to Moses. The patriarchal stars, and those who preceded them as dim lights, Adam, Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham. The moon-light of the law, the Sabbaths, the sacrifices. But this night was about to pass away, although darker just before the dawn of the Gospel day; and it is thus in nature. The Jews had corrupted themselves in religion and in manners. The night of Judaism and Paganism had nearly passed away. When Paul wrote in the year sixty, the Gospel had obtained in Europe, Lesser Asia, Greece, in the city of Rome; and had spread from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. This *night* has returned occasionally. It came upon the Asiatic Churches because of their unfaithfulness: where once were the Gospel and its martyrs, are

now Greek *papas*, and Greek superstitions. From the third to the thirteenth century, the Church of Rome brought darkness upon Europe by prohibiting the Bible, and by the introduction of her own mummeries and idolatries. Philosophy, so called, with Voltaire for its high-priest, brought night and destruction upon France; judicially, to avenge on the bloody house of Bourbon the blood of the Protestant martyrs. And would not some of our great men, if they dared, bring a night of infidelity on this land? Who sees them in regular attendance on the house of God? "Let us cast off the works of darkness." Let us not sin in practice. Let us cast off evil tempers, desires, and affections. "The armour of light," (see Ephesians vi, 11-17,) perfect faith, perfect hope, perfect obedience, perfect love. On our route we called upon many of our old friends, Buck, Sale, Bonner, Smith, Butler; they treated us like presidents.

Monday, September 4. I have been under the necessity of applying four blisters for a great inflammation in my face and jaws. I have taken medicine. As a member of the Bible Society in Philadelphia, I have distributed many hundreds of Testaments. We do great things with our mite subscription. John Wesley Bond reads many times in the testaments given to the poor. I have visited the families of Butler, Owens, Beale, Heath, Wright, Fowler, and Davis.

Sabbath, 10. I preached on the camp-ground. My subject was Heb. iii, 7, 8: "His voice." What is the voice of God to us; to every case and character? The Gospel of the grace of God, in all its blessings, promises, means, ordinances, doctrines, and precepts. "His voice"—in power, in mercy, in providence, in love. "Harden not your hearts." We may harden our hearts against the former, latter, and present impressions the powerful Gospel may have made upon our hopes, our fears, and our consciences. In what manner? By open, notorious sinning; by secret wickedness; by sinful tempers indulged; by a wilful neglect of Gospel men and Gospel means. The greatness of our rebellion. We sin against the infinite love of God; the infinite merit of Christ; the Spirit of infinite holiness. *To-day*, if

ye will hear his voice; *to day:* this is both the true reading and meaning. Not to-morrow; no: it may never come. *To-day*, then, speaker and hearer do all you can for God.

On *Tuesday*, the 12th, we began our journey.

Thursday, 14. Our Ohio Conference began, and all our fears vanished. We have great peace, abundance of accommodation, and comfortable seasons in preaching, noon and night, in the chapel and court-house. Great grace, and peace, and success have attended our coming together. We hold in Ohio Conference sixty-eight preachers, sixty-seven of whom are stationed. Ten delegates have been chosen for the General Conference. The settlement with the married and unmarried was made according to the funds, in which the mite subscription aided: the children of the preachers were remembered in the distribution of the funds.

Thursday, we came away to Cincinnati. Bishop M'Kendree and myself had a long and earnest talk about the affairs of our Church and my future prospects. I told him my opinion was, that the western part of the empire would be the glory of America for the poor and pious; that it ought to be marked out for five conferences, to wit: Ohio, Kentucky, Holston, Mississippi, and Missouri; in doing which, as well as I was able, I traced out lines and boundaries. I told my colleague, that having passed the first allotted period, (seventy years,) and being, as he knew, out of health, it could not be expected I could visit the extremities every year, sitting in eight, it might be, twelve conferences, and travelling six thousand miles in eight months. If I were able still to keep up with the conferences, I could not be expected to preside in more than every other one. As to the stations, I should never exhibit a plan unfinished, but still get all the information in my power, so as to enable me to make it perfect, like the painter who touches and retouches until all parts of the picture are pleasing. The plan I might be labouring on would always be submitted to such eyes as ought to see it; and the measure I meted to others, I should expect to receive.

Sabbath, 24. I preached at Lebanon, by request of con-

ference, a memorial sermon for Doctor Coke: my subject was Matt. v, 16: "Let your light so shine before men." The Gospel light, in all its fulness of grace and power, the reflected light of that Light of the world, manifested in faith and in obedience in every grade and class of believers. Ministers should be resplendent like a city illuminated in the night; a great light amidst Churches in darkness and slumber; like Doctor Coke, whose effulgence beamed forth in missions, in labours, in Europe, in America, in the isles of the sea, and in Asia. I took occasion to particularize the abundant labours of this distinguished man of God.

Wednesday, 27. We came rapidly to Cincinnati. *Friday*, Bishop M'Kendree's fractures are all repaired, and bones strong again, I suppose, for he has flown away like a bird with the boys. We must stay and distribute the word of God to the poor, collect a little mite money, and then away, preaching in every town we pass through.

Sabbath, *October* 1. I preached in the chapel: my subject was Phil. i, 27. *Wednesday*, I preached in the court-house in Georgetown; my subject Acts xiii, 26: "To you is the word of this salvation sent." *This salvation;* the Gospel, to be sure. Who the author, what the nature, means, conditions, spirituality, and degrees of this salvation. From whom it is sent, by whom, and to whom it is sent. It was sent to Jews first, afterward to the Gentiles, and continued to be sent, and is still sent to the children of men by the written word, by the ministers of that word, and by the influences of the Holy Spirit. The consequences of its reception—eternal life: of its rejection—everlasting damnation. We came into Lexington. My soul is blest with continual consolation and peace in all my great weakness of body, labour, and crowds of company. I am a debtor to the whole continent, but more especially to the north-east and south-west; it is there I usually gain health, and generally lose in the south and centre. I have visited the south thirty times in thirty-one years. I wish to visit Mississippi, but am resigned. I preached in Lexington on Zeph. iii, 12, 13: "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor

people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." The true character of God's people—tempted, grieved, poor in spirit. Their strong confidence in Jehovah; in all his attributes, perfections, promises; in all his sacred offices and near relations to his own people. Well guarded by a supreme love of God, and a love to their fellow-men, this people shall not transgress the law in its word nor in its spirit. Nor shall they deceive; for the deceitful tongue is changed by the grace that changed the deceitful heart. As a flock, their souls shall feed and fatten on the privileges and ordinances of the Gospel, whilst other flocks of the hireling shall starve and be scattered: the flock of God shall be led into green pastures by the Great Shepherd, and they shall lie down, undisturbed by that which shall distress others, assured that they shall never perish, neither shall any be able to pluck them out of his hand.

On *Monday* we came into the Shakers' town: are these children of light? They are wiser than millions of the children of this world. Well-built houses, two grand gardens—everything well planned for comfort and money. But why should I say any harm of this people, who am, I suppose, the last man in the world to envy or to imitate them?

Tuesday, 10. At James M'Kendree's: Nathaniel Moore has come to take away our sister, Frances M'Kendree: all parties are pleased. *Wednesday*, I took counsel of my elder sons, who advise me not to go to Mississippi this year.

On *Thursday* I officiated at the marriage of Nathaniel Moore and Frances M'Kendree; we believe it is of the Lord —they are a worthy couple, and nearly of an age. We have given away many Testaments to the poor on our route hither, and they were in all cases received with thankfulness: we accompany our gifts with prayer and exhortation when opportunities offer.

Sabbath, 15. I attended the funeral of the little son of James M'Kendree, and spoke a few words; James Gwinn spoke on David's words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." I baptized Frances Elizabeth Mabry. So here have been a marriage, a funeral, and a baptism; and

must I be honoured and burdened with them all? Well; make the best of me whilst you have me; it will not be often.

Wednesday, 18. Brother M'Kendree preached a funeral sermon for Mrs. Crabb, daughter of S. Mitchell. I added an exhortation. Our brother Blackman had improved his house and estate. Ah! sad estate of human frailty. The body of the first husband rests in a tomb near the dwelling; the body of the second may yet float in the Ohio. Go, disconsolate sister—thou art prepared to weep for the wretched, for thou thyself knowest what is sorrow of heart! *Thursday*, at Bibb's.

Friday, 20. We opened our conference. *Saturday*, great peace, great order, and a great deal of business done.

Sabbath, 22. I ordained the deacons, and preached a sermon, in which Doctor Coke was remembered. My eyes fail. I will resign the stations to Bishop M'Kendree—I will take away my feet. It is my fifty-fifth year of ministry, and forty-fifth year of labour in America. My mind enjoys great peace and divine consolation. My health is better, which may in part be because of my being less deeply interested in the business of the conferences. But whether health, life, or death, good is the will of the Lord: I will trust him; yea, and will praise him: he is the strength of my heart and my portion forever—Glory! glory! glory! Conference was eight days and a half in session—hard labour. Bishop M'Kendree called upon me to preach at the ordination of elders.

Sabbath, 29. At a little place, called a meeting-house, I preached by appointment. The notice given had been short, and rather uncertain, nevertheless many attended—more than was at all expected. We had a feeling time: I spoke awful words.

November 1. We came upon the turnpike—a disgrace to the State and to the undertakers, supposing they had any character to lose. It is a swindling of the public out of their money to demand toll on such roads as these. We are told, *Why, they make you pay on the turnpikes to the eastward.*

Yes, so they do; and they make them fine roads. *Thursday*, to father Holt's, forty-three miles: we came in two hours after night. This will not do—I must halt, or order my grave.

Saturday, I am very unwell. *Friday*, rest and physic. I felt that keeping three men and four horses three days and four nights, not with my friends but with me, was too great a burden to impose. O, what kindness and attentions I receive!

VIRGINIA.—*Sabbath*, 5. I declined preaching, being so exceedingly weak. *Tuesday*, we stopped with Wesley Harrison, son of Thomas Harrison, in Harrisonburg; the father was the first man under whose roof I lodged on my first visit to that town: his pious wife, and simple-hearted, pious Robert Harrison, are, I trust, both in glory. I have received a statement from James Axley of the work of God in the different places within his knowledge, at quarter and camp-meetings; and it appears there were upwards of one hundred and fifty souls who professed to have found justifying grace: there were powerful rains at some of these meetings to interrupt the preaching, and drive the people from their seats; but the work of God prospered in the tents.

Monday, 6. We came to Captain Hill's—very kind and attentive. *Tuesday*, came to Thomas Harrison's, son of Thomas. *Thursday*, at Boling's, we were greatly annoyed by a brigade of Kentuckians;—can fiends be more wicked? The drunkards kept the house in an uproar. *Friday*, at Barnett's, there was a dance—such fiddling and drinking! I delivered my testimony: I am clear from Barnett's blood. A rapid ride brought us to Mills's on *Saturday*.

Sabbath, 12. I attended the quarterly meeting at Samuel Edney's, and bore a feeble, but a faithful testimony to the truth. I have read, with dim eyes, Joseph Moore's dialogue; it is not elegant, but argumentative; it seems to have silenced the Baptists.

Sabbath, 19. I preached upon Acts xxvi, 17, 18. Many were the instances of deliverance; they bound him and scourged him, yet had the Jews no power over his life,

which they so often sought. And the Gentiles, to whom he was especially sent by the Son of God, what a description is given of their deplorable state! what blindness of mind, ignorance, idolatry, superstition, complicated and unaccountable wickedness! "The power of Satan"—completely in his possession, body, soul, and spirit, in all their powers and passions—in infidelity and impenitence, and under the guilt of actual transgression. Thus Gospel truth and Gospel ministers find sinners; and they must be preached to with energy. And these ministers must be *sent;* and to be qualified for this mission, they must, like Paul, be convinced, convicted, and converted, and sanctified. Like him they must be preserved from the violence of the people; but especially from their indulgences and flatteries. "Turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." A faithful minister will have these signs to follow him.

I die daily—am made perfect by labour and suffering, and fill up still what is behind. There is no time or opportunity to take medicine in the daytime, I must do it at night. I am wasting away with a constant dysentery and cough.

Monday, 20. At Benjamin Glover's. At Allen Glover's, on *Tuesday*. *Wednesday*, my children will not let me go out.

Thursday, 23. Came to Thomas Child's, near Cambridge, twenty miles. *Friday*. To Doctor William Moon's. *Saturday*. The doctor urges, and I have consented to take digitalis:—O, the powerful expectoration that followed!

Sabbath, 26. I preached, and we had a time of great feeling. *Monday*, heavy rain. We came away to Hezekiah Arrington's, a cold, damp ride. *Tuesday*, to the widow Means's; the lady was not at home, but the servants are attentive. John Wesley Bond preached in the kitchen. We try to do good. *Wednesday*, to Sterling Williamson's, thirty miles in eight hours. A damp, rainy day, by no means pleasant to me. *Thursday*, rested. *Friday*, at Columbia.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Saturday*, *December* 2. A melancholy and awful scene has been witnessed here. Doctor Ivey

Finch, about thirty years of age, in driving a violent horse out of Columbia in his chair, was dashed between the shaft and wheel, and his skull fractured. The unhappy man was the only son of my dear friend, Edward Finch. How many Gospel sermons had he heard, and how many prayers had been offered up for him! I preached on the *Sabbath*. I have passed three nights at B. Arthur's, two at friend Alexander M'Dowell's, and one night at Colonel Hutchinson's. My consolations are great. I live in God from moment to moment. The poor colonel is like myself—broken to pieces. I feel deeply upon my mind the consequence of this charge, (Columbia.)

Thursday, 7. We met a storm and stopped at William Baker's, Granby.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

Here the journal of Bishop Asbury closes. And having followed him through such a laborious, and useful, and, very often, suffering life, it is thought the reader would be gratified in following him to his grave, that he might witness the end and final triumph of this apostolic minister of the Lord Jesus. The editors, therefore, take the liberty of subjoining a short account of the last moments of this *great* and *good* man. His character, as it was exhibited in the various relations of life he sustained, we leave to his biographers, who, it is hoped, will soon favour the Christian world with a faithful portrait of Bishop Asbury, both living and dying.

The following sketch of the closing scene of his life, is taken chiefly from the minutes of the conferences for the year 1816; the only documents now in our possession from which authentic information, in reference to this subject, can be derived.

It seems that, notwithstanding his extreme debility, which could not be witnessed without awakening the liveliest sensibilities, he flattered himself with the prospect of meet-

ing the ensuing General Conference, which was to assemble in Baltimore on the 2d of May, 1816. In this expectation he was, however, disappointed; the disease with which he was afflicted, terminating in the consumption, made such rapid progress as to baffle the power of medicine, and to prostrate the remaining strength of a constitution already trembling under the repeated strokes of disease, and worn down by fatigue and labour. He appeared, indeed, more like a walking skeleton than like a living man.

His great mind, however, seemed to rise superior to his bodily weakness, and to bid defiance to the hasty approaches of dissolution. Hence, impelled on by that unquenchable thirst to do good, by which he had been actuated for more than fifty years, he continued with his faithful travelling companion, John W. Bond, in a close carriage, to journey from place to place, as his exhausting strength would permit, frequently preaching, until he came to Richmond, Virginia, where he preached his last sermon, March 24, 1816, in the old Methodist church. Previous to his entering upon this last pulpit exercise, perceiving his great weakness of body, some of his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from preaching; but he resisted their dissuasions by saying, That he must once more deliver his public testimony in that place: yielding their own tenderness for his temporal welfare, to his desire to proclaim once more the counsel of his God, they carried him from his carriage in which he rode—for he was unable either to walk or stand—to the pulpit, and seated him on a table prepared for that purpose.

Though he had to make frequent pauses in the course of his sermon, for the purpose of recovering breath, yet he spoke nearly an hour with much feeling from Rom. ix, 28: "For he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." This closed *his* public labours on the earth. The audience were much affected. Indeed how could it be otherwise? To behold a venerable old man, under the dignified character of an ecclesiastical patriarch, whose silver locks

indicated that time had already numbered his years, and whose pallid countenance and trembling limbs presaged that his earthly race was nearly finished: to see in the midst of these melancholy signals of decaying nature, a soul beaming with immortality, and a heart kindled with divine fire from the altar of God:—to see such a man, and to hear him address them in the name of the Lord of hosts, on the grand concerns of time and eternity! what heart so insensible as to withstand the impressions such an interesting spectacle was calculated to produce?

After having delivered his testimony, he was carried from the pulpit to his carriage, and he rode to his lodgings.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, he journeyed, and finally came to the house of his old friend, Mr. George Arnold, in Spottsylvania. It was his intention to have reached Fredericksburg, about twenty miles farther, but the weather being unfavourable, and his strength continuing to fail, he was compelled to relinquish his design, and accordingly he remained under the hospitable roof of his friend, Mr. Arnold. Hearing brother Bond conversing with the family respecting an appointment for meeting, he observed that they need not be in haste. A remark so unusual with him gave brother Bond much uneasiness. As the evening came on his indisposition greatly increased, and gave evident intimations that his dissolution could not be far distant. About three o'clock next morning he observed that he had passed a night of great bodily affliction.

Perceiving his deep distress of body, and anxious to retain him as long as possible on the shores of mortality, his friends urged the propriety of sending for a physician; but he gave them to understand it would be useless, saying. That before the physician could reach him his breath would be gone, and the doctor could only pronounce him dead! Being asked if he had anything to communicate, he replied. That, as he had fully expressed his mind in relation to the Church in his addresses to the bishop and to the General Conference, he had nothing more to add.

About eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning, he inquired if it was not time for meeting; but recollecting himself, he requested the family to be called together. This being done agreeably to his request, brother Bond sung, prayed, and expounded the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse. During these religious exercises he appeared calm and much engaged in devotion. After this, such was his weakness, he was unable to swallow a little barley-water which was offered to him, and his speech began to fail. Observing the distress of brother Bond, he raised his dying hand, at the same time looking joyfully at him. On being asked by brother Bond if he felt the Lord Jesus to be precious, exerting all his remaining strength, he, in token of complete victory, raised both his hands. A few minutes after, as he sat on his chair, with his head reclined upon the hand of brother Bond, without a struggle, and with great composure, he breathed his last, on Sabbath, the 21st day of March, in the year of our Lord 1816, and in the seventy-first year of his age;—after having devoted to the work of the ministry about fifty-five years, forty-five of which were spent in visiting the cities, villages, and wildernesses of North America; during thirty of these he had filled the highly responsible office, and conscientiously discharged the arduous duties, of general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His immortal spirit having taken its flight to the regions of the blessed, his body was committed to the earth, being deposited in the family burying-ground of Mr. Arnold, in whose house he died. His remains were, by order of the General Conference, and at the request of the society of Baltimore, taken up and brought to that city, and deposited in a vault prepared for that purpose, under the recess of the pulpit of the Methodist church in Eutaw-street. A vast concourse of the citizens of Baltimore, with several clergymen of other denominations, followed the corpse as it was carried from the General Conference-room in Light-street to the place prepared for its reception in Eutaw-street; being preceded by Bishop M'Kendree as the officiating minister,

and brother Black, a representative from the British to the American Conference, and followed by the members of the General Conference as chief mourners. The corpse was placed in Eutaw church, and a funeral oration pronounced by the Rev. William M'Kendree, the only surviving bishop; after which the body of this great man of God was deposited in the vault, to remain until the resurrection of the just and unjust.

It is needless to make reflections here, or to pass encomiums upon his character, not only because it would be anticipating his biography which is now preparing for the press, but because the preceding journal speaks for itself, and loudly proclaims the man deeply devoted to God, exerting all his powers of soul and body to promote "peace on earth and good-will to man;" and who ceased not his labours until compelled by the command of Him who first called him into being. Let those now denominated missionaries read this journal, and learn from the example of its author what it is to "endure hardness as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus."

May that Church which so long enjoyed the services of this eminent minister of the sanctuary, and for whose prosperity he so diligently and conscientiously toiled and suffered, not only cherish a grateful remembrance of his Christian and ministerial virtues, but be long blessed with a succession of ministers who shall make *his* virtues *their* exemplar, and transmit to posterity unsullied those pure doctrines of Christ which *Francis Asbury* so faithfully and so successfully proclaimed.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1821.

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